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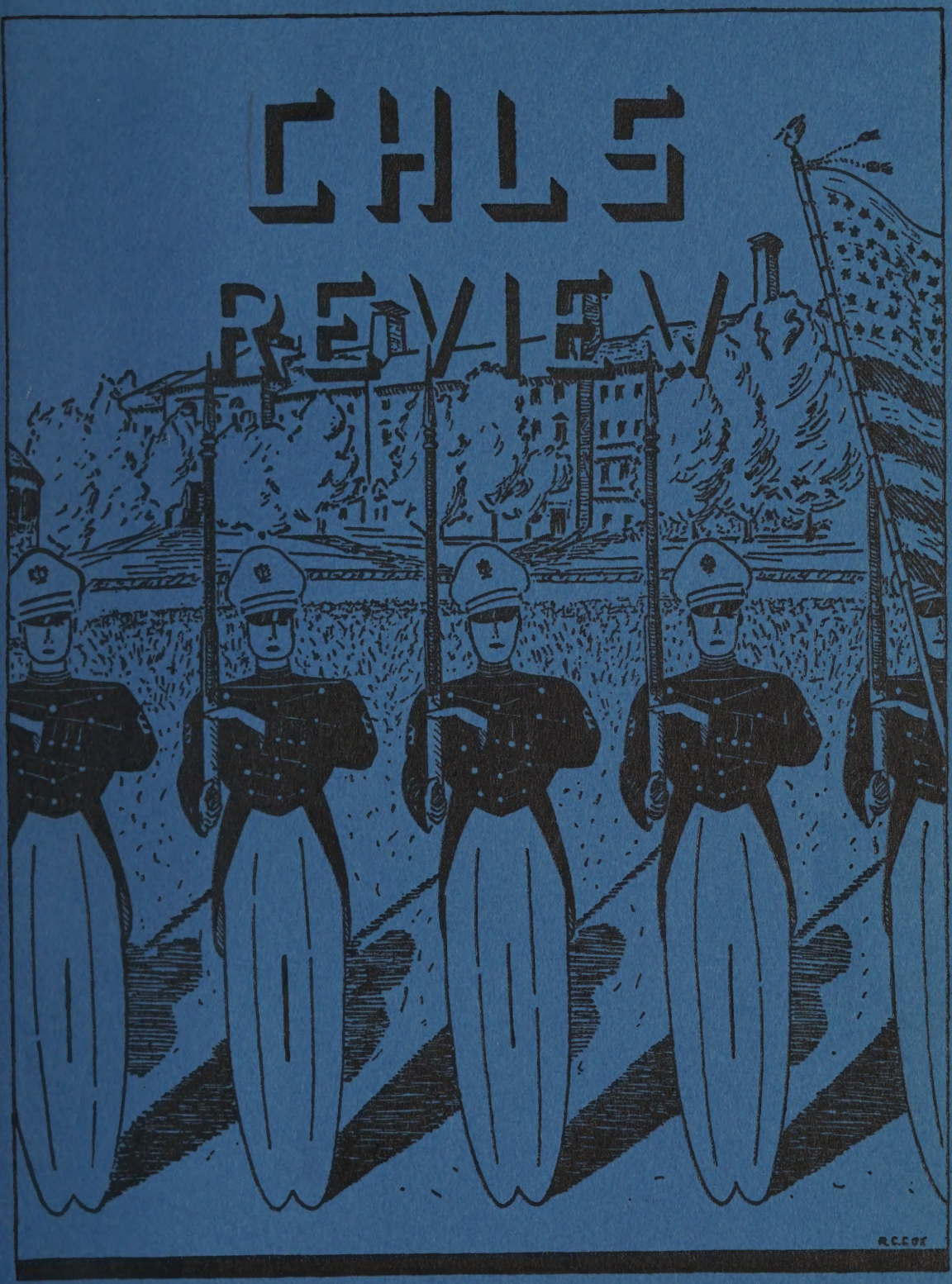

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

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LITERATURE

ON MUSIC APPRECIATION

ARE the American people becoming music unconscious? This appears to be an important question of the day. Are they becoming so immersed in the products of "tin-pan alley" that their taste for style and dignity in music has been atrophied? Is it that the new generation lacks an appreciation of the classics or, on the other hand, is prone to imbue itself with a queer prejudice against what it may call "old-fashioned" or "high hat" music? The latter may be the result of the machine-like precision by which the modern jazz composers flood the country with their "masterpieces", or perhaps is caused by the too apparent lack of American composers.

Now I do not entirely criticize jazz; in fact, I freely admit that in the past few years there have been compositions worthy of more notice than has been accorded them. However, I do criticize the manner in which these pieces are composed and produced. Their primary purpose seems to be an attempt to please the passing fancy of a fickle public and thereby to be financially successful. My second objection is to the manner in which they are poured into the home and the amusement houses by way of radio, phonograph, and moving pictures. Thus, any superior pieces that emerge from this jazz mill are so hackneyed and poorly produced that they lose any chance that they might have had to survive and be remembered.

Added to the lack of native composers is that need of native artists. True there are a few outstanding such as Lawrence Tibbett, Grace Moore, and Ferde Grofé, but most of the greatest luminaries are either of foreign birth or of foreign parentage. Lily Pons, Laurenz Melchior, Yehudi Menuhin, and Walter Damrosch are in this group. In passing, due tribute should be given Mr. Damrosch for his unflagging efforts in encouraging the youth of America to study classical music.

Perhaps there are too many outstanding stars in the world of jazz. Why will people neglect an opportunity to hear a concert by Fritz Kreisler or to hear Wagner's "Tannhauser", one of the most beautiful and touching masterpieces the world has ever beheld, merely to hear or see a favorite orchestra leader playing routine jazz on the current bill of a neighboring theatre? The concert or the opera would have left a lasting impression of their greatness and beauty; the jazz interlude is soon forgotten. I am sure it is not the price of the ticket that makes the public respond. Only last year there appeared in Boston an unfortunate example of this. A small opera company with a comparatively good repertoire and an excellent cast undertook to present familiar works during one week. The prices were no higher than the usual run of musical comedies and better motion picture plays; nevertheless, after staggering through five days of financial deficit, the company was forced to disband. Such an event would be unheard of in the larger cities of Germany or Italy. Are we then to conclude from this that the American people at large are inferior in the appreciation of the fine arts to the mass of uneducated and ordinary people of those countries who regard the opera as the highest form of entertainment? That I leave for you to decide.

Lastly there may come the criticism that the opera and the concert are too foreign in language. Certainly they could be no more unintelligible than the jargon that is to be found in the popular music of the day. Yet in reply to the criticisms there is great evidence of a marked rise in the production of works written in English, notable among these being Deems Taylor's "Peter Ibbetsen", Louis Greenberg's "Emperor Jones", and Dr. Howard Hanson's "Merrymount".

Thus we see that the fault lies not in the music but in the people. Whether or not the classics will decline is entirely up to the public. They have their choice — music eternal or, jazz infernal.

J. M. ROBERTSON, '35.

NIGHT

Night is a maiden
Glamorous and fair.
Stars are a diadem
Twined in her hair.
The moon is her throne
Glowing so bright,
Sky velvet her draperies
Darkness her right.

PRISCILLA JOHNSON, '35.

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WILLI-WILLI

BRIAN burst angrily into camp. It was an odd little camp, consisting of several discolored canvas tents and a rudely built stone fireplace. On the spit over the fire was a barbecuing razor-back hog, burnt black.

"Willi-Willi! You loafer!" he shouted.

No answer.

He rushed around the tents. "Oh, Willi —", he stopped.

There on the ground lay Willi-Willi, snoring lustily, a pile of half-peeled potatoes on his stomach. His chin was buried in the many strands of colored beads at his throat, and his brilliantly striped skirt was wrapped tightly about his legs to protect them from the mosquitoes.

Willi-Willi was a Seminole Indian of the type found in the wilds of Florida. He had been hired by the government to guide surveyors through the cypress swamps and Everglades. These Everglades are vast plains in the central part of Florida, on which nothing but saw-grass grows. In the midst of this are dismal, fever-ridden swamplands, full of weirdly shaped cypress trees and infested with snakes, alligators, and poisonous insects. It was on the edge of one of these fetid marshes that the surveyors had pitched their camp.

"Wake up! You shiftless swamp-rat! Where did you learn to cook?"

Slowly Willi - Willi awoke, while Brian, words failing him, gesticulated frantically in the direction of the roast hog. A look of alarm overspread Willi - Willi's face and he leaped to his feet, scattering the potatoes and peelings all over the ground. The hog, however, was burnt beyond hope while in the distance were heard shouts of the men, returning after a long day's work.

Willi - Willi, fearing the wrath of the hungry surveyors when they found there was no dinner, fled into the shadows of the swamp like a small boy afraid of a scolding. Brian followed him, shouting to him to come back. The famished men added their clamor to his.

Willi - Willi hopped lightly from tussock to tussock while Brian floundered clumsily, splashing through the water and stumbling over the cypress boles and roots. A large log blocked his path, and as he stepped on it, it moved so suddenly that he fell into the shallow water; and the alligator, for such it was that Brian had mistaken for a log, turned its head quickly and clamped its huge jaws on his leg with a sickening crunch. Brian screamed with fear and pain, and, at the sound of his voice, Willi - Willi stopped. He rushed back. He found the men from the camp hopping about just out of reach of the great crocodile's thrashing tail, yelling and hurling ineffectual missiles.

Without a moment's hesitation, Willi - Willi gave a jump, landing astride the alligator's back, as he dug his thumbs into the reptile's eyes. With a grunt of pain the alligator released Brian who scrambled out of reach. The Seminole tried to roll off the broad back, but the flailing tail caught him on the leg and sent him hurtling into the mud. Strong hands dragged him out of reach of the grinding jaws.

Lying on a cot in Brian's tent, on the verge of unconsciousness, the Indian murmured, "Willi - Willi, bad cook".

From his cot on the other side of the tent, Brian responded, "Willi-Willi, good guy!"

FAY MOWERY, '37.

EXPERIENCE

You cannot think how quickly this will go,
Like steps in snow;
How gently it will pass,
Like wilting grass
Or sunset copper on the river bank.

Like other beauty we have loved,
Or thought we loved,
A moment,
This too will slip away,
Some near day.
When we think we have it close,
It will pass,
And we shall note its loss,
For a time.
When the sun is fierce
And the winds blow yet,
We shall suddenly remember,
And laugh,
And forget.

Yes, although this burns
Like a white flame now,
It must fade
It will drop into the grass,
And we shall not think it worth
The little stoop,
The slight strain,
To pick it up again.

M. C.

ABOUT RADIO CITY

LAST summer, while on a visit to New York, I went to see Radio City. This city in itself is composed of the NBC Studios, the Radio City Music Hall, which is the largest theater in the world, special studios, reception halls, as well as other enterprises connected with music and the arts.

After having been refused admittance at the executive chambers for the broadcast on Sunday, as this was Saturday, I applied at the back stage, where I was told to return on the morrow. This attempt was successful. A few minutes previous to the broadcast I was ushered in by a gray-haired gentleman.

On either side of the entrance were two aisles of chairs in which the guests of the theater sat. This group included twenty-two delegates from Holland. They were high school students who came on a good-will visit. Farther back on the right was a glass-enclosed ante-room with a transmitting set, where other guests sat, listening attentively to the last minute instructions of the director and the announcer. In the farther end of the studio, also enclosed in glass, sat two technicians, frantically plugging in wires, and fitting, and refitting their earphones to the best possible tuning. The rest of the room was occupied by the orchestra and soloists, while from the ceiling were suspended several microphones.

The program was divided into three parts, the Dutch and the American, while between the two portions were short speeches by the Dutch Consul General, the Chairman of the Board of Education of New York, and the twelve delegates. After the broadcast was over, pictures of the participants were taken. Everyone assembled in a drawing room, where refreshments were served, and an entertainment was furnished. With some American help, and a little encouragement, the "Dutch took the cake".

It was there that I met Peter Kooy, one of the Dutch delegates. He told me of his journey after leaving his home in Amsterdam, of his sea sickness, of his arrival in New York, of his being received so cordially by everyone, and of the gifts that different individuals and groups had given him. He related how, for the past two nights, for they were in New York only three days, he went to bed with a yearning to say goodnight to his parents, brothers, and sisters. "But", he added, "I'm sure they heard my voice today, although they couldn't understand English. I'm positive that they heard my voice over the radio."

The whole group spoke with an accent which resembled the German, for Dutch is derived from the German. I could understand fairly well, but occasionally I missed a word.

The entertainment furnished by them was mostly in the line of Dutch songs, dances, and poems. One thing, however, was lacking, the Dutch slippers or wooden shoes. All the delegates were dressed in American clothing.

"In Holland", Peter said, "everybody is calm, cool, and collected. There is no scurrying here and there, as if mad. If one is in too much of a hurry, in my country, he is reproached, for this is considered an ill omen, for bad luck is bound to come soon".

He was awed by the trains and complicated elevated and subway systems, but he rather enjoyed riding in the Eighth-Avenue Subway which is the newest one in New York.

Following the short entertainment, the manager invited everyone to witness the production then going on in the Music Hall.

One scene that I shall attempt to describe to you, was a dance to the tune of Delibe's "Ballet and Mazurka".

The theater was darkened. A ball of yellow appeared, which grew into an immense size. It rolled to the middle of the stage and stopped. From its right side a red square of light was contracted, while from its left flank, a purple triangle was flashed. These two contractions, strangely enough, did not decrease the original size of the ball.

Two dancers arose from the floor, bowed, and with the rhythm of the music, they began their dance. Their lithe, swaying bodies kept perfect timing to the irregular rhythm of the piece that was as beautiful as it was difficult. Showers of colors were played on them, which changed, it seemed, with every movement of their bodies. The music arose to a climax, then dwindled away, as the Hall became dark once more.

At eight o'clock, ten hours after leaving the hotel, I once again opened the door, and sank into a soft chair, tired in body, but deliriously happy over the events of that day.

JACK KAPLAN, '36.

EGGS

HAVE you ever eaten eggs meal after meal, day after day, for weeks and weeks? If you have, you will understand the plight of the hero in this story.

Jim Scott, tall, blond, and hungry, threw a furtive glance at the dingy, narrow cupboard in one corner of his dreary hall bedroom. With grim resolve written on his youthful countenance, he marched to that incommodious receptacle and withdrew a bowl of eggs, a can of milk, and a pot of tea. He paused, as he gave the eggs a wry look.

"Eggs", he grumbled. "Eggs for breakfast, eggs for lunch, eggs for dinner. Ugh!"

Scott had been out of work for three months. His meager savings had dwindled, and in order to preserve the illusion of a bank account, he had resolved to live as cheaply as possible. Eggs, being in season and therefore very cheap, were chosen as his principal food.

During the time of his unemployment, Jim had eaten these delicacies in every imaginable form. He was so sick of looking at these "hen-products", as he called them, that he felt like jumping from the small window in his room. This fare was pretty hard to endure, when his palate clamored for beefsteak and onions, coffee with real cream in it, and apple pie with ice-cream.

Lately, Scott had been experiencing a queer nausea and uncontrollable shaking of the limbs. Now he was stricken in that way again. He managed to emit a feeble call for Mrs. Murphy, his landlady, before darkness enfolded him and freed him from the worry of cooking something out of nothing.

Jim awoke a half-hour later to hear Mrs. Murphy conversing in an undertone with a man who was apparently a doctor. He heard the physician say, "malnutrition", and then "food". At the mention of "food", the poor lad fainted again.

After what seemed eternity, he regained consciousness. His landlady was putting a tray on the table by his bed. Perceiving that he was awakening, she said, "My, there you are, you poor lamb. I thought you were never coming to life. The doctor said you were to have plenty of nourishment, so I brought you up this little bite".

Horrors! What was she handing him! An egg-salad sandwich and an egg-nog!

Our hero emitted a sigh of defeat, and again passed into the realm of oblivion.

CHARLES B. MCFARLAND, '35.

PEOPLE WHO RILE ME

PEOPLE who gush rile me. Posing as interested commentators, they deal in extravagant sentiments that offend both my ear and my soul. Unfortunately, they are rather a large group, and they seem to take a diabolically fiendish delight in infesting the places which I frequent. Almost no assembly is without them. Their needlessly and annoyingly lavish use of insincere praise; their deadly persistence in haunting the very people, such as I, who detest them; their insipid and vacuous chatter; all these make them one of the banes of my life. Utopia, to me, is a land where, along with social and economic equality, gushing is a criminal offense, punishable by unrelenting torture.

Second only to my hatred of gushers is my hatred of bores. Although they are not found in such numbers as the gushers, bores are come upon just frequently enough to keep me continually aroused against them. Usually, even if a person is engaging in no other way, at least he is interesting per se. Bores, to the contrary, seem deliberately to make themselves and their surroundings dull. According to an essayist, the best way to treat a bore is to outbore him. With this sentiment, I am entirely in favor. Only I do not think one should try to bore him with some of his own dullness; he should be bored with a drill.

BERNARD BARBER, '35.

RUINS

RUINS of olden times make some people think of ancient lavishness and magnificence. Bulwer Lytton, however, thought of human nature when he saw the crumbled columns of Pompeii; he reflected that the old inhabitants had thought and loved and hated as we moderns do. An Egyptian relic made Shelley think of the passage of fame and the mockery of vanity. Ruins are grim reminders of civilizations that were overpowered not so much by greater nations as by their own weaknesses. They are stimulations to the pursuit of real values and not of pretense and shallowness.

SOME AMUSING SUPERSTITIONS

SUPERSTITION is something that is supposed to be limited to ignorant people, but I have discovered that even among supposedly educated people, college graduates included, I can find superstitions that are really amusing.

Not long ago, a friend of mine was given a set of lovely glassware on which were painted the figures of blue birds. For some unknown reason, she has a fear of birds on dishes and glassware, so she had the set changed. She herself does not know the origin of this superstition, yet she changed this really lovely gift for something not half so pretty.

There is a strange belief that the hair of a newborn child should not be cut. The result of doing so, according to those who believe this, is that something disastrous will happen to the child. As yet no one has found out what the result is, but I know of one case in which the result of the cutting was not a calamity. The young married daughter of a friend of mother's had given birth to the ugliest little girl that any one of us had ever seen. The baby had a bald head except for a fringe of fuzzy black hair around the back, which seemed to increase her ugliness. The day that the young mother saw her child, she clamored for a pair of scissors with which to cut the infant's hair.

Although the nurse was an intelligent, well-educated girl, she firmly believed in this ridiculous superstition, and begged the mother to let the baby's hair alone. However, to avoid a scene, she brought the scissors, and the child's hair was cut. The outcome of the incident was amusing. When the child's hair had grown in again, it was a flaming gold, and now she is one of the most beautiful little girls I have ever seen.

A few years ago my young sister and mother were washing dishes, when mother dropped a piece of silverware and immediately remarked, "Maybe Aunt Jean is coming". Strangely enough Aunt Jean paid us a visit that day. True, it was only a coincidence, but since then, both my mother and sister have insisted that when anyone drops a piece of silverware, it is a sure sign that someone will pay him a visit.

All of us have heard that one should never allow a black cat to cross his path, that a broken mirror means seven years of bad luck, that if anyone walks over a person who is lying down, the latter will stop growing.

No matter how erudite or how ignorant one may be, down deep in almost everyone's heart can be found some foolish superstition that is ridiculous and without foundation.

DIANNE KAPLAN, '35.

AN ESCAPE FROM REALITY

A FRESHMAN THEME

THE moon above my head was tinted yellow, and the sky was star-studded. I was standing outside a beautiful garden. Within the walls of this magnificent fairyland was a musician playing a violin. As he played, my heart seemed to take to wing and soar to the illuminated sky, bursting forth with great happiness. The quivering bow did bewildering things. It sang of ecstasy, broken illusions, poignant drama, impending tragedy. It made me want to do fine things — beautiful things. I felt morose for the unpleasant things I had done. I stood still; I was intrigued. The grass beneath my feet was cool. My face was uplifted to the heavens. The night was awe-inspiring. A cool evening breeze gently caressed my cheek. The melody went sweetly on. I fervently wished it would go on forever. The mellow tones of the violin began to wane. They became hushed and fainter until at last I heard the last rich note fade into the distance.

It was the most fascinating experience of my existence. When it had gone, a strange feeling of desolation and loneliness possessed me. I wished it could all return. It could not, for it was only a figment of my imagination, a brief Utopian escape from reality.

MARGARET MORIARTY, '38.

A CADDY'S INTEREST

ALAN and Jim had gone out on the golf course to hunt for lost balls. By the time they were emerging from the rough beside the eighth fairway, it was too dark to look any more. There was a hollow behind the eighth green that had once been a sandtrap but was now bottomed with grass. In this they sat down and thoughtfully lighted cigarettes. They were not allowed back at the caddy camp, but they didn't care, for they liked the quiet of the golf course at night. In the bunkhouses, the tired caddies were telling stories and laughing in boisterous outbursts; but

out in the cool air Alan and Jim were sitting quietly with a smooth, rolling, moonlit fairway before them.

They smoked and imagined a foursome putting on the green; there was Clayton Parks, who was liked by the caddies because he was easy to work for and always tipped generously; Old Billings, who could finance Henry Ford but wouldn't tip his caddy; young Ross Miller, whose game was distinguished by a powerful, stiff-armed drive; and Tom Miller, his father, a cool old hacker. Alan could see the latter get down on his haunches behind the ball, as he studied the putting line, and then deliberately putt and follow through. Old Miller had sunk a birdie on that hole today. Alan was glad of that stroke of luck, because it had made the old duffer good-humored enough to tip him a quarter.

"Say, Alan, isn't Billings a piker though?" Jim was speaking. "What a juicy hacker! I wasn't on the fairway at all today. He'd slice into the rough on the right, then he'd hook into the rough on the left, trying to correct his slice. And what a trunk! Twenty Bobby Jones clubs in a big leather bag! My shoulder was nearly broken by the time I staggered up to the eighteenth green. And then the old dub gives me a measly buck!"

"Oh, well, you don't have to caddy for him very often".

"I weep, son, I weep".

"We'd better move fast, caddy, there's taps! Put out that cigarette".

THE CRITIC

AT a recent theatrical opening a corpulent, crimson-countenanced gentleman was obviously attending his first stage drama, and he was bored. Enclosed in "tails", he was making an evening of it. He was very officious as he beckoned the cigarette girl to his box. He radiated a species of smug complacency, and the aspect of his bald pate made manifest the fact that even in its present state it was as well groomed and curried as a race-horse's flank. He had a "Santa Claus" nose; that is, something on the order of a little red cherry. Drooping over his lip, as listless as clothes hung out on a particularly muggy day, was a fringe of hair—known to the bourgeois as a "cookie-duster", and to the cultured as a moustache. Horn-rimmed glasses gave him the appearance of the man in the movies, but I rather think he liked to imagine himself an obdurate business-man.

As long as the theatre was illuminated, he was content to sit pompous and stately like a prime minister in a gilded barge, but when he discovered that the time for the raising of the curtain was fast approaching, he appeared a trifle crestfallen. Finally, when house lights had given way to footlights, he settled back with his obese hands folded across his large paunch. Then he remembered the glasses suspended from his neck. He sought to keep from becoming sleepy by folding his program into a boat, cleaning his glasses, winding his big gold watch, and once he really made an attempt to follow the monotonous dialogue. But lack of action on the stage, the darkness, and the everlasting drone of the actors all worked subtly and effectively against him.

The flickering eyelids after a time remained closed; the opera-glasses dropped onto his paunch, whence they slid to dangle at his side; his pudgy hands folded once more, and he slumped lower in his gilded chair until his feet propped themselves against the side of the box.

When at last the blast of applause signifying the end of the play roused him, he automatically rose and lumbered, bewildered, into the press toward the exits, no longer aloof, but intent now only on escape.

Next day when a crony asked his opinion of the drama, he answered "Capital!" or "Terrible!" — as chance prompted, with equal assurance.

FRANK DUDDY, '35.

CLOUDBURST

Swiftly, very swiftly
Falls the summer shower,
As in the tropics
Comes the dark.

Sharply, very sharply
Like stinging needles
It spears the dry earth
To freshen it.

Softly, very softly
Steals the sudden burst away
As upon a quiet morn
Slips the sun upon the bay.

PRISCILLA JOHNSON, '35.

EDITORIALS

WELCOME TO FRESHMAN

THE High and Latin School extends a very cordial welcome to the Class of 1938. That welcome, however, means much more than an invitation to join its numbers.

It means an opportunity to do your part in keeping alive and strong the ideals of a school rich in traditions of fine service.

The High and Latin School, through many years of endeavor, has acquired a certain personality of its own; it has assumed definite responsibilities which it strives to meet.

Those responsibilities do not begin anew with the coming of another class nor end with its departure. Rather each class does its part in the great work — you, in turn, come to us alive and eager.

Try to catch the real spirit of the school. Give her your best in effort, in good cheer, and in loyal support. The more you give to her the more she can, and will, give to you.

Again — Welcome, 1938!

L. L. CLEVELAND

This is the first issue of *The Review* that has "Pic" with it. We are enclosing this informal rotogravure and we think it has several items, at least, for everyone.

Our cover and title page have been changed, we think for the better. The new style headings are in keeping with the modern trend.

These changes are not so important, however, as the changes in content. The Alumni page is shorter, not because later years have fewer worthwhile graduates, but because we feel you know about most of the former students in whom you are interested. Then, too, the Exchange page, with its selection from another magazine, is different. In the next issue we plan to do away with comments and simply quote, feeling that a magazine speaking for itself reveals its personality much better than a reflection can.

Realizing its popularity, we have retained the Spot-lite, and it is more representative than usual. We have kept the class notes, because they are written by many in the school and are representative, too. For the rest, we still have essays, stories, and poems. We have only one fault to find with our readers, and that is that they are not contributors as well.

OBEY THE SIGNS

Rules are instituted for the good of the majority. Therefore, your common sense should tell you to obey signs that set forth rules, which are made for the welfare of the school as a whole. Our school was not built to hold so many pupils and, thus, the hallways and stairways are overcrowded. Wise members of the faculty have tried to relieve the congestion by making rules for passing. Too often, otherwise intelligent students directly disobey a one-way sign which stares them in the face. Let us help ourselves by obeying the signs.

THE SENIOR OFFICERS

The officers of the senior class have been elected. We feel confident that they will lead the class of 1935 with dignity and honor.

President, Paul Mahoney; *Vice President,* Dorothy Cummings; *Secretary,* Margaret L. Mahoney; *Treasurer,* Roland Denault; *Reception Committee,* Ada Bradbury Paul Moriarty, Lester Pitchford, Werner Neudorf, Charles McFarland; *Drama Committee,* Saul Fram, Mary Murray, Barbara Hamilton, George La Bar, Margaret Crowley, Marguerite Erickson.

HOW CAN WE HAVE A REPRESENTATIVE MAGAZINE?

It is our aim to publish the best work written in the whole school, but we realize that in order to do this, we must get many students besides ourselves to contribute to these pages. We should like everybody in the school to write something, whether he has tried his pen before or not.

Do not withhold your work because of modesty. Let us judge. We know that many in the school, having convinced themselves that they cannot write anything, have a hopeless attitude. Those students should begin to convince themselves that they *can write*. It is not unlikely, moreover, that the modest can easily surpass the present contributors. Write about modesty if you are so modest! Write! Write about what is familiar to you. The greatest of the essayists, Charles Lamb, wrote about common, everyday subjects. Everyone has at least one good contribution in him. The editors of The Review would like to see all parts of the school represented in print — all classes and all courses.

THE HONOR ROLL

We are happy to publish in the Review the names of those students who are on the Honor Roll for the first marking period. They have attained a grade of 75% or better in every subject. We are proud of them, and we offer them our congratulations.

Senior Class — Philip Barron, Lucy Bonacci, Mamie Bonanno, Dorothy Boudreau, Henrietta Bourque, Catherine Burke, Dorothea Daniels, Frank Duddy, Elvira Fabrizio, Dorine Flanagan, Jennie Genna, Carmela Grasso, Ann Jenkins, Harry Johnson, Priscilla Johnson, Gertrude Karsh, Alice Lawthers, Barbara Lee, Mary Murray, Edith Ocklis, Harriet Pledziewicz, Louise Portais, Evelyn Saideh, Alice Silkinis, Lillian Sillin, Anna Stone, Wanda Swider, Blanche Waleka, Mary Wells, Priscilla Wheeler, Marion Wooldridge, Stella Zulon.

Junior Class — Helen Berger, Thelma Dubuque, Arlene Hawkings, Jeanne Pearlson, Regina Poremba, Donald Regan, Arthur Row, Frances Ryan.

Sophomore Class — Victoria Agretelis, Irene Andelman, Domenico Auciello, Louise Barrett, Mary Buono, Mary Burke, Helen Burns, Mary Cabral, Adele Church, Jeannette Cote, Margaret Corcoran, Joseph Coughlan, Mary Coughlin, Ruth Crozier, Eleanor Davis, Vivian Glassman, Edward Greenberg, Frances Harnden, Norman Jablow, David Kline, Ann Linton, John Marimn, Fay Mowery, Cynthia Nash, Evelyn Nevens, Gertrude Noble, Robert O'Brien, Christine Paul, Laura Piasecki, Lorraine Rano, Robert Regan, Anella Sakowich, Elliott Shaw, Rachel Shtiller, Olga Sousa, Dorothy Spinney, Joseph Spitzer, Dorothy Starr, Jennie Sterpinski, Veronica Tasonis, Elizabeth Thorne, Lucy Urban, Harry Wasserman, Margaret Whowell, Anna Wilkalis.

Freshman Class — Mary Ahern, Ruth Andelman, George Anastos, Theodore Anastos, Avis Battle, Leslie Block, Rupert Blue, Lorraine Boch, Gwendolyn Bourne, Angelina Bova, Morris Burk, Calvin Burnett, Christopher Cadbury, Golda Camber, John Covvreia, Pauline Cronin, Fredrick Criuckshank, Eloise Humez, James Cox, Lillian Demurjian, Alice Ezer, Bessie Fair, Barbara Fawcett, Margaret Feld, John Fleming, Mary Folan, Virginia Frazel, Josephine Gebalis, Frances Geller, Doris Glassman, Irma Hoijer, Marie Grynkiewicz, Ray Guild, Muriel Haslam, Muriel Keith, Peter Kenney, Paul Lowry, Alan Lewis, Melvin Kohan, Mary Hutchins, Virginia Longino, Harper MacKay, Grace MacLean, John Macedo, Benjamin Medoff, Catherine Mazza, Helen McNamara, Alice Norton, Pauline Nutter, Dorothy Oates, Josephine Panareillo, Edward Osborne, Valentine Paredes, Catherine Ricker, Thomas Robertson, Cyril Roop, Barbara Bishop, Irene St. Sauveur, Antoinette Sawyer, Janet Schaeffer, Grace Scott, Gerald Segel, Joseph Sheehan, Jane Small, Spencer Sterne, Ruth Sturzel, Sylvia Sugarman, Edward J. Sullivan, Rose Tahmosh, Walter Trask, Edna C. Sullivan, Dorothy Twomey, Mildred Walsh, Eleanor Wells, Fabian Werkowski, M. Anna White, Ann Wood, C. Helen Yankun.

FLATTERY

Think what we will, when we are flattered, we are warmed at heart; for, as someone has remarked, to be considered worth flattering is a real compliment. In spite of this, however, we despise the flatterer even as he pleases us; and we must acknowledge, too, that when we flatter someone else, we become slightly contemptible to ourselves.

GREETINGS to you . . . as Arthur Desrosier would say to Stewy Fairburn . . . In pugilistic parlance, we have in this corner Kid Spotlite from C. H. L. S., who will battle Joe Monger for the privilege of keeping you all in the know about your alma mammy . . . By the way, Reggie, Mads Sullivan wants to know what was the matter with your horn on the day of the Latin-Woburn game . . . We thought your car was made for six, Jean Branscombe . . . It just goes to show that even we can be wrong . . . Ted Duffy whistles constantly — Why? . . . The most frequent contributions to the Spotlite are notes about Tom Mansfield's new haircut . . . Sixty-two people sent in remarks about it . . . We'll change sixty-two to sixty-five out of respect to that stickler for the truth, Beatrice Fishman . . . Did you know that Alice Peppard is always cracking jokes? Neither did we, but William O'Brien says so . . . "He Who Knows" says that Barbara Bachman will be missed by everyone . . . Ernie Saulnier insists on seeking rides from the Royal Hudsonians . . . Have you still got the hiccoughs, Mary Madden? . . . Fred Kimball is a musician. He's just returned from a trip through New Hampshire with an orchestra, says Joe Manley . . . How is the horseback riding progressing, Miss LaFrance? . . . *True Story* is Dave Lambert's favorite magazine . . . Francis Fleming, what is so interesting on Rindge Avenue? . . . Barbara Fox and Virginia Hoagland are tennis enthusiasts . . . Arthur Sugarman says that Joe Gorden and Leo Davy always appear to be hatching some fun. No practical jokes, boys . . . Paul Turner is trying to cultivate that "man about town" air. He carries his hat with him to German class . . . .

It is true that you're a fraternity man now, Cummings? . . . We know you're a Boy Scout, else why would you wear a uniform and try to hitch a ride up Massachusetts Avenue on October 12? . . . Theodore Pappadopoulos says that Tony Gallucio will be arrested for hoarding. It's his golden smile . . . Arthur Quint notices in the corridors Freshman hordes, Sophomore cliques, Junior groups, Senior couples . . . and P. G.'s all alone . . . Flash-Algebra teacher calls seventh period. Ten killed in rush . . . to get home . . . Frances Farmer and Dot Hillner are still frothing from those marshmallows . . . Haverty is your best bet if you want to sell something to girls . . . Versatile fellow is Paul Moriarty, orchestra leader . . . He can also draw . . . Why are students so fond of the Art Appreciation class? . . . Our nearest approach to the Siamese twins are the two Margaret Mahoney's . . . Inseparable, My dear Watson . . . Ed Flynn, Larry Roper, and Harold Freeman do everything but sleep in the Harvard Square Georgian. They may take their naps there at that . . . In room 32 there are girls in close contact with live frogs daily . . . Richard Cox says it proves how brave girls can be, but Catherine Burke can only shudder . . . Room 76 seems to be a haven for the athletes this year with Les Pitchford, Frank Harney, Ernie Saulnier, and Paul Mahoney of the football team; Mike Kishkis, basketball captain; and Jimmy Gnerri, baseball captain . . . For the hall of Fame we nominate Bud Brogan as the cheeriest fellow . . . Even Latin V fails to depress him . . . Why do you wear a Mickey Mouse watch to school, Eleanor Robbins? . . . A propos of Latin slogans, Ed. Williams submits "Tacendo tutus" . . . Room 75 has asked Santa to bring a clock that keeps correct time . . . Such a tall fellow as you, Henry, shouldn't have a short name like Janul . . . We suggest Janulavicius . . . I say, Dick Cox — were you really sleeping? Rita Novarro says you can't be blamed, for you were out selling refrigerators the night before . . . Albert Mokaba reports that a teacher says that the American boy or girl is not so stupid as he or she looks . . . I wonder . . . Julia Peers has room 78 under her command . . . She's chairman . . . There are two kinds of P. G.'s at Latin school just now, declares Adam Minkiel: Post Graduates and Possible Graduates . . . John Kelley is still growing . . . He has to stoop to get into the front door now . . . Richard Babish doesn't like the nickname of "Sandy" that a P. G. bestowed on him . . . Why? John Davis bet on the Detroit team in the

World's series, yet he wore a cardinal red tie . . . double allegiance . . . Maurice Keene collects airplane pictures . . . Despite her grownup air Dot Cummings still plays with blocks . . . William Miller is some actor . . . What a fiery Don Carlos he makes in Victor Hugo's *Hernani!* . . . After the Newton football game, Georgie Thompson decided to move to Newton . . . Now that we know how to spell the full name of the K. B. society, we should like to hear Ruth Anne Beetham pronounce it . . . Are you going to take dancing lessons at the "Y" this winter, Kirby? . . . We have been asked to tell about Ruth Leighton's cat, but Ruthy asked us not to, so we won't . . . Is Eisenhaur a nuisance in room 78, or is Eisenhaur a nuisance in room 78? . . . Declares Idabelle Carrington, "The Chess Club still flourishes!" . . . Frank Duddy likes to linger in room 78 every morning . . . What does Fred Lynch think of our cheerleaders, Edith Coady, Edwina Mullin, and Marie Dillon? . . . Only second to the remarks about Tom Mansfield's hair are the supposed bon mots that have come to us concerning St. Martin's whiffle . . . Many minds with but a single thought . . . and not a clever one at that . . . Mes enfants, Charles Coughlin is a great patron of the cinema . . . Eddie Rogers should have his blond locks insured . . . When better runs are made than Paul Mahoney's against Newton, Evariste Shea promises to stay home on Friday nights . . . maybe . . . For the information of all those who are acquainted with her, Julia Peers wishes to be called Betty . . . Josephine Lucas and Sally Donovan go to all the football games . . . We now have Mr. Reginald Grace in our midst again.

If you wish more notes, please write on the back of a three-cent stamp some suggestions, criticisms, or interesting data on What's What About Who's Who . . . All contributions happily received in the Review Box . . . Sooo--Bon Ami and lots of Lux.

This is to certify that this column has been written by Dorothy Cummings, Paul Mahoney, Herbert Rooney, Frank Gerry, Sonny Doherty, Charles Joseph, Sumner Levi, Priscilla Johnson, and Richard Ruggles. It has duly been entered by them as matter concerning the students of C. H. L. S. on this beautiful day in November.

FALTER PINCHELL.

WINGED VICTORY

'Tis but a statue,
Winged it stands
Monument in marble
Moulded by hands.
Flowing its garments,
Graceful its stride,
Relic of glory
It has not died.
Gone the round arms
Proud lifted head,
Remains the spirit
That to victory led.

PRISCILLA JOHNSON, '35.

Gene was asked how he liked his new teacher.

"Oh, she's a good teacher," he replied, "but she keeps saying 'Cigarette' all day."

His mother was puzzled. One day she went to school. While she and Gene were waiting for the teacher at the door of the school room, they heard her say to the class, "Now, sit erect."

"There!" he exclaimed. "She said it again."

Chas. Terry: Women are not what they used to be.

Fred Daley: Well, no. They used to be girls.

W. Trafton: The doctor pronounced it homicide.

J. Tenney: Well, how do you pronounce it?

Magistrate: You assaulted this man merely because he differed from you in an argument. Is that so?

Minkiel: I couldn't help it, your honor. The man is a perfect idiot.

Magistrate: Well, you must pay a fine of $60 and costs. In the future you should try to remember that idiots are human beings just as you and I.

Teacher (to class in natural history): What kind of birds are frequently kept in captivity?

Spera: Jail birds.

Ruth Anne Beetham: What happened when your father told your boy friend that he ought to put something aside for a rainy day?

Julia Peers: A little later Dad missed his raincoat.

Teacher: Who can name one important thing we have now that we did not have 100 years ago?

Don Regan: Me.

Junior: Did I tell you about the awful fright I had at the dance last night?

Senior: Careful, old fellow. No man has the right to talk about his girl like that.

Coach: Suppose it was fourth down on their 15 yard line with the score tied and three minutes to play. What would you do?

Harney: I'd slide down farther on the bench to get a better look at the next play.

Virginia Hoagland: Is there enough nourishment in a frankfurter for two people?

Beatrice Fishman: No, a frankfurter is a one man dog.

Mrs. Roosevelt: Oh, Franky, our grandson has a stomach ache.

F. D. R.: Call the Secretary of the Interior.

First Mosquito: What are you making such a fuss about?

Second Mosquito: Whoopee, I just passed the screen test.

A young lad waited at the stage entrance of a theater where the Siamese twins were playing. When they came out he whispered to one of them, "If you can get away, I'll treat you to a soda".

Jean Crowley: Where have you been for the past few years?

Alumni: At college, taking medicine.

Jean: Do you feel better now?

Evelyn Grace: How much did you say those apples are?

Dealer: Fifteen cents a peck!

Evelyn: What do you think I am, a bird?

Employer: Want a job, eh? Ever tell lies?
Desrosiers: Why—er—I can learn, Sir.

Phyllis Benthale: Do you know they don't use plaster in China?
Sidney Solomon: Why not?
Phyllis: Because they fill up the Chinks with rice.

The class was reading the Odyssey and were up to the part where the sailor freed the winds.
Teacher: Why didn't Odysseus get home?
Pauline Cronin: Oh, he had a blow-out.

Madeline Sullivan: What do you do when you see an unusually pretty girl?
Lindsey Britt: I look for awhile, then I get tired and lay the mirror down.

Frank Boring: Do you serve crabs here?
Waiter: We serve anyone. Sit down.

Traffic Officer: What's the matter with you?
Evariste Shea: I'm well, thanks, but my engine's dead.

Teacher: Spell weather.
Louise Toomey: W-i-e-a-t-h-i-o-u-r.
Teacher: That's the worst spell of weather we've had this year.

Joseph Manley (who has been waiting): I say, waiter, how long will my chop be?
Waiter: About four inches and a half, sir!

Warren Trafton: Fine day for the race!
Moylan: What race?
Trafton: Why the human race, to be sure.

London Waiter: Did you say 'am and heggs, sir?
John Davis: No, I haven't been here long enough for that yet.

Frances Bradbury: Goodness! Have you had another tooth pulled?
Lois Belyea: Yes. I have a regular drawing account at the dentist's.

Richard Ruggles: So you've really been practising since 1900?
Dentist: If you don't believe it, just look over the magazines in the waiting room.

Idabelle Carrington (hearing noise downstairs): Who's down there?
Burglar (with great presence of mind): This is station KDKA now signing off until tomorrow at eleven o'clock. Good night, everybody.

Rupert Blue: Is this the Weather Bureau?
Leslie Bloc: Yes, sir.
Blue: How about a shower tonight?
Bloc: It's all right with me. Take it if you need it.

"Help your wife," says Good Housekeeping. "When she mops the floor, mop up the floor with her."

Magistrate (to discharged prisoner): Now, then, I would advise you to keep away from bad company.
Prisoner (feelingly): Thanks! You won't see me back here again.

Leo Manley: Why does that dog sit here and watch me as I eat?
Waiter: You have the plate he usually eats from.

Frances Farmer: How are you doing in school?
Muriel Dale: Oh, I'm as famous as Napoleon.
Frances: What do you mean?
Muriel: I went down in history.

Myrtle Cooper: Can you crawl on your hands and knees?
Pearl Kamins: Sure I can.
Myrtle: Well, don't do it. It's babyish.

Charles Terry: I want a couple of pillow cases.
Salesman: What size?
Terry: I'm not sure, but I wear a size seven hat.

McKeever: The queen of Sheba went to Jerusalem with a very great train!
Sullivan: I never knew that they had railroads in those days.

Girl: The man I marry must be as brave as a lion, but not forward; handsome as Apollo, but not conceited; wise as Solomon, but meek as a lamb; a man who is kind to every woman, but loves only one!
John Corbett (enthusiastically): By jove! How lucky we met.

Noah Webster compiled his famous book long before the advent of radio. Consequently, it was a positive inspiration when he defined crooning: "To make a continuous hollow sound, as cattle in pain; to lament or wail with low monotonous sounds."

"What is it that keeps the moon in place and prevents it from falling?" asked Fairburn.
"I suppose it's the beams," replied Desrosiers.

Fred Branscombe: What is the noblest kind of dog?
Francis Brennan: I give up.
Fred: The hot dog. It not only doesn't bite the hand that feeds it, but it feeds the hand that bites it.

Mr. Harney: I don't know what I am going to do with that boy of mine. He's never satisfied to remain in one place for any length of time.
Mr. Coady: Why don't you make a railroad conductor out of him?

LAMENTATIONS OF AN ATHLETE

Why I must learn Latin
Is more than I can see;
For that ancient language
Was never meant for me.

It's just the same with French.
What is the verb "to be"?
All those strange unknown words
Are just like Greek to me.

I yearn for a football,
Not a teacher's frown.
I would much rather try
To make a touchdown.

Alas! I must study
As well as I may.
For oh! if I flunk,
They won't let me play.

D. H.

ALUMNI

1934

HARRIET VARRELL, class valedictorian, has won a half tuition scholarship at Smith College on the basis of the excellent showing she made in the College Board Examinations. She was on the literary staff of the Review during her senior year in C. H. L. S.

Catherine McCarthy and Frances Rosenfeld have enrolled at the Chandler School in Boston.

Saul Kaufmen, John Glacken, and Anthony Chmelewski are freshmen at M. I. T., on scholarships that they won in the competitive examinations last June.

1933

From M. I. T. comes the report that George Rundlet was on the second honor roll for the past year; and Leo More, Randolph Peers, and Harold Rosenthal on the third honor roll.

Ruth Freeman, '33, is attending the Cambridge School of Liberal Arts. While in C. H. L. S. she was editor for the G. A. A.

Sidney Speil received first honors in M. I. T.; Jackson Cook, second honors; and Albert LeShane, third honors.

Sidney Sugarman was on the honor list of the sophomore class at Boston University.

Sophomore class honors have also been gained by Ruth Miller at Wellesley, and by Catherine Sanders at Mount Holyoke.

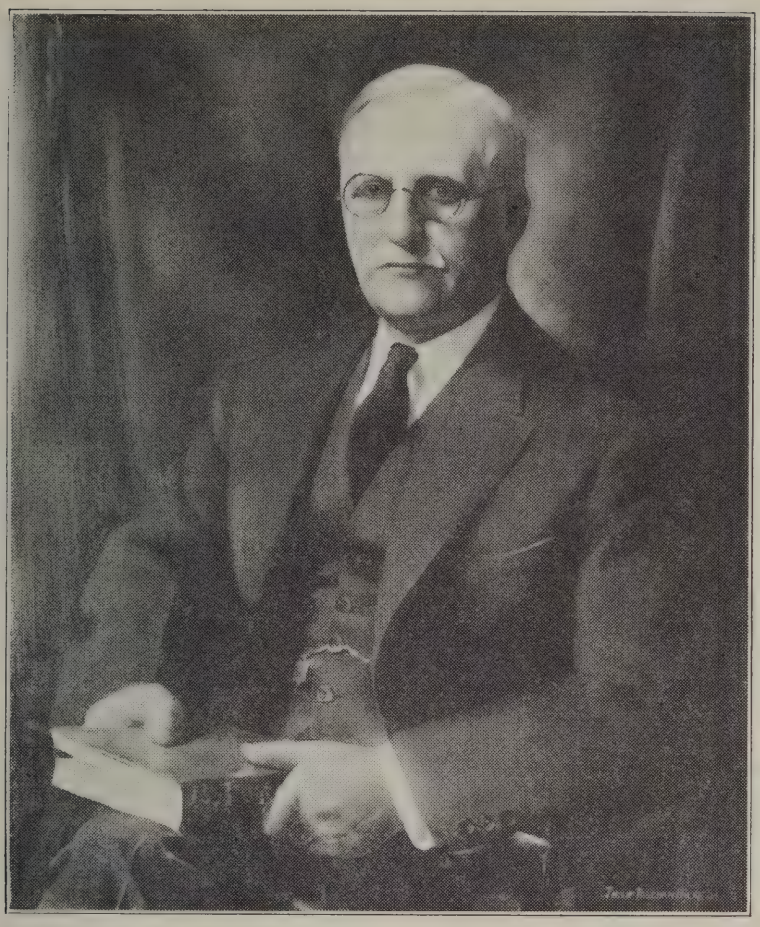
Mott Davis (1898) is a member of a very successful bridge team. His picture appeared in the rotogravure section of the Boston Sunday Herald, October 21, 1934.

Three of our graduates are engaged in church work according to a report sent in by an alumnus:

Robert C. Withington is a Unitarian minister in Scituate.

Robert Gumm was ordained in June, 1934, in the Episcopal Church. He is now connected with a church in Brockton.

Bradford E. Gale was ordained on Sept. 2, 1934, and installed as minister of the Unitarian church in Lincoln, Massachusetts.



THE GIFT OF THE CLASS OF 1934

NO more appropriate gift could have been left by the Class of 1934 to Cambridge High and Latin School than the portrait of Mr. Leslie L. Cleveland, our headmaster. As the twenty-fifth class to graduate since Mr. Cleveland assumed his duties here, the seniors of last year selected a gift that is both a fitting tribute to our principal and a worthy addition to those gifts left us by the preceding classes.

Though we have but a smattering of knowledge concerning portrait painting, we feel that Mr. Philip Truman Hicks, the painter, has done his work well. In a quiet, dignified way, he has portrayed the essential qualities of his subject. One sees a man who is interested in developing the souls as well as the minds of his students.

We extend our congratulations to the Class of 1934 for a fine gift; to the committee appointed by the class, Mr. Bramhall, Mr. Doyle, and Miss Hartigan, for their efforts which culminated so successfully, and to Mr. Cleveland who has served as leader for twenty-five classes who, as individuals and as groups, appreciate his true worth. We are ever conscious of the kindness, understanding, and fairness of our beloved headmaster who is constantly thinking of the best interests of us as individuals, and of the school as a progressive educational unit.

EXCHANGES

GREETINGS AND SALUTATIONS TO THE FRIENDS OF THE REVIEW

WITH the beginning of a new school year we are happy to receive so many "Exchanges". We hope that during the coming year we may have an even more diversified mail bag. Although space will not allow us to discuss all the magazines sent us, we shall endeavor to acknowledge those which we have received.

"Flushing Folio"
Flushing High School,
Flushing, New York.

Your musical cover is indeed an original feature, and is well in keeping with the dignity and excellence of the magazine. We have only one suggestion to make — an exchange page would be a welcome addition. From the "Folio" we have taken the liberty to print verbatim the following extract entitled "Melody of Life" which seems to us a splendid bit of writing:

Life
Is like a scale of music:
Ascending, descending
In never-ending monotony.
Here and there is a break:
There comes a stretch
Of beautiful melody,
Rich chords
And quickened tempo;
Here and there,
Discord;
But mostly monotony —
Up and down; up and down.

"The Xavier"
Xavier High School, New York City.

We must congratulate you upon your excellent and diversified magazine, which encompasses everything from a literary department to athletics. We like especially your novel, but bombastic Exchanges. From the "Xavier" we especially like the poem "The Lighthouse".

We wish to accord special mention to the following magazines all of which we thoroughly enjoyed.

The "Aegis", Beverly High School, Beverly, Massachusetts, has an unusual and entertaining "Versatile Vernon".

The "Jabberwock", Girls' Latin School, Boston, contains good literary material, notable of which being "A Secluded Spot" and "The Governess".

The "Gazette" of Lynn Classical High School, Lynn, Mass., has two especially good poetic selections, "Hills" and "The Ocean".

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of these Exchanges which we found inspiring and most interesting:

"The Visitation Record", The Visitation Convent, St. Paul, Minnesota.

"The Maroon", Western Hills High School, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"The Radiator", Somerville High School, Somerville, Mass.

"The Wilsonian", Woodrow Wilson High School, Camden, N. J.

"The Tradesman", High School of Commerce, Boston, Mass.

AS OTHERS SEE US

From the "Wilsonian", of Camden, N. J.

"Beachcombing", by Fay Mowry is one of the most interesting stories that we have read in a student publication this year. We agree that Falter Pinchell's column is certainly humorous.

From the "Aegis", Beverly, Mass.

"Your cover is very striking. 'Reflections in a Subway' is well done. Your athletic department seems quite complete, and we enjoyed your C. H. L. S. 'Spotlite'."

'Till the next issue,

James Robertson, '35.

ANNEX NOTES

THE ATHLETIC SITUATION

CAMBRIDGE schoolboy athletics suffer because of the competition of the big college games in our city. The public interest is divided with a lamentable result as far as our gate receipts are concerned. In other cities and towns where the local high-school football is the center of attention, gate receipts are large, and the competition for positions on the team is thereby highly stimulated, but in Cambridge we see crowds attending the college games while our high-school games are not so enthusiastically attended or supported. Besides, Cambridge supports two teams while in other cities and towns the available football material is concentrated in one team. We have both Rindge and Latin. All this may seem a little bit like making an alibi, but all these things must be taken into consideration when estimating the value of a football team and its financial status.

JOSEPH STANKUNAS
JOHN GOMEZ

Dusty Gomez and Stevie Stankunas were the Sergeants-at-Arms at the Athletic night, October 26.

We are happy to announce that the captaincy of the Latin Hockey team has come to the Annex for the third consecutive year.

Do you know that the head Coach of both Latin and Rindge track is right here at the Annex? Is Mr. Murphy.

Why do they call Glynn the Big Bad Wolf?

We are enjoying a New Deal with President George Meehan of the Phi Club at the helm.

PHI CLUB

The primary was held Tuesday, October 16. The officers nominated were Joseph Stankunas and George Meehan for President; John Davidson and Edward Sheridan for Vice-President; Joseph Sullivan and John Gomez for Secretary and Treasurer.

Those who were elected were George Meehan, President; Patrick Murphy, Vice-President; Joseph Sullivan, Secretary and Treasurer.

Employer: What is your occupation?
Saul Zang: I used to be an organist.
Employer: And why did you give it up?
Saul Zang: The monkey died.

MR. JAMES LEONARD

ALUMNI NOTES

Art Borges played ball all last summer with the "Chain Gang" baseball team. He is now a sports writer for the Boston Herald.

Gerard Desrosiers, our former hockey star, and Eddie Rooney, our last year's leader of the team, are now attending B. U.

Bill Anderson is at Kent's Hill.

John Spartichino turned professional at the close of school last June. They tell us that Johnnie did very well playing with Rochester, a Cardinal farm.

Lester Alley, 1934 Phi Club President, has moved to Arlington.

Freddie Bisson who has been in the Naval Reserve Air Corps has been promoted to a regular in the U. S. Air Corps at Squantum.

Stanley Lucas is in the C. C. C.

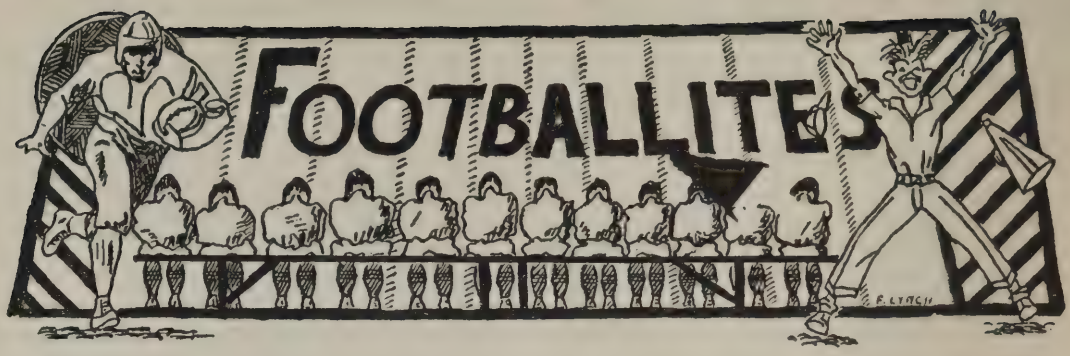
Arthur Finstein is now General Manager of the Cambridge Auto Parts Company.

THEME SONGS

George Smith: "I'm in the army now." (National Guard).
Hoell: "A haunting we will go."
St. Martin: "The man on the flying trapeze."
Felicani: "We're in the money."
Willard Mitchell: "Sweet Adeline."

MOVIE TITLES

"20,000 Years in Sing-Sing"—*The Jug.*
"We're Not Dressing"—*Fred Casarano.*
"She Loves Me Not"—*Willard Mitchell.*



DO you know Willard Mitchell? Well, he is the new star who comes from Arlington High. Thus far he has been a standout because of his fine tackling and pass-receiving.

Cass was a fine prospect for quarterback at the beginning of the year, but dame (miss) fortune checked his grid aspirations during one of Latin's warm-up scrimmages about a month ago.

Alan Doyle has crashed his way into a starting position in the Latin backfield, and has done well in replacing Les Pitchford. Watch-out, Les!

Have you heard our star halfback, Paul Mahoney, croon? Well, he made a name for himself this summer at the Bald Peak Colony Golf Club, in New Hampshire. Maybe we will hear him sing at one of our senior assemblies. Maybe, I said.

The suspension of Frank Coady and Frank Harney has certainly put some pep into them. They are playing a whale of a game for their alma mammie. This was a bit of strategy on the part of Mr. Sheehan.

That goal line stand at Revere showed that Latin has the fight, if they could only get the breaks!

The luminaries in the Latin line-up thus far are Capt. Neudorf, for his fine blocking and tackling; Dick Casey, for his exceptionally fine play in the first three games; and Paul Mahoney, for his spectacular ball carrying.

Lester Pitchford went back into the line-up against the powerful Rindge eleven. He was missing against Revere as a result of an injury which he received during the fracas with Newton.

Frank Coady has been playing a new role since the Woburn game. He is going great, playing center and backing up the line, although he still likes the end position.

Latin also has the best manager that it has had for years in the person of Joe Hayes who helps at every request.

Joe Stankunas fills the bill at quarterback wonderfully this year. He was converted from tackle which he played regularly last year, but may be shifted to tackle on the return of Nichols.

The line-up against B. C. High was changed a good deal after the decisive thrashing by our friendly enemies. After the smoke had cleared, we found that two O'Connells had broken into the line-up, one at a tackle for O'Brien, which gave the "Tiger" such a scare that he almost scored a touchdown with three men on him. The other O'Connell started at guard in place of Harney. Regnier, a freshman, who is a brother of Pauline Regnier of C. H. L. S., started as guard in place of Capt. Neudorf, who played a good game in the backfield.

I am sure that if the team had a few more loyal rooters such as Marie Dillon, Edwina Mullen, Edith Coady, Barbara Danforth, Toddy Frye, Ethel Lupret, Jean Branscombe, Shirley Daltry, Arthur Sullivan, Cail Vennecombe, and others, the team would feel more confident in their struggle for victory.

We cannot register too much praise for our star back, Paul Mahoney. With Paul, the team clicks; without Paul, they have no tricks. He came to Latin from the Russell School along with Dick Casey, a standout at tackle, and Downey, a regular sub in the backfield. While in grammar school he played baseball and basketball in the upper grades. Football runs in Paul's family, for he has a brother "Scharb" who was a star at Rindge. Upon entering Latin, Paul became assistant manager of the football team. In his freshman year he also played basket-ball which he has continued to play every year. Paul was water boy during his second year, because he was too small to play then. During the third year, we found him as a sub making his letter for the first line. Thus far in his fourth year, he is headed for an all-scholastic position. Doc Mooney, who chose the All-Scholastic team, rates Paul very highly, calling him the best back on the field during the Rindge-Latin tussle. Those who saw the B. C. High game know what a fine player he is. To top things off, Paul was elected Senior President. More power to him!

Did you know that the regular Fordham quarterback, Freddie Harlow, is a former Latin gridster? He was one of our outstanding players, and now he does credit to Fordham. Everyone likes Freddie, and we are glad to see him do well in college.

Pete Lekakos, another of our former athletes, is now at Providence College. He attended Hebron Academy where he was a star athlete.

Ollie LaRonde, Bill McKeever, Muggsy Kelly, Bill McFadden, and Jack Crowley are all going great in Boston College. They all had their start at C. H. L. S.

FRED LYNCH, '34.

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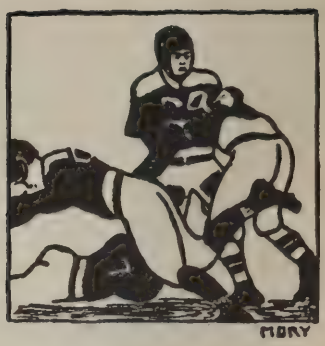

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 6 WOBURN 12

CAMBRIDGE Latin suffered a 12 to 6 defeat in the opening of its autumnal activities on the gridiron with Woburn on the latter's home grounds.

The first score of the game came when a Woburn kick struck Mahoney, Latin safety man, and the pigskin was recovered by Dan O'Brien, a Woburn backfield player, on our five yard line. On the next play Garvey took the ball around left end for the score. The try for the extra point was unsuccessful.

"Connie" Sullivan, Latin's star center, was the first casualty of the game. He received a slight cut on his lip and a nose bleed.

After forcing Latin back to her own goal, Woburn's center broke through the line and blocked the kick. The ball caromed off F. Gonsalves' upraised hands and bounded behind the goal line and was pounced upon by Flaherty, Woburn left end, for the last and winning points of the home team. The rush for the extra point failed.

Latin, in the third period, got the "break" it had waited for when "Ernie" Saulnier flipped a beautiful fifty-yard pass into the outstretched arms of Paul Mahoney, who was stopped on the eleven yard line. On the next play, Les Pitchford tossed a short pass to Stankunas on the five yard line and immediately after this play the third period ended.

On the first play in the fourth period, Les Pitchford, with beautiful interference, plunged over the goal-line for Latin's only score. The pass for the extra point failed.

On the Woburn team Captain Gonsalves, D. O'Brien and Garvey were the main factors in Latin's defeat while Latin's whole team played as one outstanding individual.

WOBURN	CAMBRIDGE LATIN
Flaherty, le	re, F. Coady
R. Corry (O'Connor), lt	rt, F. O'Brien (Healey)
D. Kelly (Detesso), lg	rg, Capt. W. Neudorf
F. Gonsalves, c	c, C. Sullivan (Wm. Sullivan)
Gray, rg	lg, F. Harney (Ramonas)
Scavalis (Kozerga), rt	lt, Casey
C. Kerrigan, re	le, J. Gomey (Mitchell)
D. O'Brien (B. Desmond), qb.	qb, E.Saulner (Stankunas)
Garvey, lhb	rhb, Mullins (Madeiros)
West, rhb	lhb, L. Pitchford
Capt. C. Gonsalves, fb	fb, P. Mahoney

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 6 NEWTON 19

Cambridge Latin lost its second game of the football season at Russell Field, to Newton, the Suburban League champions for the last two years. Newton had far too much power for Latin and, but for numerous substitutions, might have won by a larger score.

Latin started the scoring early in the first period when Newton sent a punt to the Latin 15-yard line and Paul Mahoney grabbed it. Paul started off to his left, shaking, spinning, and eluding all Newton players. He ran along the right sideline and, with marvelous interference by Joe Stankunas, he sped down the field to cross the Newton goal line for Cambridge's only score. This 85 yard run was the most spectacular feature of the game. An unsuccessful try was made for the extra point.

Newton started the second quarter by rushing the ball. Moore was sent off end and the speedy Negro outraced Latin's secondary for the tying touchdown. Captain Castoldi kicked the extra point.

Newton, in the third quarter, received a Latin punt and the ball was run back to the twelve yard line by Treannie but, because of illegal use of hands, Newton received a 15 yard penalty, putting the ball on the 21 yard line. Starting from there, Sargent Moore twice made four yards, then Treannie for a first down on the 14 yard line. Savignano went to the 3 yard line, and then Treannie scooted over the line for another Newton score. The kick for the extra point failed.

Latin, more or less, seemed to give away the last touchdown to Newton. Latin was on its own 20 yard line via a Newton punt and passes when a Latin back fumbled and the ball was

grabbed by Savignano on the 43 yard line.

After a series of rushes through the line, Savignano rushed the ball around his left end for the final score of the game as the horn was blown to end the game.

NEWTON	CAMBRIDGE LATIN
Capt. Castoldi, (Kiley) le,	re, J. Gomes (Mitchell)
Clevenger, (Grow) lt	rt, F. O'Brien (F. Burt)
Wisback (Caruso) lg.,	rg, Capt. W. Neudorf (Ramonas)
Swig (Packard) c,	c, Wm. Sullivan (C. Sullivan)
Miller (Davis) rg	lg, Healey (Dorman)
Milner (Wilson) rt	lt, Casey
Bryne (McLean) le	le, Glacken (Coady)
Myers (Woodward) qb	qb, J. Stankunas
Moore, lhb	rhb, Pitchford
Treannie (O'Connell) rhb,	lhb, Mullen (Saulnier, Doyle)
Savignano (Connolly) fb,	fb, Mahoney (Madeiros)

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 13 — BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH 6

History was made by Cambridge when they defeated Boston College High School with a victory of 13-6. The Cantabs scored their first triumph over the Maroon and Golders since the series started in 1928. It was also the first win of Coach Sheehan's charges.

Latin may have made bad starts in other games this season but against the Boston boys they were all over the field like a team that had never known defeat.

Maroon backs were spilled right and left and only on a deceptive spinner were the Latin boys fooled. Latin pulled a double pass from a spinner that had the B. C. H. players crosseyed trying to follow the ball. It usually swept off the left flank with Mahoney carrying like a fellow shot from a gun. Latin made a touchdown from mid-field once, but it was erased on a holding penalty.

The Latinites were smart recovering fumbles and certainly had their eyes open. Their passing game was something to watch.

From near mid-field Latin pulled one of its criss-cross plays, sending Mahoney to the 20 yard line. Stankunas picked up five yards and Mahoney tossed Gomes a pass for a peach of a catch on the two yard line. One play dropped five yards, but Pitchford chucked Mitchell a pass for a touchdown.

Soon after, Mahoney lost a 42 yard touchdown run on a penalty. He then intercepted a pass at mid-field and carried the ball to the 14 yard marker. He made a one-hand catch and used the other for straight arming as he went along. Pitchford heaved Mitchell another pass for a touchdown and worked it again for the try point.

In the third period the B. C. H. team started a drive when Stickle, on a pretty spinner, went 25 yards to the Latin 11. Hard line plunges moved it to the one yard line and Norton went plunging over for the touchdown.

Near the end of the game, after Griffin had recovered a fumble for B. C. H., a pass, Collins to Kirby, went to the Latin 39 and another on the same combination went to the 18, but Latin held for downs, to prevent a possible tie game.

Also in the fourth Collins, a B. C. H. back, blocked his own team's kick and big Frank O'Brien smashed his way to the ball and scooped it up as Collins hopped on his back and O'Brien carried him for 10 yards before being downed but 14 yards from the Maroon's goal.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH SCHOOL
(Glacken) Gomes, le	re, Fallon
Casey, lt	rt, Eichorn (Clark)
(Harney) D. O'Connell lg	rg, Cunniff
(W. Sullivan) Coady, c	c, Brown
(Healey) Regnier, rg	lg, Hughes
(Burt, O'Brien) M. O'Connell, rt,	lt, Griffin (Connors)
Mitchell, re	le, Dart (Noonan)
(Mueller) Stankunas, qb	qb, Stickle (Moran)
(Doyle) Pitchford, lhb	rhb, Collins
(Davidson) Capt. Neudorf, rhb,	lhb, Fulton (Kirby)
(Saulnier) Mahoney, fb	fb, Norton

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 7 BROOKLINE 7

Cambridge Latin travelled to Brookline to hold them to a 7 all tie. Brookline had a more powerful team but Latin did well holding them.

In the first two quarters there was no score. Brookline completed one pass and the rest was a series of kicks and fumbles.

Brookline gained considerable ground compared to the Cantab's yardage gained by rushing. Cambridge made up for lost ground by Mahoney's and Pitchford's quick kicks.

In the third quarter, after an exchange of kicks, Latin had forced Brookline to kick on its own 3 yard line. Ploughing through the line, Dick Casey, brilliant Latin tackle, blocked the kick and downed it over the goal. A pass to Mitchell added the extra point.

Early in the fourth quarter, a 20 yard pass from McPhee to Aronson chalked up a counter for Brookline. Another pass tied the score never again to be added to, during the remainder of the game. During the rest of the quarter, Mahoney was all over the gridiron. He intercepted two passes, ran back kicks a good distance, and his line smashes and end skirts were admired by the fans. The Latin line worked and fought hard and deserve all the credit due them for helping the backs to tie Brookline.

THE G. A. A.

A BIT OF OUR HISTORY

THE Girl's Athletic Association was established by Miss Brown in 1911. It was formed for the purpose of creating socialibity among the girls, and of helping to organize athletics for girls. In 1916, nearly the entire school joined the G. A. A. This was the peak of the membership in the club. The constitution, as it stood originally, is still followed with slight changes. The fulfillment of our motto "Make everybody happy" has been the aim of Miss Brown, the G. A. A. officers, and of every member.

Greetings Freshmen! Through the Review, we, the older members of the G. A. A., extend to you a hearty welcome. We hope you will enjoy the plans made for your amusement. If we get the consent of both Miss Brown and Mr. Cleveland, the officers will make preparations for a sport hop in addition to the other affairs during the year. The officers for the freshman class are: Margaret Murphy, President; Frances Ritvo, Treasurer, Vice-President; Edith Coady, Secretary; Executive Committee: Betty Harney, Bessie Makris, Edwina Mullins, Phyllis Sheridan.

On October the eighteenth, the freshmen were initiated. In school hours, they had to wear orange to show they were candidates. Later on, in the gymnasium, they were entertained by Shirley Trim, Edwina Mullins, Agnes Linsky, Anna McGowan, Rita Sheridan, Elfride Neudorf, Arlene Hopkins, Anna Sibpigna, and Constance Conant. The afternoon entertainment concluded with dancing, for which Ruth Adams played the piano. Refreshments were served during intermission.

Margaret Murphy and Frances Ritvo will compete with Lindsey Britt and Barbara Fox in the final tennis tournament.

Basketball, one of the favorite sports, is in full swing. In the twenty-five teams that have assembled in the gymnasium, Miss Brown has plenty of material from which she can train a good freshman team.

The sophomores, juniors, and seniors have a fine group of players; thus it is difficult to predict which class will win the championship this year. Last year after a hard fought struggle, the sophomores won. The seniors, although handicapped by the loss of some experienced players, have lost neither their courage nor their good spirit. I feel sure that when outside competition begins, the seniors will bring in their number of victories. Although the new senior players are improving, if there are any more Alice Bridges interested in the sport, they should notify Margaret Powell, senior captain. For the sophomores — Betty Harney is sophomore captain, and the juniors have chosen Frances Ritvo as captain. These captains are bright, intelligent students, worthy of the honor their fellow players have given them.

In order that we may have enough money for our expenses in carrying on athletics to a greater extent, it has been suggested that we charge a small admission fee for girls' basketball games. Any suggestions will gladly be received by Miss Brown or the G. A. A. officers.

With Thanksgiving approaching, contributions to Thanksgiving baskets will be greatly appreciated. The donations may be left in the gymnasium with Miss Brown, Miss MacLaughlin, or the officers. A pleasant and a happy Thanksgiving to you all!

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

VOL. 49 NO. 2 DECEMBER, 1934

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EDITORIALS

Merry Christmas, everyone, from the Review Staff! Christmas represents much more than the exchanging of gifts and having a good time generally. It is a season of "Peace on earth, and good will to men". How many people will need "good will" this year, or their holiday will be a cheerless one! The welfare organizations, besieged with calls for help, need more than usual support, and it is our task to help, even though we can only do a little. We shall enjoy our own Christmas a thousand times more when we help to spread the joys of Christmas-tide.

J. T.

CHRISTMAS

AT this season we witness the welcome spectacle of the moving power of love breaking through the shell of distrust, emnity, and fear with which we have at times surrounded ourselves, and which has acted as a barrier between us. Every human being craves love and understanding even though he would perhaps be the last to admit it. Now, in this all too brief period of Christmas, we give love a chance; we try to understand one another as fellow beings. Then we wonder at this strange glow within us. We wonder why our consciousness has been enlarged, why life seems more meaningful and complete to us, and all the while it is simply that we are giving love an expression, an outlet. Amid all the joy and festivity of Christmas, we should pause a moment to reflect on the spiritual significance of Christmas for, if we do not, we miss the most important joy of this whole season.

E. M.

SHORT STORY CONTEST

The "Review" wishes to announce a short story contest, open to all members of the school. We are offering two prizes, one for the best story submitted by a freshman or sophomore, and one for the best story written by a junior, senior, or post-graduate. All manuscripts must be in the hands of the Review editors by January 25, 1935. The winning contributions will appear in the February issue. We hope for a generous response from the members of each class.

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

At a spirited election held November 15, the following were elected officers of the Junior Class: President, Frank Coady; Vice President, Roland Shaine; Treasurer, Joseph Manley; Secretary, Marie O'Leary. The class is to be congratulated on their good judgment, and the officers have promised their best efforts.

CLASS ACTIVITIES OF ROOM 10

On October 3, 1934, the Class of Room 10 elected the following officers:

President .....Francis Bradley
Vice President.....Charles Sullivan
Secretary.....Eleanor Davis
Treasurer .....Albert Boudreau

Since then on appropriate dates, we have held programs for Pulaski Day and Columbus Day, Fire Prevention Week, Armistice Day and Thanksgiving.

ELEANOR DAVIS, '37, *Reporter.*

CHRISTMAS EVE REVERIE

THE fire on the hearth burns brightly and merrily and an odor of burning pine pervades the room. Without, the far-off pealing of a church bell steals softly across the snow-filled midnight air and blends with the shrill jingle of passing sleigh-bells; within, the bells of the glistening Christmas tree join their tiny silvery voices to the floating sound outside while I, sung almost to sleep by their mellow notes, yet kept awake by the snapping-crackle of the burning logs, dreamily gaze into the glowing flames.

My joyous task, the trimming of the tree, is done. Why do I linger, I wonderingly ask myself. Yet my thoughts roam hither and thither; the incense of the burning pine mingled with the foresty odor of holly and spruce proves overpowering. I soon lose all track of time, and I stare sleepily on. The ruddy tongues of fire, slowly devouring the unprotesting yule-log, quiver and twist within the mouth of the fireplace, and leap up the chimney. Some of the flames, diminutive at first, but swiftly growing, flare into the flue above them; others, too much like living beings, spurt forth, and dying in their prime, are seen no more.

Yet the blazing fire, that holds my eyes, is slowly fading; a mist is rising and soon I am lost in the all embracing haze. But lo! a spot appears and quickly increasing, a scene, a clearing in a woods, comes into view. Lightly-falling snow dots the night sky and spreads a blanket of white over a giant, newly-hewed log lying in the center. As I begin to walk towards the tree, for I find myself in the forest, I hear a distant humming, faint at first, but growing in volume, which soon separates itself into the music of instruments and into voices of people singing and laughing. Who can they be? Whither do they go?

Soon on my left I see a torch flaring among the trees, and many more again, and from among the bent and groaning pines a motley group, but what a group, streams forth! They might be of Robin Hood's band if they were but clothed in Lincoln green. Instead their tunics and their hose are stamped, like checker boards, with blue, red, orange, and gold. Bits of holly stick out of their caps.

Swiftly they rush toward the log and binding it with thongs, they turn upon their homeward way with the log trailing behind them. What a procession they make! A dwarf with a multicolored robe, dancing and capering in the snow, heads the march. Behind him come the haulers who, though performing a laborious task, nevertheless, enjoy the dragging of the yule-log. It just dawned upon me that this is the ancient ceremony of bringing home the yule-log.

> "Come, bring with a noise
> My merrie, merrie boys,
> The Christmas log to the firing".

I, unnoticed by anyone, make up the van of the swiftly receeding tide of troubadours, carolers, jesters, and country folks; and, in a flash, a dull yellowish moon, which on my nearer approach I find to be a burning beacon high on the turret of a neighboring castle, appears out of the swirling white particles. Down across a blanketed plain, through a merry village, and up a steep path to the gateway of the towering fortress, the multitude swings. A laughing group of ladies and a shouting group of knights greet the toilers and welcome them within the walls. I, joining the milling village folk, start across the bridge, but—crash—flames flare, crackling up inside the gateway, and the people vanish like ghosts in the fire. I find myself staring into the burning hearthside fire.

I glance around the room. What caused that smash which hindered me from proceeding into the castle? The windows are not broken. The door — tinkle — crash! What is this, the tree is swaying? Am I yet dreaming? Meow! Meow! steals pleadingly across the room. Wherein — but another sway of the tree supplies the answer. You old villain, hold still; I am coming. With much difficulty I finally extract the tangled culprit, Tabby, and I am about to inflict a beating when the thought that, maybe, for I am and was, in a dreamy mood, I mistook him for a Christmas bulb. Bulbs, these days, do take queer shapes. Certainly he could never have climbed up that far without assistance; therefore I set him down and away he tears. Small wonder.

Seated once more before the smiling blaze, I look upon the gold webbed tree. The silvery bells no longer join their voices to the faintly rolling notes of the church bell. Why have they ceased? Of course! What is the matter with me that I did not think of it before this? The bells were tolled neither by the wind, nor by legions of angels, who are said to ring the Christmas chimes, but by the quiverings of venturous Tabby. O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum, what might have been thy fate!

FRED MALLOY, '35.

SHAKESPEARE'S USE OF NATURE IN MACBETH

LIKE the noise and fire of the battle of some invisible hosts, intermittent booming reports are heard punctuated by fiery stabs of lightning which seem to rend a portion of the sky. Although we are instinctively afraid of the thunder and lightning of the storm because we realize the tremendous powers of Nature which are being released against us, nevertheless, there is something that is fascinating to us in the storm. Perhaps the tremendous, awe-inspiring, elementary display of the storm touches the elemental forces in us and produces a sign of recognition. In like manner evil forces play upon something elemental in us, and we are fascinated strangely by them even when we would resist them because we realize their insidious purpose. Because there seems to be some peculiar kinship between the forces of nature embodied in the storm and the forces of evil, and because Shakespeare seems to recognize this affinity, he introduces the devil's minions, the witches, to us to the accompaniment of thunder and lightning and does so throughout the play. We have only to reflect on the intensely dramatic effect he obtains as the lightning flashes a revealing light on those repulsive faces, and the thunder renders a bass accompaniment to their demoniacal laughter.

Again on the night of the murder, shortly before Macbeth does the deed, Banquo describes the night for us by exclaiming "There's husbandry in heaven; the candles are all out". We have only to consider how dark a night unlighted by the stars is, and we can understand the tenseness of the atmosphere. When we think of evil powers, there is something ominous resident in the darkness. We expect something evil to happen and it does. You see, Shakespeare has again utilized the powers of nature to heighten his effect.

Just before the murder is discovered in the morning, Lennox describes the happenings of the night which has just passed. The wind was cyclonic in its fury, and there is testimony by some that the earth was shaken. Shakespeare has used this description of the destructive forces of nature to act as a background in order that the awful tragedy of the murder of Duncan may be portrayed more vividly to our minds. As an example of what I mean, I cite the tragedy of Calvary in which the destructive forces of nature, in a kind of rebuking fury, revealed the awful nature of that man-made destruction in the terrifying intensity which stark reality contains, for it was the tragedy of tragedies.

There is the scene wherein the old man relates a strange incident which occurred sometime previous to the murder of Duncan. A proud, fierce falcon was killed by an owl, of all birds! Shakespeare has used this immaterial incident as a kind of allegorical comment for further effect on the murder of Duncan by Macbeth.

All these incidents serve to demonstrate to us that Shakespeare recognized how real he could make his tragedies to us by the skillful use of the forces of nature in them. He saw clearly the power of the elemental.

EDWARD MOYLAN, '35.

THE BEAUTY OF COMMON WORDS

ALTHOUGH I have come across many writers who appear not to believe it, there is, in common words, a beauty which is unique to them; it is a beauty which most ponderous words will never attain; will never even approach.

The most wonderful work ever composed to delight the ear of man, "The Lord's Prayer", is at once among the most simple and unassuming. "Give us this day our daily bread". What a wealth of beauty and of emotion is contained in these few simple words, no one of which contains more than two syllables! Many are the volumes composed by man, filled with weighty words and hidden meanings, which can never aspire to the splendor of this fragment of man's supreme supplication to God.

An outstanding exponent of simple language, Abraham Lincoln, has composed many bits of literature which will long be treasured by admirers of beautiful prose. What American has never thrilled to the magnificence which Lincoln has embodied in his "Gettysburg Address", one of the greatest speeches ever composed by man? Yet how simple is the language in which it is written! How common are the words employed!

One who doubts the beauty and splendor of simplicity has only to read over some part of the Bible and compare it with the work of any author who deals wholesale in octosyllabic monstrosities. If his soul be alive, he will no longer doubt.

HENRY BAKER, '35.

UNFETTERED CLASSROOMS

THE greatest blessing to American youth today is the growing tendency of the modern teacher to defy the tradition of "fettered classrooms". The visions are slowly fading of a stern teacher, seated before uniform rows of desks at which are pupils, who are judged merely by their ability to ape the instructor and conform to regulations which are as numerous as those of the Hindu rite. Our great inventor, Marconi, was so unfortunate as to attend such a school. His outstanding originality, far from being recognized as an asset, won for him only the questionable denunciation of being "unteachable". He survived, but of how many others might we say, adding to Wordsworth's reflection, "Oh, many are the poets who go to the grave unthought of because they attended a 'fettered' classroom!"

It has long been recognized that each man as a person has a personality of his own. It is strange to think that we, as students, leading wholly different lives outside of school, should be expected to toss into identical molds, as it were, the various mixtures of our individual brains, and be judged on the similarity of the result to the teacher's larger mold. The Master gave each of his servants a different number of "talents". He did not expect each to accomplish the same amount or even the same result; he demanded that they use their own individual "talents" to the best individual advantage. How can we, young servants of the Master, gain the same result, as we are expected to in the "fettered classroom" with the totally different material He has given us with which to work?

"Yet", you may object, "how can we abolish classroom rules? How can we have order, without law?" Separate your "students" from your "pupils"; keep the few rules which you'll find the students will insist upon. We do not want lawlessness, we want true freedom, — freedom only from the chains which fasten us to a mental prison, from which we gaze wistfully at the fruits outside which could be ours for the taking. Loosen the chains of worn-out classroom traditions, and teachers, you will then find your lawful right to be an individual yourself, and will see the molds of your pupils' brains shape, with your help, into the forms which God intended they should have, alike only in purpose, and more beautiful and valuable because they are unique.

CATHERINE BURKE, '35.

THE HUMAN ORCHESTRA

MUSIC is the universal language of the world and Life is its greatest composition. Mankind is but one great orchestra with every man symbolic of an instrument from the pipes of Pan to the lute of Orpheus. We are musicians playing the everchanging symphony of Life while the master Conductor wields the baton from His lofty eminence.

Each of us has his part or section whether large or small. The solo parts are not for all of us; some must be the accompaniment and be a setting to the greater parts, one indistinguishable among many. The great and renowned are the first violinists and pianists of the orchestra, yet they are but a factor in the final symphony.

For the second violinist there is usually the mild, retiring, and unostentatious type to whom the limelight of predominance is either an abhorrence or a condition denied. The soloists, as I have already said, are the outstanding personalities to whom deference, honor, and remembrance are shown by a somewhat misunderstanding world on whom the trite but effective warning "all is not gold that glitters" has little or no influence. However, to our humble first type there is always the condolence that the meek shall inherit the earth.

The warrior and boaster may be the thundering or blustering drum; the querulous are the wailing flute and fife; the brusque and hearty are the lusty horns; the soft and gentle make up the dulcet harp and lyres; the benevolent and sanctified comprise the mellow viols and 'cellos. Whether in discord or harmony this orchestra of mankind unceasingly presents the music of the world.

JAMES ROBERTSON, '35.

DEFEAT

Futile,
The furious waves
Flung themselves against
The stalwart rocks of the sea.
Reckless with despair,
They roared and calmed themselves
To a gentle ripple of defeat.

GRACE BOHMULLER, '35.

THE OPENING DOOR

SEATED in our home, reading or talking or listening to the radio, we are often disturbed by a knock at the door.

"Come in", we say, and hold our breath for a moment, hoping for the best: the opening door may portend boredom or delight, success or disappointment, sorrow or happiness.

From childhood we experience the thrill there is between the opening of a door and the appearance of the opener. I remember sitting as a child in a hospital room, waiting for the doctor. When the door opened, I would hope it was not the doctor but only a nurse or someone who had made a mistake. After one or two such delays it seemed inevitable that the next comer would be the doctor himself; yet when the door opened again, I had the same tense hope.

In adult life the opening door causes the same moment of suspense and fruitless conjecture. The teacher seated at her desk in September expects a new class to open the door and enter the room. Will the unfamiliar pupils respond to her personality? The lawyer in his office hears the outer door open. What kind of case is being brought to him? Will the client deal fairly with him or will he complicate his affairs by lying?

Speaking of the law makes me think of prisons. A flood of feelings and recollections must be opened to a convict in the death house, when his cell door is opened. Perhaps he hopes wildly for deliverance; perhaps he is overwhelmed with shame, fearing that his wife or his mother is visiting him; perhaps he struggles against terror at the thought that he is now to be led to the grim execution chamber. More likely that opening door brings all these feelings to him in one confusing rush.

Earthly doors, however, though often dramatic, are as nothing to the portals of heaven. St. Peter talks with applicants for admittance and waits for someone worthy. What a weary wait! But every time the door opens he hopes that out of the pageant of the unworthy there may step one whom he can embrace.

HARRY M. JOHNSON, '35.

STAGGERING SENTENCE

SENTENCES which commence on level ground, which advance upwards to an indefinite height, which suddenly crash to yawning depths below, and which rise with groans are staggering sentences. Or, they may be those that reel on tottering steps like one full of intoxicating liquor. It is safe, I think, to say that the staggering sentences are the result of the unskillful manipulation of the long sentence.

Many are the writers who have attempted to imitate the long sentence structures of Browne, of Dickens, of Irving, of Poe; but few are they who have succeeded in developing specimens which are the equal of their masters. When one feels clauses to be loosely connected with the rest of the sentence, or when one perceives a sentence that is replete with adjective and adverbial phrases that can be supplanted by one or two apt words, he may catalogue that particular sentence as a staggering sentence. Usually one finds this violation of good grammar in paragraphs of description, exposition and scientific studies.

Enough has been said as to the ear-marks of the staggering sentence so that now we may proceed to an analysis of the avoiding of this violation.

It is well for beginners to confine themselves to simple and compound sentences which are not too long. In this way they develop the power of expressing themselves in a direct and forceful manner. Then, they can tread with cautious steps into the realms of their desire, the long sentence. And as the years employed in practice and imitation roll on, a style will be developed which will cause the writer to abhor the staggering sentence. The mind and pen will act in coordination; and long, well-balanced sentences will evolve.

THEODORE PAPPADOPOULOS, '35.

SOPHISTICATE

Her cloudy hair
Carefully disarranged.
White languid hands drawn through
Calculating effect.
Eyes shadowed soulfully.
Red, drooping mouth a scarlet slash.
Subtle perfume enhancing charm.
Slow clever ways
Bored expression.
A sophisticate.

PRISCILLA JOHNSON, '35.

WINTER WEATHER

THE earth was covered with a blanket of white snow. More and more of these white flakes were falling as I stood gazing out of the window. I could hear the North Wind howling angrily, and I observed picturesque sights. The roof-tops were covered with snow and huge icicles hung from many a roof-edge. Jack Frost went about drawing scenes on living-room windows. At last the snow ceased falling.

A group of young children, warmly clothed, gathered at the top of a hill and made preparations for a race on their sleds. There were five sleds. They got ready, and with a whizz, off they went! One sled was upset and sent the children pell-mell into the snow. They arose hurriedly and began to brush the snow off one another. They watched for the winner. At last the race ended! Three cheers for the winner! They started journeying up the hill only to do the same thing again and again until finally Jack Frost got the better of them. Then they scattered toward their homes. Darkness began to creep on and as I drew the shutters, I heard the angry wind shrieking fiercely. Then as I sat by the cozy fire, a feeling of gratitude enveloped me, and I was glad that I had a good home and a warm fire in such wintry weather.

JOSEPHINE A. HITRON, '37.

CONSPIRACY

Locked in someone's heart
Is a plan, a conspiracy,
To be one of the great
Or one of the small.
Little knowing what
But planning.

GRACE BOHMULLER, '35.

WHY GO TO COLLEGE?

IF you are going into one of the main professions, or into research, the question answers itself: you must take at least three years of college work in order to be admitted to a first rank law school, or medical school, or divinity school, or graduate school. The best schools of business administration and of library science require college graduation for entrance. If you are going to teach in high school you must graduate either from a liberal arts college or from a teachers' college.

But suppose you are not sure that you want to enter one of these professions: why then go to college?

Because you want more education than you have had in high school, and college is the natural place to get it.

Because your mind needs college training to make it as fine a thinking instrument as possible.

Because college offers you the chance for a broad survey of all the great fields of human interest.

Because college offers you the chance to win the satisfaction of real mastery in some one of these great fields.

Because in college you may gain a better understanding than you can elsewhere of the swiftly enlarging human society in which you are to live.

Because college will unlock for you doors into treasure houses of literature, of art, of music, which may be resources for your leisure your whole life long.

Because in college you may approach a better understanding of the fundamental problems of philosophy and religion.

Because in college you may find a welcome companionship with college mates from many regions.

Because the college experience, strenuous though it be, is, on the whole, a richly varied and happy experience, well worth while for its own sake.

Why go to college?

Because the society into which you have been born is, for most of those who share life with you, a cruelly unsatisfactory society; because your help is needed for its improvement; because college will make you conscious of this need, and will, in some measure, qualify you to play your part—shall it be the part of a leader?—in meeting it.

(*From the Bulletin of Oberlin College*)

REVELATION

IT was Christmas Eve, but to Jim it seemed a grim mockery. He stood there on the curb, watching the throngs of merry makers go by. How happy they all looked! Not one glanced his way. No one came to say "Merry Christmas", to him as he heard the passers-by call to each other.

He saw people pouring out of a near-by church. They could go and pray. They had everything they wanted. But here was he. What did he have? Nothing!

For years he had trusted God and what did it get him? His wild laughter rang out. He pondered a long time. What did it get him? Nothing. Here was he starving, and people thought God could help them. He stopped. He was in front of the church.

"We must go in and pray", said a woman, whose face showed the ravages of long years of toil.

"Yes", answered the child at her side.

What was the matter with those people? He thought he'd stop them.

"Wait, wait", he called.

But they did not hear him. They had passed into the evening gloom of the church, and the crowds hid them.

He dashed through the group of people standing at the door.

"I must tell 'em they are crazy", he muttered.

Suddenly he was in the church.

He stopped abashed. The church was lighted by tall candles. The odor of incense was in the air.

A clear, golden voice floated out to him from the choir. A young boy was singing in sweet soprano tones.

> "Fear not, fear not, for behold
> I bring you good tidings,
> Good tidings of great joy.
> For unto you is born this day,
> Is born in the City of David,
> A Saviour which is Christ the Lord".

Unexpectedly, his reserve was broken. Jim fell on his knees and gave vent to a flood of tears that was the result of months of repression.

The clergyman's voice rang out, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you".

It was over. The man rose and walked from the church. The air was cold, and the stars were bright, but God was in his heaven.

What did it matter if one had no place to sleep and nothing to eat? A familiar phrase ran through his mind —

"Consider the lilies of the field. They toil not, neither do they spin".

He was content.

CHARLES MACFARLAND, '35.

THE SPLENDOR OF GOD

THE story of Adoniram Judson, by Honoré Willsie Morrow, deals with the life of a missionary who at twenty-four with his lovely young wife set forth, bursting with youthful eagerness to plant the Cross of Christianity in Burma.

The depressing condition and the absurd beliefs of the Burmans were enough to dishearten the most intrepid missionary, but Judson's overwhelming love of Christ and his firm belief that God guided him to Burma inspired him so that he faced Burma unafraid, ready to render service to God.

As the years rolled by, Judson lost his three children, but Ann, with a tender understanding firmly urged him on. The ignorance of the Burmans was discouraging, and they steadfastly clung to their superstitions. Ann was taken ill with a dreadful disease, and to his horror Judson was thrown into a filthy prison with native criminals. Ann obtained a pardon for him, and Judson was set free only to plunge into his preaching with a renewed vigor.

Judson was driven into the deepest depths of despair when his wife, his one inspiration, was taken from him. His mind was in a turmoil and he was alone, horribly alone. Giving full vent to his emotion he cried that God had forsaken him; but somehow he clung desperately, blindly to God as a bewildered child clings to his mother when in trouble.

A few years pass on and although the spirit of Ann seemed to linger on, Judson gradually reconciled himself to his fate, somewhat bitter but wiser. Many more years pass and Judson completely adjusted himself, mentally, through hard work. Later he found contentment and happiness that soothed the aching loneliness that he had experienced.

The "Splendor of God" is a forceful story stirringly written. In comparison to the greatness of the life of Adoniram Judson our lives seem small and insignificant. The story is greatly enhanced by the beautiful description of the exotic loneliness of Burma.

MARGARET M. C. MORIARTY, '38.

ALUMNI

1931

Mary Lundergan was graduated from Framingham State Teachers' College in 1934. She has returned for her B. S. degree.

Irene Grace, senior at Massachusetts Art, has been elected to the Massachusetts Art chapter of the Sigma Chi.

Dave Swisher is working for the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company in Boston.

Donald Clay is in his third year at United States Naval Academy.

Norman MacLeod is engaged by the R. H. White Company in making portrait sketches.

1933

James Feeley played guard for Phillips Exeter Academy this season, and is preparing for hockey in which he is captain and star defense man.

John Tynan, former editor-in-chief of the "Review" is a freshman at Harvard, where he is making excellent grades in his studies.

Martha Russell is in training at the Cambridge Hospital.

Joseph Ricker is a freshman at Tufts.

Gertrude Cosgrove is employed by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

John Gately, the Senior Class president at C. H. L. S., has been elected president of the freshman class at Boston College.

1934

Myles Sterne, former sports editor of the "Review", is attending the College of Liberal Arts in Cambridge.

Martha McCarthy, freshman at Emerson College, Boston, has been pledged to the Phi Mu Gamma sorority.

Joseph Fleming, treasurer of the class of 1934, is a freshman at Loyola College, Montreal, Canada.

Thomas Dunlevy and George Sawicki starred on the football team at Hebron this year.

Natalie Gross is a freshman at the Marlboro School in Boston.

Barbara Sheridan is in training at St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

Nelson Erickson, James Conlin, Andrew McAllister, and Bob Toomey are freshman at Browne and Nichols.

Buddy Montgomery is on the honor roll at Lawrence Academy.

SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS AT HARVARD

Israel Berkman, Philip Clapp, Edward Crane, Solomon Isenstein, Charles O'Neil, John Curran and Manes Specter have each been awarded a Daniel A. Buckley Scholarship at Harvard.

Cambridge Scholarships at Harvard have been awarded to John Tynan, Martin Ritvo, Paul Humez, Franklin Coleman, Albert Cohen and William Currie.

RADCLIFFE HONORS

Elizabeth Roorbach has been admitted to the Phi Beta Kappa at Radcliffe. She was an honor student in our school.

A dinner was given in honor of fifteen high outstanding sophomores. Jeanette Eyre and Mary Pomeroy were in the group.

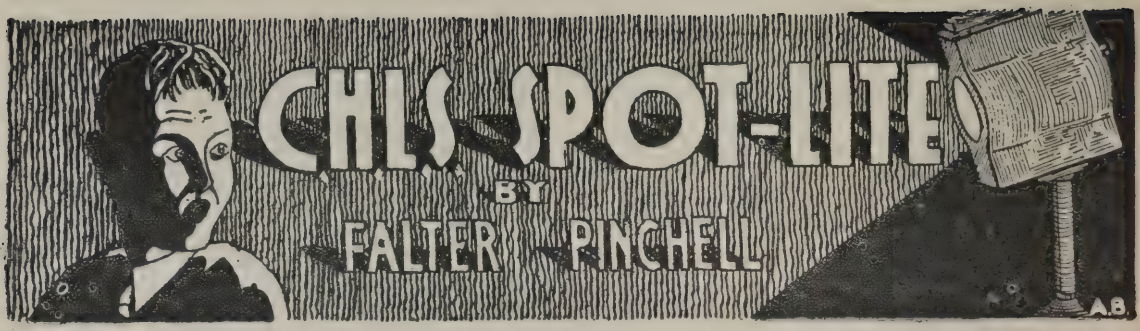
Twenty-five freshman were invited as guests because of promise of high scholarship as noted in their college board examinations. Marian Finkel and Katherine MacKillop were included in the list of invited freshmen.

DEBATING NOTES

THE Durrell Debating Society under the capable direction of Miss Breau is holding weekly meetings in Room 79. The Society has decided to withdraw from the National Forensic League, and to organize a Metropolitan Debating League composed of eight teams representing Lynn Classical, Lynn English, Everett, Melrose, Medford, Somerville, Brookline, and Cambridge Latin. Aided by the coöperation of Mr. Cleveland, this League is now underway, and the coaches of the respective teams are drawing up a constitution.

The society has elected a temporary chairman and a secretary (Donald Regan and Marguerite Cox respectively, and is considering various topics for debate. A successful season is anticipated since five participants in last year's Durrell Debate, Roland Shaine, Herman Sanderson, Donald Regan, Henry Twomey, and Jacob Kaplan are candidates for the debating team again this year, and several promising debaters have joined the society.

Inter-club debates are planned for future meetings to which all students in the school are invited.



YULETIDE greetings, salutations, and what have you . . . What blond senior is causing many hearts to beat faster? . . . Speak for yourselves, gentlemen . . . Pauline Regnier certainly greets you with a great big smile . . . Nick Helburn is seldom seen without a muffler . . . Ethel Lupret, you sure like to chat a very long time on the telephone . . . Jean Branscombe, Lucille Stratton, and Virginia Atchison find a great deal to talk about after school . . . Stand up and cheer for the senior drama . . . Although Cleopatra couldn't write, she sure made her Mark . . . Oh, well . . . puny puns . . . St. Martin, are you seeking a new altitude record? . . . Has Alice Peppard told you about the great football star at Winchester, yet? . . . Fred Malloy still remains the same unruffled, calm student . . . Dave Glick recently became an amateur thespian . . . Do you know who "Shadow" is? . . . "Aucy" is the nickname of Domenico Auciello . . . McCarty and Eisenhaur, keep their home room in a turmoil . . . Hiram Conant is constantly laughing even while struggling through Algebra . . . Ray Cass, did you pay all the bills for the party at the recent dance? . . . Dot Cummings, what is wrong with the stalwarts of C. H. L. S.? . . . Mansfield, was that the "Continental" you were attempting during the intermission of the K. B? . . . A large bouquet, verbal at least, to Julia Peers and Ruth Anne Beetham, accent on the middle name, for their untiring efforts to make the K. B. a success . . . Bill Kelleher, is that a regular system of yours having Joe Lucas do your Latin? . . . Werner Neudorf has the urge to trip the light fantastic . . . Charlie MacFarland confides that he cannot understand these women . . . I agree with him . . . Saul Fram, doth promise a very good drama this year . . . Hy Sanderson and Jacob Kaplan, we are eagerly awaiting the first debate . . . Ask Louis Roer how he likes to walk around Harvard Square? . . . Will the possessors of the goal posts refrain from using them as fire wood? . . . We expected to see Dave Lambert climb up one of the goal posts . . . Will some kind soul please tell poor me what kind of haircut Frank Duddy had recently? . . . Larry Roper and George Mooney should not waste perfectly good Chesterfields . . . that breaks Leo Davy's heart . . . Why so gay at the K. B., Ernie Saulnier? . . . Perhaps I shouldn't ask . . . There would be more notes about the Junior Class and lower classes with a little cooperation . . . Joe Manley, do you think that this column is unworthy of any of your help? . . . I am sure your fellow classmates would like to see their names in print. I'm telling you . . . one of the best dancers at the K. B., was Mary Reall . . . Glad to see you there Dot Dube . . . Do you know that Helen O'Brien eats lolly-pops in the subway? . . . Have you seen Bill Skelley's new car? . . . He drives it only on special occasions . . . If Paul Mahoney can hold up his marks as well as he carries a football, he won't have to worry about graduating . . . Did you meet our new Southerner? His drawl happens to be real . . . Mary Cabral, one of the nicest girls we know, was one of the first to subscribe for the Review . . . That's school spirit for you . . . You should have seen the nice spill Alice Silver took in front of room 21 . . . Vernon Lindahl is taking dancing lessons . . . He is also training his voice . . . Pretty classy . . . Did you see Dorothy Devlin's new hunting jacket? . . . It's a bright red one . . . Angelino Auferio is the lucky one . . . She can get all the haircuts she wants for her father is a barber . . . Albert Doyle, our football hero, never cracks a smile . . . If you are looking for popular boys, you'll find them in room 79 . . . Alvira Fabrizio is one of the fastest talkers I've met . . . Rita O'Leary won a turkey on a chance, they say . . . Lucky girl . . . Sh! Sh! Don't tell anyone but I found out Bromby Westlake's secret ambition is to be a cop . . . The junior election showed us what the coming politicians will be like . . . The candidates promised everything from diamonds to shoelacings . . . Man! Did you see the Mt. Auburn Tiger jacket? It looks like the pedestrian street light . . . Three cheers for Frank Coady in his election for junior president . . . Dot Cummings just adores French . . . Little Dot Hurley's ambition is to become a determinalogist . . . I wonder where Mark

Helburn got that duck walk? . . . "Pick" Hynes, the well-known wrestler of C. H. L. S., spends his time reading poetry . . . Flash! Flash! What girl wishes to be a movie actress? . . . Donations: A new tube for Thelma Harlow's radio . . . A dark pencil for Arthur Sugarman to write his French compositions . . . You must come up sometime and see John Buey's collection of scarfs . . . I wonder why so many didn't feel well the Tuesday before Thanksgiving? . . . I wonder if Harry Silverman still uses that dentist gag? . . . What happened in 85? . . . Everybody feels like working now . . . Paul Mahoney said, "If you want strong muscles, eat wheaties." Oh, you brute! . . . The K. B.'s were honored with the presence of Honorable Paul Mahoney, president of the seniors, and Frank Coady, president of the juniors . . .I say there old fellow, John Slynor is quite a debater . . . "Carrots" is the new name of Ellie Bartlett . . . We have a pupil in our school who bet on Wakefield to win. Oh! you Nazi man! . . . Why does John Tenney go roller skating at Tech on the girls' free night? . . . John Kelley seems to have faded from the limelight, how so? . . . Au revoir . . . I must close. Think of this column often, and please patronize your neighborhood Review Box . . . We seek bigger and better notes . . . .

FALTER PINCHELL.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

With his green, glassy eyes, and his long pointed nose,
Ichabod Crane had the latest in clothes;
He looked like a fashion plate e'en as he posed.
He adjusted a hat near the bridge of his nose,
And his rusty black suit looked really divine,
While the finishing touch was a 2 in 1 shine.
Ichabod went to call on his flame
A dignified miss, Katrina by name.
She was the girlie he wanted to wed;
But when he proposed, she laughed, so he said.
"Lo, I'll try", cried our hero, "to win if I can,
For I fear nothing 'cept the headless horseman."
So that night with a horsey to the dance he did go,
And danced with Katrina, perhaps on her toes.
But after a while, when the party grew boring,
Our Ichabod sighed and he said, "I will be going,
And scram with my horse back to old Tarrytown,
And while I'm about it, take the shortest route 'round."
But ah, woe is me, our Bing Crosby of then
Just never returned to his school house again.
And some people say that his friend with no head,
Took him for a ride, and I guess now he's dead.

KATHRYN MONAHAN, '38.

The other day I ate in school,
The teacher said I broke the rule.
He said for me to go outside;
I was afraid he'd beat my hide.

I went outside the schoolroom door,
And sadly sat upon the floor.
I tried to chew and take a bite,
But I had lost my appetite.

So all my good friends take warning,
Eat your breakfast in the morning;
Come to school; get education —
Eat all cakes on your vacation.

ROBERT CONNOR, '35.

NATURE'S CHRISTMAS TREE

Nature's Christmas tree is sparkling
With the new, white snow;
Nature's Christmas tree is singing
As the loud winds blow.

M. M., '37.

BYRON

A handsome youth —
Straight as a young pine
Stormy and passionate
Fiery and gay.
His vibrant speech flow'd uncurbed
From his heart.

PRISCILLA JOHNSON, '35.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas time! What joy it brings
To poor and rich, to high and low,
As from yon church bells gladness rings
And stars shed down their radiant glow.

The snow-flakes falling all around,
A blanket forms o'er all the earth;
And Christmas-tide, it doth surround
Each heart with happiness and mirth.

W. E. B.

Geo. Anastos: What kind of people go to heaven?
John Allen: Dead people.

Helen Brigham: Who was that lady I saw you eating with?
Grace Boyle: That was no lady. That was my knife.

Anxious Mother: Is my son well grounded in Virgil and Cicero?
Latin Prof.: I would go even further and say that he is stranded.

Ethel Crean: What's the difference between the quick and the dead?
Mary Crowley: Well, the quick are those that dodge the machine, and the dead are those that don't.

Don't worry if your job is small
And your rewards are few,
Remember the mighty oak
Was once a nut like you.

Teacher: Give a sentence with the word "notwithstanding" in it.
Ries: My father wore a hole in his pants but notwithstanding.

Beggar: Lady, I lost my arm.
Lady (slamming door): Well, it's not here.

Teacher: What three words are used most by students?
J. Eagen: I don't know.
Teacher: Correct. Now can you tell me the belt north of the equator?
Eagen: Can't sir.
Teacher: Correct.

Guild: Why is a crow?
Edward Hill: Caws.

Wm. Flaherty: My father has a comb that belonged to George Washington.
Goessman: I suppose he takes excellent care of it?
Flaherty: He sure does. He wouldn't part with it for the world.

Anna Westcott: Did you tell your family I was coming over this evening to recite some of my poems?
Mary Cabral: Yes, and it worked swell. They've all gone to the movies.

Mabel Noble: What looks like a dog, barks like a dog, but has feathers?
Eleanor: I'll bite. What?
Mabel: A dog. I put feathers on to make it difficult.

Teacher (explaining the meaning of thief): Now, if I put my hand in your pocket and took out a dime, what would I be?
Walker: A magician.

Ryan: I can't find that piece by Sousa.
Segal: I guess some one stole a march on us.

Teacher (in Latin class): Give the ablative singular of donum?
Domenico Auciello: Dunno.

Don Regan: Aint ya got no eggs?
Grocer: I aint said I is.
Don: I aint ask you if you is, I ask you if you aint, is you?

P. Barron: Minnie in Indian means water. What does Minnesota mean?
H. Sanderson: Don't be so dumb. It means sota water.

Teacher: Now, watch the blackboard while I run through it once more.

Frank Gerry: Would you please send help, I've turned turtle.
Garageman: Wrong number, you want the aquarium.

Early to bed and early to rise
Was a very good motto
Before we got wise.

Margaret Mador: When I was in China I saw a woman hanging from a tree.
Marguerite Cox: Shanghai?
Margaret Mador: Oh, about six feet.

Eleanor Green: This belongs to the begonia family.
Pauline Atkinson: Oh, and you are taking care of it while they are away.

Jeanne Pearlson: Don't you know the king's English?
Freshman: Well, if he isn't, he ought to be.

Proud Mother: Yes, he's a year old and he's been walking since he was eight months.
Charles MacFarland: Really? He must be awfully tired.

Mr. Sage: How did the inventor make his millions?
Ernest Finstein: He put fenders on grapefruit spoons.

John Madden: Can you help me select a gift for our wealthy old aunt who is awfully weak and can hardly walk?
Robert Flynn: How about some floor wax?

Marjorie Anzelone: Would you give ten cents to help the Old Ladies' Home?
Elsie Sales: What, are they out again?

Jerry Boyle: Your brother is a mimic, isn't he?
Fred Tansey: I should say not. He's got as much blood as anyone!

Teacher: What does bon ami mean?
Frank Coady: Hasn't scratched yet.

John Conley: Can you imagine anyone going to bed with his shoes on?
Larry Roper: No. Can you?
John: Yes, my horse does.

Joseph White: How did you break your tooth?
Everett Turcott: Shifting gears on a lollypop.

Popular Melodies

Smoke Gets in Your Eyes....2:45 outside of school
Out in the Cold.....At lunch time
Be Still My Heart.....Final examination
Strange .....Our marks
Don't let it Bother You.....Term Test
Waiting .....8 o'clock on the corner
Night and Day.....Study
Over Somebody Else's Shoulder,
I passed my exam
Talking To Myself.....*Memorizing*
Girls, Girls, Girls.....*G. A. A.*
Lost In a Fog.....*Monday Morning*
Out In the Cold Again.....*P. G.*
A Pretty Girl, a Lovely Evening....*Senior Social*
Waiting At the Gate for Katie,
Latin's Front Entrance 1:45
Baby, Take a Bow.....*Honor Roll Pupil*
Just Couldn't Take It,
Defeated Junior Candidates
Pardon My Southern Accent.....*Don O'Connor*
Absent-Minded .....*Florita Devita*
Ten Yards To Go.....*Football Team*

Politician: I'm exceedingly pleased to see such a dense crowd gathered here to-night.
Tom Mansfield: Don't be too pleased. We aren't all dense.

Edith Coady: Just bought a nickel eraser.
Mary Conley: I'd think a rubber one would be much better.

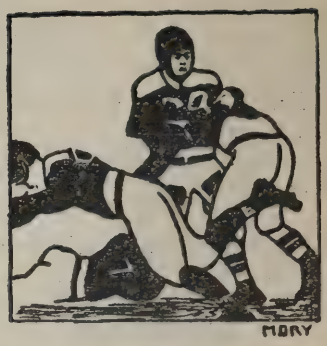
Pepe: What famous writer produced the most difficult Latin work?
Freni: Julius Caesar.

Cunningham: Bet you don't know the difference between Noah's Ark and Joan of Arc?
Madden: Sure I do. They were made of different materials.

Joe Manley: When do the leaves begin to turn?
Don Regan: The night before exams start.

Father: What did you learn in school today, William?
William: I learned how to talk English correctly.
Father: Are you smart in school, William?
William: Ya betcha life. I ain't dumb.

ATHLETICS



Cambridge Latin, 6 **Framingham, 6**

Cambridge's agile team traveled to Framingham for the ninth game of the season. After a hard-fought battle, the score ended in a 6 to 6 tie.

The first period was more or less a kicking duel with neither team in a good scoring position.

In the second period, by a series of rushes, Latin got the ball to the Framingham 39-yard marker. Paul Mahoney, Cambridge's ace and Senior President, then threw a pass to Coady on the 5-yard stripe. Framingham then held for three downs and Mahoney, with beautiful assistance, skirted left end for three yards and a touchdown. The pass for the extra point failed.

On the next kickoff, Askin raced through the Cantabs for a 55-yard runback. Framingham's terrific line plunges for a touchdown were halted by Coach Sheehan's stalwart charges.

In the third period the Framingham eleven worked themselves into a scoring position. The Cantabs held Framingham to a fourth down but then Gastone, on the last down, flipped a pass to Lytle, unguarded, in the end zone for a touchdown. An attempt for the extra point failed. The final score stood: Cambridge Latin, 6; Framingham, 6.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	FRAMINGHAM
Gomes, Coady, le	re, Rendell
O'Brien, Casey, lt	rt, Rose
Regnier, lg	rg, O'Brien, Carini
C. Sullivan, c	c, Bradley
Romanas, rg	lg, Ryan, Galvarn
Stankunas, rt	lt, Thompson, Cunningham
Glacken, Mitchell, re	le, Lytle, Whiting
Saulnier, Nichols, qb	qb, Askin, Carey
Pitchford, lhb	rhb, Gastone
Capt. Neudorf, rhb	lhb, Palmer, Maguire
Mahoney, fb	fb, Abbott

Cambridge Latin, 6 **Wakefield, 0**

Cambridge Latin tackled Wakefield High on Thanksgiving morning on a muddy gridiron at Russell Field.

The Cantab's finally emerged on the winning side with a score of 6 to 0.

In the second period, a penalty against Wakefield for illegal use of hands put the ball on the Wakefield 40-yard line. Les Pitchford then faded back and threw a long pass to Coady who was downed on the 12-yard marker. Then a fast double reverse play with a lateral from Nichols to Mahoney, who darted around his right end for the only score of the game.

The teams were very evenly matched and the Cantabs made good on their only chance to score. Wakefield, featuring a star ball carrier in Wilder and also in Sava, gave Latin no end of trouble, but they could get no nearer the Cantab's goal than the thirty-yard line.

Wakefield gave the Latinites the jitters when a pass to Bennett from Wilder was about to be completed on the Cantab's 10-yard line. Mahoney, Coach Sheehan's star back, barely battled the ball down.

"Connie" Sullivan, center, was a handy boy in the Latin backfield, defending on forwards, intercepting two and knocking down three more, and backing the line up to perfection.

Both teams had a watchful eye for the rival ball carriers and Wilder's 15-yard run was the longest in the game.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	WAKEFIELD
Gomes, Coady, le	re, Walsh
O'Connell, Casey, lt	rt, Sparks
Healy, Denault, Regnier, lg	rg, Bullard, Nagle
C. Sullivan, c	c, Parker
Harney, Dorman, Romanas, rg	lg, Colantunio
O'Brien, Stankunas, rt	lt, Fairbanks, Curley
Glacken, Mitchell, re	le, Bennett
Dentremont, Nichols, qb	qb, Confalone
Doyle, Pitchford, lhb	rhb, Kelley
Mahoney, rhb	lhb, Sava
Murphy, Capt. Neudorf, fb	fb, Wilder

The Cambridge Latin 1934 football schedule ended on Thanksgiving Day. The team did not have a very good season, winning two, tying two, and losing six.

The Cantabs opposed many strong teams but only to be subdued by their vicious onslaughts. Coach Sheehan did the best he could with what material he had, and, with the able assistance of Mr. Kelleher, developed a marvelous backfield.

Rindge defeated our team this year and it was

Latin's most serious defeat of the season. After that game the team was changed about and they then showed more power.

Paul Mahoney, senior class President, was the year's outstanding player on the team. Paul was a triple threat, and was the best back-field man on the field the day of the annual Latin-Rindge game.

Paul was named one of the half-backs on the All-Suburban team and was named on most of the local papers' All-Scholastic teams.

Captain Werner Neudorf started the season playing guard but was then shifted to the half-back position.

The backfield was also well represented by Pitchford, Nichols, Doyle, Saulnier, and Dentremont.

In the line were Coady, Mitchell, Gomes and McKeever alternating on the flanks. At the tackles were O'Brien, Stankunas, Casey, and O'Connell who defended their posts well. Regnier and Romanas were the two outstanding guards while next in order were Healy, Dorman, Harney, and Denault. The important pivot position was left to "Connie" Sullivan, who played great football. He was used continually as a roving center to guard against the aerial attacks of our opponents.

The leading candidates for next year's captaincy are two linesmen, Frank Coady and "Connie" Sullivan.

Although Cambridge did not put out a championship team, the games were attended by a great number of pupils who were loyal to their team through sweet victory and bitter defeat.

For the first time in history at Russell Field the goal-posts were torn down by a large group of students who went collegiate. This event happened on Thanksgiving Day. The post was carried along Massachusetts Avenue to Harvard Square by a group of singing, cheering students. The wood was then broken into pieces and the students left for their turkey dinner with souvenirs of that great football game.

JOSEPH MANLEY, '36.

A THOUGHT

I hate girls that giggle,
Squeak and wiggle
Titter and gasp in glee.
Chuckle and snicker
Snigger and bicker
About everything in the world
They see!

PRISCILLA JOHNSON, '35.

G. A. A.

WELL, here we are already for our Christmas vacation, and now for some news of the G. A. A.

We hear that Lindsay Britt and Barbara Fox won the doubles tennis tournament over Margaret Murphy and Frances Ritvo.

The Freshman Poverty Party was held in the gym and hall November 17, where the play, "The Fatal Necklace", a melodrama, was presented.

Besides the drama, there was a tap dance by Dorothy McCarron; a song by Shirley Frim; a duet by Agnes Linsky and Anna McGowen; a poem in Italian dialect by Reigna Wasserman; and a harmonica solo by Mary Maher. The depression band under the direction of Edith Coady, with Libby Flax at the piano, furnished the music.

There was held also, in the gym, a prize fight.

Rita Doherty — *Prosperity*

vs.

Miriam Dixon — *Depression*

This was a real fight to the finish. Depression won the first round, as well as the second, by flooring Prosperity to the count of nine, but Prosperity was saved by the bell. In the third round, Prosperity knocked Depression out. Prizes were awarded.

Miss Murray and Miss MacLaughlin attended, and were royal rooters for Prosperity.

The refreshment committee for this affair was under the direction of Frances Brown, and the door committee was under Edith Coady.

The day before Thanksgiving baskets were distributed. We wish to thank all those who helped us with their contributions.

On December 14, was held a Girl Dance, where the girls and their gentlemen escorts, came for a jolly time. Marian Zappala was in charge of the decoration committee, and Thelma Harlow was chairman of the refreshment committee.

On December 7, the first basketball game of the series was played between the juniors and seniors in the gym. This was an exciting game.

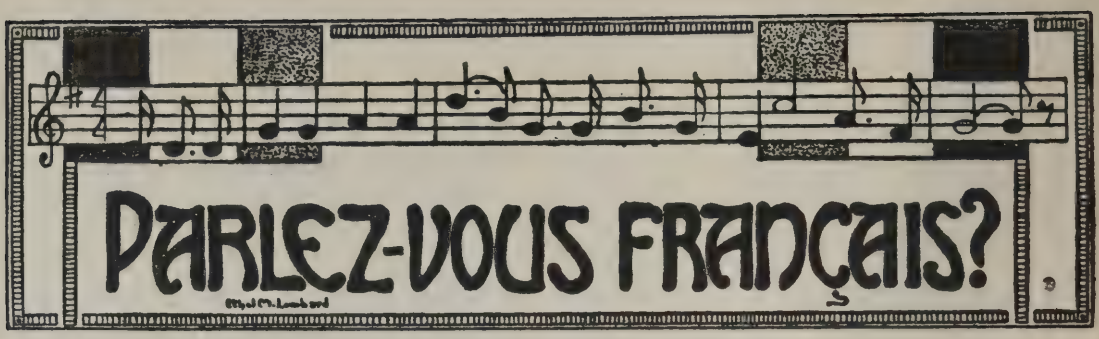
On Thursday evening, December 6, girls from each class represented C. H. L. S. at Radcliffe.

The week before Christmas, there will be an important meeting of all G. A. A. members in the hall. All members should attend.

Most unfortunately, Bessie Applestein will be unable to continue her work as editor of the G. A. A. We regret her resignation exceedingly.

We wish everybody a Happy Christmas. So long until the next issue of the Review.

JEAN BRANSCOMBE, '35.



LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

CETTE année a vu une réorganisation du cercle français de notre école. Une quarantaine d'élèves ont signé le livre de membres et essaient de faire quelque chose d'actif et d' intéressant.

L'ancien cercle naquit il y a beaucoup d'années, mais cessa de fonctionner en dix neuf cent vingt-neuf.

Le cercle actuel a eu quatre séances. A chaque réunion, les membres ont offert un programme charmant: à la deuxième Mlle. Louise Portais et M. Georges Potter nous ont présenté une petite pièce "Les Étiennes". Après cela, M. Richard Ruggles a lu un court résumé des nouvelles françaises de jour et M. David Humez a chanté trois sélections: à la troisième, l'élection d'un comité de Nominations avait lieu et Mlle. Esther Pollock et M. Harry Johnson ont joué "La Poupée". Mlles. McIntire et Fair nous ont enseigné à jouer au "Bingo" en français.

A la réunion du 6 decembre, les élèves de Mlle. Browning nous ont chanté en costume des chansons et des rondes.

Tous les étudiants du français III et ceux de français II qui ont reçu une note de "G" peuvent devenir membres. Nous sommes en train de préparer un programme pour la fête de Noël et ferons un accueil cordial à tout le monde.

G. H., '35.

COURS-LA-REINE

AU 17 ième siècle, ces grands jours de la monarchie française, il n'y avait pas à Paris un rendez-vous plus à la mode que le "Cours-la-Reine".

Imaginez-vous trois magnifiques avenues d'arbres, la Seine d'un côté, les bois et les prés de l'autre; un large cercle au centre, une belle grille à chaque bout. La promenade favorite que devait la Noblesse de France à Marie de Médicis.

Un soir chaud au mois de mai—en 1645 peut-être—quand les arbres portaient encore le feuillage du printemps-et les prés étaient si gais des renoncules, on pourrait y voir passer le monde de Mme de Sévigné: les Duchesses de Longueville et de Chèvreuse-dans la voiture ouverte-tapissée de soie bleue aux panneaux peints en couleur; de jeunes galants à cheval, que devant ces dames charmantes étalaient à la fois leurs beaux chevaux et leurs vêtements éclatants; et Mme de Rambouillet, languissante, sur ses coussins, prenait l'air frais du soir, accompagnée du Jeune duc de la Rochefoucauld, causant de la vie et de la mort!

Mazarin, aussi, successeur du Cardinal Richelieu-et la Grande Mademoiselle-toute juene encore, grande, svelte, et gracieuse, jouissant de la sensation produite par son arrivée.

Toujours le va-et-vient du monde élégant—Les saluts, les basses révérences, l'agitation du chapeau à plumes, un sourire des doux yeux noirs!

Visitons, maintenant, la même scène le 5 octobre 1785—Plus de printemps! Plus de gaieté—un matin pluvieux! Des larmes, des mots sales, des discours incendiaires! Encore une fois la procession du "Cours-la-Reine",—mais cette fois des poissonières, des mendiants, des criminels, la lie de la France,—Therèse de Méroigne, vêtue de rouge—en tête. Ou va-t-on? Qui le sait? On leur a dit, qu'il y aurait à Versailles du pain à manger, des prix à saisir, si le Roi et la Reine étaient tués. Et ainsi la procession passait le long du "Cours-la-Reine", vers la campagne—entrant dans cette marche si pleine de tragédie pour la France entière!

TRADUCTION 1934.

Daddy - Don't forget to mail my letter asking Santa Claus for a new fur coat.
THE BREAD LINE AT RECESS
THESE CARTOONS ARE HARD TO DRAW
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE YOUR TEETH DRILLED
RELAY
DOING A PHYSICS EXPERIMENT AT HOME
PARDON ME!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT
FRONT SEATS
BACK TO SCHOOL
WITH A BANG!
DOWN ONLY
"The Man Who Dared"
THE TEACHER'S LUNCH
WHAT! NO ELEVATOR?

THE ANNEX

THOSE that gave their best from the Annex for their dear old Alma Mater during the football season were: Willard Mitchell, "Connie" Sullivan, Joseph Stankunas, "Dusty" Gomez, Stansbury, George Nichols, Ward, Mullins, O'Connell. All these boys saw plenty of action, and in fact bore the brunt of the attack on their opponents. Gazing at the starting lineup you would have seen the names of Willard Mitchell at one end and "Dusty" Gomez at the other end, Stankunas at tackle, "Connie" Sullivan at center, George Nichols, the best defensive half back of the team, at quarter back and the others reliable replacements.

NOTES

We wish to wave a Bon Voyage to George Nichols for the wonderful performance he has given for Latin School in his four years. Even as a mere freshman he crashed into the regular backfield lineup. "Strike" has left school to conquer new fields. He will always stay in the hearts of the Annex rooters as a star athlete of high calibre.

Do you recall the Championship Latin School Hockey lineup? How many represented the Annex on the great team? Well, here they are, and seeing is believing: Captain Edward Rooney, Gerard Desrosiers, John Spartichino, Bill Anderson, and John Gomez. What a team!

Our nominee for football captain from the Annex is "Connie" Sullivan, that great little center.

Why does O'Conner always give three cheers when Parker Murphy goes into the Jug?

Lem Frisoli is taking a P. G. Course at Latin before he enters Lawrence Academy next fall.

PHI CLUB

The Annual Athletic Night, held Thursday, December 6th, in St. Mary's Gym, was a great success. The membership of the Phi Club has reached 35.

During a trial held in Mr. Leonard's 5th period law class, Mr. Moran, defense attorney for Mr. Connelly, defendant, showed his ability as a lawyer by winning the case for the defense. Mr. Crusher, attorney for the plaintiff, went down to defeat.

LUCIDS

Tom: "What is the greatest sport in Cambridge?"
Dick: "Running".
Tom: "Running!"
Dick: "Yes. Running for Mayor."

Hist. Teacher: "What claim have we on the Oregon Territory?"
E. J. Martin: "The Rocky Mountain."

MOVIE TITLES

The Barker	Ed Sheriden
Life Begins at 8:40	Al St. Martin
College Rhythm	Fred Kimball
Ready For Love	Bill Mitchell
You Belong To Me	Fred Stack
Have A Heart	Marlessena
Calling All Stars	"Connie" Sullivan
Now and Forever	John O'Connell
Chained	To the Jug
Hide Out	Skipping Periods
The Last Gentleman	The Annex Pupils
We're Rich Again	Felicani
Here Comes the Navy	Bill O'Connell
Badge of Honor	Gustav Johnson
Call It Luck	John Galgay
Chu Chin Chow	Luke Fahey
Kid Millions	Paul Bartell
Palooka	Alex Beluskho

THE BIG AND SMALL END OF IT

Says the big Cambridge Latin School
To the small Latin School (Annex):

"What a difference between us I see!
As our course we pursue,
Can a small thing like you,
Keep up with a great thing like me?"

Says the little Cambridge Latin School (Annex):

"You are larger I know, my good friend,
But my brilliance supplies
What I lack in my size,
So I keep in the front to the end".

WILLIAM J. SPARKES, '36.

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PRISCILLA JOHNSON, '35.

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FEBRUARY - 1935

DEDICATION

WE, the editorial staff, dedicate this issue of the Review to our beloved headmaster, Leslie L. Cleveland.

This month of February, 1935, Mr. Cleveland celebrates his twenty-fifth anniversary as headmaster, therefore we deem it fitting that we dedicate the Review to him as a token of our love and of our gratitude.

Mr. Cleveland is recognized by the thousands who know him as a man of great scholarship. As a leader he is beloved by his teachers, by the students now in the school, and by the many alumni who have known him, and who have respected and loved him.

We all join in wishing our dear Mr. Cleveland many years of health and good fortune.

THE REVIEW STAFF.

MR. LESLIE L. CLEVELAND

Each head of a department in our school has written for the Review a tribute to Mr. Cleveland in honor of his twenty-fifth anniversary. Thus we speak for the thousands who would offer similar testimony of their good-will to our headmaster on this happy occasion.

THE members of the English department join in the general felicitations which are being offered to the Principal of the Cambridge High and Latin School on the occasion of his silver jubilee. For a quarter of a century Mr. Cleveland's influence upon the high school boys and girls has been far-reaching. His sincerity, dignity, fatherly devotion, and sense of humor will be among the treasured remembrances of the members of the school. May we offer our heartfelt wishes for long life, health, and happiness!

ANNA P. BUTLER.

AT times we merely look at what we see; at other times we see what we are looking at; and then again sometimes we see only that for which we are looking. I shall always think of Mr. Cleveland as I have seen him at his desk among the very limited, but very carefully chosen, symbols of his ideals upon walls or pedestals in his office — lone portraits of Theodore Roosevelt, Abraham Lincoln, and two classic types of strength and physical prowess in bronze or clay. Between the man at his desk and his immediate surroundings there is a concord that supports the consensus of the school from boiler room to assembly hall that, "although one does not always like at first what he does nor the way he does it, our headmaster is unquestionably an able school man."

In the earlier part of the public life of Theodore Roosevelt it was frequently charged by his friends and associates that he was impulsive, impatient, and often brusque in his quickfire decisions upon issues that were to them new and grave and calling for calm deliberation. Latterly their admiration became almost a reverential confidence when time revealed again and again the accuracy of his judgments, which had evidently been based upon the fact that he had worked out the problems in his own mind long before his associates had begun even to think about them. Abraham Lincoln lives in our memories as the champion of and a martyr to American humanitarian principles. Any man who can recognize physical strength when he sees it knows that our headmaster is a strong man who admires physical prowess in others and takes pride in keeping himself physically fit. I have seen him solve a teacher's problem before the details of the case had been fully stated. To check the spoken word under very annoying conditions, I have seen him literally bite his lips to the bleeding point. I have seen him volcanic to the rowdy; but I have also seen him most paternally gentle and sympathetic to the sick, the distressed, and the discouraged. And I have seen the overflow of his deepest emotion at the touching dramatization of the Christmas spirit by his school children.

When Mr. Cleveland came to undertake the difficult task of annealing the Latin School and the English High School, he "was not, nor did he wish to be, an office principal." But a school that has maintained the high standards of the former schools, enlarged and enriched its curricula and social consciousness, and outgrown its buildings, has since required an enlarged and diversified administrative organization. Since the headmaster must not only organize his forces and set up ideals for his school, but sit as a supreme court of appeal, adviser, and co-ordinator in the problems of pupils, teachers, and lieutenants, and to rationalize perplexing conditions as they bear down upon the school from outside sources, it is probable that a principal must now be very much an office principal. In that case it follows logically that the office is the very heart of the institution. And so, it seems to me, I have seen just that for which I had been looking and that is the heart of the man. The impressions formed there are complemented by those of my service of twenty-five years under Mr. Cleveland's leadership and inspiration. I am grateful to The Review for this opportunity to join in the many tributes paid to our headmaster on this, the twenty-fifth birthday of C. H. L. S.

GEORGE H. CAIN

IT is a striking fact that the two portraits which hang in our assembly hall represent 75 years in the life of our school. Mr. William F. Bradbury, who retired from service at the end of January, 1910, was a teacher in the school for a little more than fifty years, and for most of that time he was headmaster. Mr. Cleveland, who succeeded him on February 1, 1910, has been headmaster for twenty-five years, years of great educational change, not only in our own

school, but in the whole status of the high school in the United States. Stability and continuity in the administration of such a school appears to be a wise policy, from the point of view of theory; and in the long history of our school it has been proved wise, at least when the men in charge are as sound, as scholarly, as patient, as steady in their purposes, as the men who have guided our school in the past 75 years.

Mr. Cleveland has been forced to adapt himself and the school to great changes, changes of great variety and range, changes which have deeply modified the type of high school education offered by the city of Cambridge, changes which have demanded in the administrator skill, ingenuity, and the combination of intelligent conservatism with cautious progressiveness. At the very beginning of his work here Mr. Cleveland had to carry through, not without opposition and difficulty, a change from the old organization with two schools (The Cambridge Latin School and the Cambridge English High School) to a new organization as a unified institution, which, after vigorous discussion, received the name of The Cambridge High and Latin School. This change was successfully achieved, by dint of long-suffering patience and unstinted effort. Other momentous changes have arisen from the unforeseen and unpredictable growth in the high school population, a growth which has been one of the most striking features of American life in recent decades; from the dislocation and difficulty caused by the World War; from the unexpected circumstances caused by the depression, such, for instance, as the remarkable increase in the number of postgraduates. Though many of these changes have created serious difficulties, Mr. Cleveland has met them with patience, with steady and industrious effort, and with a determination to maintain in this school high standards of scholarship and of character. He has steered a careful course between a rash seeking for novelty and a backward-looking conservatism. For this reason there have been in the life of our school no revolutionary upheavals, but rather a gradual introduction of new ways and such a combination of the new and the old as to make us feel that the institution has retained its individuality in spite of the slow transformation which it has undergone.

In Mr. Cleveland we honor a headmaster who has not confined himself to the office and the swivel-chair. He has known by name and by characteristics many hundreds of the pupils of the school, and has taken personal interest in the organizations and the activities connected with the school. Though he has never been a practitioner of the modern art of self-advertisement, but has rather shunned publicity, very few men in Cambridge are so widely known and honored in this city as Mr. Cleveland. We here in the school, who have worked with him for years and have observed his methods and his purposes, know best of all how keen is his eagerness to serve the highest interests of the boys and girls of our city, how incessant is his effort in that direction, and how persistently he has striven to make the most effective use of the personnel and of the material at his disposal to build here a school of fine standards and of real achievement. At this important anniversary in the midst of his useful career we are glad to pay this deserved tribute to our honored headmaster.

CECIL T. DERRY.

THE Home Economics Department welcomes this opportunity to express its appreciation of Mr. Cleveland, who typifies what the headmaster of a school as large and important as the High and Latin, should be. He is ever ready to assist us in our difficulties and yet places us on our own responsibility and encourages us to work out our own problems. His understanding of young people and the wisdom he shows in dealing with them make things easier for all, pupils and teachers alike. We admire and appreciate him for his sterling qualities, for his steadfast fairness, for his gift of sympathy, for his scholarliness, and his keen, dry humor which can send a gleam through even a dark moment.

The Home Economics Department is particularly grateful to him; his help and encouragement have been greater than the rest of the school can realize.

We hope that he will be with us for many years to come and be able to accomplish still greater things for the school that has been his life's work.

MABEL A. HARRINGTON.

MR. CLEVELAND'S fairness, modesty, and optimism are some of the qualities which have endeared him to me during the years that we have worked together. There is no problem brought to him which he does not administer with the utmost fairness to all concerned; in his attitude toward his work there is not a vestige of self-seeking; in his common sense optimism lies the greatest encouragement for his teacher associates.

LILLIAN R. HARTIGAN.

DOWN through the ages, man has continued to reward the heroes of time with evidences of admiration and esteem. Generals have been remembered with triumphal arches; statesmen, with statues; and even the wielders of tyrannical power have had their memorials built of precious and lasting substance. Among these reminders of past glories, it is significant that there are few reared to the memory of great missionaries, teachers or humanitarians in general. Such men have no need of monuments of stone to keep alive their memories; they, who as teachers, start youth out on the sea of life with course well chartered, build everlasting memorials in the very hearts of men.

This is indeed true in the case of Leslie L. Cleveland, Headmaster of the Cambridge High and Latin School for twenty-five years, — twenty-five years of opportunity to have raised already monuments of gratitude in the hearts of those who have come under his influence. And I can testify personally as to the feelings of respect, loyalty, and admiration which inspire those who have passed under his control. As to his kindness and simplicity, a picture from my own past flashes before me of an executive of a large school who took the time to come to the classroom of a pupil to settle a matter of comparative unimportance and to make sure of that pupil's complete satisfaction. As a teacher, there comes the sound of his words of help and encouragement; and as an assisting executive, the realization of his efficiency, loyalty and fairness.

With the assurance that my experience of association is identical with that of thousands of others, Leslie L. Cleveland should feel that he has already builded for himself a memorial as impressive as any ever erected for Prince or Hero. For Fame dies, Honor perishes, but Gratitude in the heart of man is immortal!

MARGARET A. LYNCH.

MR. CLEVELAND is and has always been absolutely devoted to the pupils of the High and Latin School. He likes them, he respects them, and has faith in them, individually and as a group; he tries to get their view-point, and uses it in making decisions which affect their progress and their happiness. In deciding questions that concern the department of Romance Languages, I have found him ready to accept and support any well-worked out plan, looking to better preparation for business, normal school, or college. I think he does his best to give all departments help in solving their problems.

HENRIETTA E. MCINTIRE.

SO wisely has it been said that upon the shoulders of the teachers, rests the greatest responsibility that comes to any group of people in the world. What an honorable privilege to have lived for twenty-five years as captain of a teacher army, one hundred strong. An army which keeps the peace and dignity of our flag for thousands of children who pass in the school panorama.

The schoolroom, the field of human beings where, each day, the "hedged stone is turned that wholesome light may be let in to compressed nature: unbleached today, sunshine treated tomorrow."

Agassiz drew a portrait of an undiscovered fish from a single scale. Each child in the classrooms becomes the single scale from which undiscovered character is drawn. From a vast mental sphere, the child is taught to develop his own stately mansions. He moves sometimes with life, sometimes against life, but never drifting nor casting anchor. He learns the battle of life, its joys and sorrows, its loves and hates, its triumphs and defeats. He gets control of faculties of his mind and draws from his mental experiences the substance which enables him to serve God and the law in peace and war. Ready he stands, to share in all domestic and national successes.

We, the teacher army, a unit of constructive progress, nobly led by our principal

MR. LESLIE L. CLEVELAND,
A knight of learning.
God speed him.

HELEN F. MORTON.

"I am not a teacher: only a fellow-traveler of whom you have asked the way".

These words of a famous author might have been spoken by our modest leader, Mr. Cleveland.

In our noble life work, he is a friend to fellow-worker and pupil alike. A wise counselor, patient and kindly under all conditions, be they harassing or favorable.

The history of Mr. Cleveland's twenty-five years here at Cambridge High and Latin School is the history of a leader who unstintingly expended his efforts that the school might grow and prosper. The fact that personal glory was unsought by him is a commendable thing, but that he should have labored strenuously to avoid the fame and honor that naturally crowned his efforts is an indication of a rare and most exceptional character.

May he spend many years here where he has served his country so gallantly in the proper moulding of youth.

GEORGE F. RITTER.

THE teachers in the Mathematics Department join in the chorus of congratulations that are being offered by the host of friends of Mr. Cleveland on the occasion of the Silver Anniversary of his principalship.

A quarter-century of whole-hearted and distinguished service to the youth of our city has won for him the love and admiration of thousands of parents and pupils, present and former, and the respect of his fellow workers as an educator of unusual calibre.

May the future hold for him many years of health and happiness and many years to be the wholesome and inspiring leader of our school.

ALBERT M. SATERIALE.

IT is pleasant to be given this opportunity to say sincerely that Mr. Cleveland is one of the finest gentlemen I know. His integrity, high ideals, great executive ability and kindness to pupils and teachers have made for him a large group of loyal friends. I am glad to join these friends in congratulating Mr. Cleveland on twenty-five years of work well done, and to wish that the Cambridge High and Latin School may be privileged to enjoy many more years of his constructive supervision.

MADELEINE L. SLADE.

God built your faith upon a rock,
With stars of blue, He made your eyes.
From honeyed flowers, He took the dew,
And with it made your tears unselfish, true.

GRACE BOHMULLER, '35.

ASSEMBLIES

IN what we thought was the most entertaining assembly so far this year, Room 76 presented their version of "Pyramus and Thisbe" from Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream".

Dame Rumor whispers that it was to be presented according to Shakespeare but later a farcical touch was added.

We liked this assembly for two reasons: first, because it gave us some of those laughs that spring from deep down and cause such a strain on the sides. Secondly, because it illuminated the Pyramus and Thisbe of the Midsummer Night's Dream very vividly.

We should say that the honors were equally divided among the cast. Surely "Will" Shakespeare himself would have enjoyed this.

Another senior assembly which was very amusing was presented by Room 84, in five scenes which depicted school life. The high lights were the class-room scenes for they presented the obvious with humorous touches. Don Lovett's trouble with the stage property caused much merriment.

Room 79 showed us how the amateur radio performers try to get before the public. The squawking horn was a sign that the singer had done his worst. The whole performance was most amusing.

CHESS TOURNAMENT
CAMBRIDGE HIGH & LATIN SCHOOL

THE first tournament of the year was completed Friday, January 4, with results as follows:

Winners of the first round:

Samuel Baron, Thomas Burns, Theodore Pappadopoulos, Harry Olken, Myer Chait, John Davis, Helen Hanson, Harold Cunningham, Frank Boring.

Winners of the second round:

Samuel Baron, Theodore Pappadopoulos, Myer Chait, Helen Hanson, Frank Boring.

Winners of the third round:

Frank Boring, Helen Hanson (Samuel Baron withdrew from play).

Winner of final round:

Frank Boring.

It is now proposed to establish a "ladder" of twenty players or more, with the right of challenge for position on the "ladder". One may challenge for the position next higher on the ladder, but, if defeated, not oftener than once in two weeks.

The chess match with Brookline, January 3, was won by Brookline by the close score of 3½ to 2½. Theodore Pappadopoulos and Helen Hanson won their matches and Frank Boring got a tie.

The result of the match with Somerville High School was as follows:

CAMBRIDGE		SOMERVILLE	
Pappadopoulos	0	Fenn	1
Boring	1	Witten	0
Baron	1	Guaraldi	0
Davis	1	Woodward	0
Burns	1	Drosy	0
Hanson	0	Gillis	1
Total, Cambridge	4	Total, Somerville	2

LITERATURE

SHORT STORY CONTEST

IN December the Review announced a Short Story Contest. One prize was offered for the best short story from the Freshman and Sophomore classes, and one prize for the best short story from the Junior and Senior classes.

The Review takes pleasure in publishing the two winning stories and offers its congratulations to the winners.

The prizes will be given to the two winners by Mr. Cleveland at assembly.

THE REVIEW SHORT STORY WINNERS

"THE BIRTHDAY GIFT"....Coralie Metcalfe, '36
"THE SEA CONQUERS",
Margaret M. C. Moriarty, '38

HONORABLE MENTION

"HIS MESSAGE" .....Gertrude Quitt, '36
"A TALE OF THE EMERALD ISLE",
William Coen, '37

UPPER CLASSMEN

Prize Winning Story in the Short Story Contest.

THE BIRTHDAY GIFT

By CORALIE METCALFE

Gerald Lindstrom wearily fumbled with his key in the hot afternoon sun and finally, with a sigh, pushed the door of the huge weather-beaten lodging-house open. As he stood in the dim hall, blinking and struggling to recover his key from the grinding teeth of the lock, a breathless little figure fairly flew down the long flight of bare stairs and scuttled toward the newcomer with a radiant countenance and outstretched arms.

Stooping, the father caught the fairy-like form of his daughter tenderly in his arms and gleefully raced over the three flights of stairs, the unmerciful length of which rendered him helpless. With bursting lungs he entered his lofty domain. Such exertion on his part occurred daily as a reward for the little girl's uncomplaining obedience of her father's admonition to remain indoors until his return home.

Now, as he laughingly brushed a bright cluster of curls back from Geraldine's happy face, Lindstrom's eyes caught a slight movement over his daughter's head, and his heart leaped.

Wildly he imagined that the room contained a robust, female representative of some inquisitive society that prevented practically everything from being done which would harm or, in his case, help the welfare of a child.

Mrs. Fulton, a crafty, unkempt woman, whose ownership of his miserable abode seemed to entitle her to a share in the very soul of her indebted tenant, had warned him to keep his child out of trouble or she'd find a way to make him.

Leaping to his feet, Gerald's long legs carried him to the center of the tiny chamber where stood a flimsy, yet large easel, behind which the three slim legs of a high stool were visible. The spacious skylight directly above, afforded an excellent view of an intruder, who was nonchalantly sitting upon the stool with his feet drawn up to the first rung of his resting-place.

Curiously, Gerry sauntered over to her father and with her hand in his stood gazing quizzically at a venerable old gentleman, whose bearded chin rested upon his hands that clasped the head of a fashionable walking-stick.

Relieved, Gerald asked, "How did you get in here?" and he looked questionably at Gerry, but was answered by a wondering shrug of her shoulders.

"Through the door, my boy — through the door", replied the elder man impatiently and made no apology for his unrequested presence there. "I came in when the little girl went down, or did she fall down stairs? If she didn't, it was a remarkable imitation. The easel caught my eye as I passed the door. Yours?" indicating the picture before him.

"Yes". The tension completely removed, the young artist's keen eyes detected something fine in the straight-forwardness of his visitor's gaze and the slim white hands immediately aroused his curiosity.

"You've had some difficulty in finding a market for your sketches", remarked the intruder as he critically surveyed the drawings hanging limply from the walls. "Character studies are your work lad, not this — this mess of color smeared like so much spilt pudding".

Once more the old gentleman inclined his head satisfactorily toward the partly finished delineation of the frowning child before him.

Gerry bent forward with a sweet quaintness and, "I'm Geraldine Lindstrom, and daddy is painting that picture of me for my birthday". Accompanying this proud announcement was an adoring smile for her amused parent. She slid an admiring fore-finger up and down the gleaming surface of the cane and coyly reminded, "You forgot to tell us who you are; Dad calls me Gerry for short, so I guess you can too, if you like".

"Eh! Oh yes — my child," uttered the visitor and he withdrew his gaze, somewhat unwillingly, from the easel to look long and searchingly at the young artist who returned the scrutiny

with frank indifference. "I should like to — ah — but let it go", and the bearded one rubbed his ear vaguely as he left his elevated perch to finally place his slight, restless hands upon Gerry's shoulders. There issued a brief whispered controversy, the secretiveness of which caused green-eyed dragons of jealousy to toy with Gerald's anxious intellect.

"I won't trouble you any further, lad," spoke the white-haired man straightening up, and, with a keen glance for Lindstrom, departed as noiselessly as he had appeared.

Two plump legs flashed beneath a brief skirt and the little girl had disappeared into the hall to learn over the balustrade at a precarious angle and call "Goodbye, Bart," to the retreating figure.

"Who is Bart, honey?" questioned Gerald when his daughter returned starry-eyed with enthusiasm over the twinkling walking-stick of her departed guest.

"Why, he's the man who just went home, daddy, and he told me to call him Bart."

"What else did he tell you, Gerry?"

"Oh, I can't tell — true blue I can't!" cried the youngster earnestly. "I promised I wouldn't."

The father's fear for the child's safety prompted him to demand a trifle sternly, "Gerry, tell me what Bart said"!

Her brown eyes widened in amazement at such a request from the one whose teaching of the truth compelled her to deny his order, for the little red-head, being truly feminine, firmly stood her ground and nothing could induce her to alter her decision.

Pathetically helpless and thoroughly exhausted, Lindstrom turned away abruptly and went about preparing the meager evening meal while Gerry, heartbroken at her father's attitude, wheeled and bolted to a flight of stairs which led to the roof where she vanished sobbing.

Darkness found Geraldine Lindstrom tenderly consoled, however, and sleeping soundly on a pillow of moonlight that filtered through the skylight, while her father paced the roof under a jet black sea that was the sky with the moon sailing like a tiny golden boat across its broad expanse.

The young artist vainly sought an explanation to the whispered conversation between Gerry and the stranger, and he was entirely unprepared for what occurred the following afternoon.

As usual he was greeted at the door by a trifle less cordial Gerry.

"Not cross at dad, are you hon?" Gerald questioned, to be warmly assured of the young lady's love by a resounding kiss.

In their room, the curly-haired tot confided that she had had a visit from Bart to whom she had loaned her intended birthday gift. As astonishment swept over her father's face Geraldine tripped lightly over to a small table and extracted a long white envelope from under the sugar bowl.

Gerald eagerly tore open the message and read:

Dear Mr. Lindstrom:

I have taken the liberty of entering your splendid work in the $10,000 Chauncey Prize Contest for the outstanding oil-painting of the year.

Cordially yours,

JOHN S. BARTLETT.

Sheer astonishment forced the young man down upon the stool once occupied by his benefactor, none other than Gerry's mysterious Bart.

J. S. Bartlett, the owner of one of the foremost names in the world of art, had taken an interest in a penniless wretch, whose sketches were nothing but messy paint!

Why the picture had been hardly more than half-finished; merely Gerry's bushy red-head and dimpled shoulders adorned the canvas which had been placed in equal rank with the choicest works of eminent artists!

Some weeks later a slim young man rounded the corner of Shediac Street with long free strides, which, judging from their agility, were executed solely by some inner exuberance. The presence of such pleasure on the manly countenance was undeniably justifiable for Gerald had, at last, found a market for a portrait of his daughter.

A startling fact presented itself to Lindstrom; the first two pictures ever painted of Gerry had gone like hot-cakes, the first of which had been given away to a polished individual whose disguise had been a success.

Realizing that Gerry was his fortune as well as his inspiration, Gerald hurried homeward, noticing that a group of people lingered restlessly about the door of his destination.

Abruptly there emerged from the gathering a red-headed little figure that dashed headlong toward him, brandishing a long walking-stick and shouting joyfully: "We're rich, daddy — Bart said so!"

Not until the strange figures led by Bartlett, were almost upon him did Gerald realize that his painting had received first honors in the long-forgotten prize contest and the strange gathering was composed of reporters.

Before consciousness left him, Gerald Lindstrom was aware that he had reached the first step of the long climb which the successful patiently ascend.

CORALIE METCALFE, '36.

LOWER CLASSMEN

Prize Winning Story in the Short Story Contest.

THE SEA CONQUERS

CAPTAIN JOHN McGREGOR, otherwise known as Captain Sandy, looked up from the letter that he held in his hand and spat vehemently over the side of the "Mary Lou" into the sea.

He had received many such letters in the past month from his nephew, Andrew, since Andrew's father's death.

Andrew pleaded: "Come to live with me, Uncle Sandy. Remember the fun we had when I was a boy? You have lived a hard life on the sea, and it is about time you had a little comfort."

Thus Captain Sandy pondered over the contents of the letter as his faded blue eyes scanned the sapphire blue of the horizon. A long-winged seagull majestically swooped in sight and faded into the distance. Sandy would go.

Three days later found Captain Sandy walking down the gang-plank of his little boat, "Mary Lou", carrying a battered suitcase.

There was a magnificence in the stoop of his broad shoulders and his weather-beaten face covered with a short, sandy beard.

As he stepped off the gang-plank, Captain Sandy turned slowly around to give one last lingering look at the faded "Mary Lou" that rocked gently like a cradle in the wind.

Andrew met his uncle at the pier and welcomed him with open arms. The days following Captain Sandy's arrival, Andrew did his best to make his uncle comfortable and contented, and Captain Sandy thoroughly enjoyed the attention bestowed upon him.

The busy everyday life of the city intrigued him; and although the bustling crowds bewildered him somewhat, he found them rather interesting.

Andrew spared nothing in his efforts to make his uncle happy and often went out of his way to do some thoughtful little thing for him. Captain Sandy, who was unused to such consideration was deeply touched. Andrew, who was a sensitive lad, had been exceedingly fond of his father and clung to the old sea-captain for the paternal love he so deeply missed.

As the days slipped into weeks, Captain Sandy seemed changed. He was pensive and moody; something was lacking. True, the glitter and glamour of the new things began to wear off for Captain Sandy, but it was deeper than that. There was a sad look in his eyes that bespoke empty loneliness and longing. It is strange that a person can feel horribly alone and out of place even in the midst of the friendliest of friends.

He longed intensely for the way of the open sea, for the worn, faded "Mary Lou". He wanted to feel the sharp scent of sea weed tingling in his nostrils, to feel the cool sea-breeze whip past his cheek, to hear the rhythmic slap of the waves against the sides of the sturdy "Mary Lou". He reluctantly admitted all this to himself and felt deeply ashamed and remorseful for his weakness, because he felt he was being ungrateful to Andrew.

Andrew noticed the sudden change in his uncle and wondered. He also noticed that his uncle walked dreamily along the sea-shore every day. Determined, therefore, to have a talk with his uncle, he followed Captain Sandy down to the beach one afternoon. He soon recognized the gray, forlorn-looking figure in the distance.

As Andrew approached his uncle, he was able to see his face. He stopped abruptly. Captain Sandy, with his hands folded behind his back, was looking out toward the sea and on his face was mirrored the most intense longing, too deep to be conveyed by mere words. Andrew saw and understood.

He slowly approached the old man, who was unconscious of his nephew's presence, and he touched his bent shoulder. Silently they gazed over the shining blue waters. Andrew was the first to speak.

"Go back to the sea, Uncle Sandy, she is a part of your every being. You will not be happy elsewhere."

Captain Sandy did not speak; his heart was too full of emotion. His faded blue eyes brimmed over but he only nodded.

The next day we find a small unpainted boat somewhere off of the coast of Boston. Why it's the "Mary Lou" and at its head is Captain Sandy!

The morning breeze is gloriously invigorating. The silvery waters shine resplendent with the colorful glow of the slowly rising sun. The hushed stillness of the sea is constantly interrupted by the lazy rhythmic lap of the waves against the sides of the "Mary Lou."

A new day had dawned. In all its exhaustless beauty, it proved a lovely background for the birth of the great, glorious happiness that flooded the heart, the very soul, of Captain Sandy.

MARGARET M. C. MORIARTY, '38.

SNOW

Delightful, fanciful, lightful,
Fall the flakes of snow from heaven's door,
Scattering whiteness in silent way
To smooth into ice with glassy glare
Or add a hue to the rainbow,
Sending white rays into the break of dawn,
Blue-white rays going far into night.

GRACE BOHMULLER, '35.

BURIED TREASURE

HAVE you never heard a child say to his companion as they played in the yard on a sunny afternoon, "Come, Fred, let's look for buried treasure. Here's a shovel. Let's start digging right away"? Well, I am going to make the same suggestion to you, with several reservations. In *our* hunt for hidden gold, we will need no shovel save an alert mind; furthermore, the weather is of no consequence! Let me lead you into fields richly endowed with a precious substance, and lest you be disappointed in our excavations, let me remind you that some things which do not glitter may be gold.

In speaking of buried treasure, it is natural to mention pirates. Be not alarmed when I compare the swaggering buccaneers of old to such venerable men as Shakespeare, Thackeray, Burns, Addison, and Dickens. Strange as it may seem, there are several points of similarity. Didn't Shakespeare glean the fruit of his mind and store it in the pages of his manuscripts? Those who have penetrated the quaint language of the Elizabethan period will answer in the affirmative. Also, didn't Thackeray choose to bury his sarcasm, thinly veiled, in his works, and besprinkle the whole with extracts from Latin, French, German, and Spanish? What sound advice some have uncovered in Addison's essays, and what pathos in the books of Dickens and the poems of Burns! He who has not gathered part of the golden harvest of humor, wit, tragedy, beauty and knowledge in prose and poetry, has never walked with the wise, nor drunk from the cup of wisdom.

In addition to the treasures contained in books, we may, if we have eyes for the gifts of God, be enriched by the tale told in the wail of the wind, in the scent of the sea, in the beauty of the blossoms. For example, while passing through a forest in spring, how many of us have observed a certain wealth? "Of treasure?" you may excitedly ask. The answer is no, literally speaking, but has the wealth of beauty in that forest escaped your eyes? Throughout your stroll did not the majesty of the pines, the singing of the birds, the green foliage, and the industrious life of the insects impress itself on your memory? While reclining on the golden sand in summer and listening to the crash of the waves, have you not gained depth of feeling from receiving some conception of the immensity of nature? If you have, then, you are unconsciously gathering mental pictures for future use. No one will deny that such pictures are worth having.

There is another source of pleasure of which few take advantage. That is music. From the familiar tunes of Schubert to the poetic preludes of Chopin, we ought to derive emotional satisfaction. If you are unsympathetic toward music, you are robbed of the poignant melancholy that wells up in one's heart on hearing Grieg's "In der Heimath", or Rubinstein's "Romance". It is not necessary to be a pianist to appreciate and to be stirred by the compositions of men who could express their deep emotions in melody. People have spent their lives interpreting these musical treasures. Should we, then, by neglecting to appreciate music, lose our share in the pleasures it offers?

"What has been the purpose of your essay?" you may ask. My only purpose is to make you aware of the resources at our disposal, but there is a "catch" in knowing how to recognize the treasure; namely, that to appreciate the fine arts, we must cultivate ourselves. As only a connoisseur in drinking can judge liquors, so only an intelligent person can estimate correctly what is deserving of admiration and what is to be shunned. As Robert Louis Stevenson has said,

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

JEANNE PEARLSON, '36.

IRRITATING TRIFLES

MICHELANGELO was once asked why he was still working on a statue that to the questioner seemed to be finished. Michelangelo answered: "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle." Trifles do make perfection, but they are just as potent in causing irritation too. It is a trifle, for instance, that so-and-so has a certain unpleasant laugh; a trifle, but what a "tremendous trifle!" That laugh may be "the unpardonable social fault" in the eyes, or in the ears, of his acquaintances. Again, what a little thing it is for one to misaccent a certain word or to misquote a famous line! A little thing, yes, but how irritating it is!

An unfortunate quality of such irritating trifles is that their unpleasantness cannot be reasoned away. Even if they did not irritate us before we have time to reason with them, they would still be too subtle and too sensory to be brushed out of the consciousness. When some one says "exquisite", we do not reflect that many a time we have been caught wrong in our pronunciation. No! We are the knowing ones among the intellectuals; the misaccented word buzzes in our ear like a bee, and we do not consider or care whether or not the bee is an unconscious offender, but we seek to get rid of it.

Indeed, it would be a very good quibble, that a trifle is not a trifle, since it bothers us more than many really important matters. Then, if we do not mind tearing our hair, we may ask ourselves whether matters that ought to bother us but do not are "really important!"

HARRY M. JOHNSON, '35.

LADY MACBETH, WOMEN OR FIEND

MUCH may be said of Lady Macbeth's character, adversely and otherwise. Despite the cruel and unnatural ambitions that brought about her ruin, she manages throughout the entire play to inspire a degree of sympathy and pity especially in her final acts where her pathetic bewilderment manifests itself.

I, personally, can not conjure her in the form of a fiend, as some are wont to do; rather I consider her as a woman blinded by ambition and greatness, and endowed with an over-zealous desire to further her husband's career regardless of the means.

With the opening of the play we find her being introduced as a woman of unmistakable characteristics such as forcefulness, shrewd insight, and unscrupulous designs in all affairs pertaining to her husband's advancement. Throughout the scenes beginning with the arrival of the royal party at Inverness and culminating with Duncan's murder, Lady Macbeth is, indeed, the very apogee of will-power and determination. She is the guiding power and incentive to Macbeth's deed. However, a startling antithesis is observed in her character following Macbeth's account of his killing the two supposedly traitorous guards. Her fainting at this point may or may not have been feigned; yet I am inclined to believe that the shock of Macbeth's sudden determination to act independently caused her to swoon. Perhaps at that point she visualized a dormant monster that she had loosed from within the soul of her husband.

Nevertheless, she continues to be a tower of force in Macbeth's increasing depredations. However, her resourcefulness seems to reach its exhaustive point with her cool and persuasive assuaging of the banqueting guests when they are alarmed by Macbeth's queer actions upon the appearance of Banquo's ghost. From that point, the will power and determination that has carried her through begins to wane until, finally, shaken by Macbeth's heartless persecutions of his former friends, that delicate mind which had contrived so ingeniously, breaks under the strain and allows the hand to take the merciful exit from this life.

Thus, such as her misdemeanors were, yet one can not but admire her for her staunch support of her husband, regardless of the rebellion of her soul. Remorseful and sick at heart, nevertheless, she remained with him and was loyal until she could bear no more.

JAMES ROBERTSON, '35.

ILLUSTRATED

THE popularity of illustrated advertisements is a perennial testimonial to the gullibility of the average buyer; and this method must be popular and profitable or modern high-pressure salesmanship would turn to other ways of increasing sales. These abominations began to appear shortly B. C. (before the crash), and have multiplied until today there is — in at least one monthly magazine I know — an average of four to a page! This includes everything from polishing a car to going to college, and from the history of Rome to the future of Maxwell House Coffee.

I once saw a clever "take off" on this species of advertising. A day in the life of a housewife was represented by cuts from the advertisements of various products. From the brushing of her teeth in the morning to the doing up of her hair in preparation for bed and the climbing in between the sheets, her every action was tabulated.

What I loathe most in this kind of advertisement is the intimate little chats between Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith concerning such interesting delicate subjects as Jean's weight, George's sandpaper chin, and Betty's "B. O." Then too, there is good, kind old "Aunt Ann", who gave Georgia May a hint as to how to wash her stockings, Sally Gibson, who told Mary Strong to try "Maybelline" mascara, and "Trainer Fred", who tipped Jimmy Young, the Club's Junior Champ, off for Absorbine Jr. for "Athlete's Foot". All these people are represented as kindly "Voices of Experience", or attractive young people always ready to learn, as the case may be.

Would you believe it, there are people in my acquaintance who buy magazines simply to look at the advertisements? Ah, well! If they are satisfied with what they see, why should I care?

Nevertheless, I hope that some day the real content of our periodicals will be segregated from advertisements. Let there be separate sections for each. Then those who want to read won't be hampered by "Crane Plumbing Fixtures" new bathtub, or the agonized face of some pretty young girl losing her hair because she used the wrong kind of peroxide!

FRANK DUDDY, '35.

MONOTONE

A black steeple
Etched against
Gray sky
Dull and dead.
Battering bats' wings
And pattering dark things
Then a pale slice
Of moon
Coyly slides back
Colorless and transparent.

PRISCILLA JOHNSON, '35.

A FLEETING MOOD

I SHIVER and draw closer to the fire as the wind howls and tears through the tree tops, and the birds, with great flapping of their wings, fly away to safety. The sky is gray and threatening, and the clouds, black and ugly, give warning to the world below. Rain follows. It is a fierce, heavy rain that beats a fantastic pitter patter on the window and that with all its fierce impetuosity causes its victims to hurry and scurry to nearby shelters. Men looking out at the storm say to each other, "It is only a shower and will soon be over!" They are right, for it is too strong, too intense, too havoc-wrecking to last.

A few moments later, the sun is again shining benignantly and radiantly in an azure sky, clear but for a few fluffy white clouds serenely sailing on the distant horizon. The wind is whispering caresses to the trees which are heavy with wet, green foliage that glistens in the sun. The twittering of the birds is heard once more, as they perch on the boughs and sing their songs of love.

What has happened? What has changed the violent storm to this cool, refreshing calm? What has turned darkness into light? Perhaps it was a turn of the wind or a shift of the clouds. I do not know. It is one of those sweet mysteries that I do not care to solve. It is so, because it is so; that is enough for me.

My moods, I find are somewhat similar to this changeable day. One moment, I am in an abyss of hell and despair. My eyes are blinded, and my ears are deafened to everything but my own petty and selfish troubles. I view the world through a grey and misty haze; I live perpetually in the storm of my emotions, a storm that racks my very soul. My thoughts are black and gloomy, and my world crashes to my feet with a bang like a broken balloon.

The next moment, behold, the mist is torn from my eyes and the storm lifted from my heart. I am able to see, to hear, and to appreciate again all that is beautiful and worthwhile. The world has suddenly righted itself, and I am able to thank God that I am part of it. The birds sing; the sun shines, and I bask in its warmth. I am impregnated with good-will and love towards all mankind. My cup is, indeed, full and brimming over with joy and laughter.

Again, I pause and wonder with deep perplexity how came the change? Was it that exquisite bit of heart-rending melody, that fleeting landscape, that sunset, with its gorgeous splashes of full, rich color? Was it that kind word and loving glance that wrought this miracle?

Whatever it was, I am grateful, for it restored my balance, took me out from the dark and the cold, and brought me where it is light and warm. My step once more is light; my laughter, carefree; my reflections, rose-colored. My fleeting mood is no longer dark for the storm has passed.

GERTRUDE QUITT, '36.

PERSONALITY IN VOICES

A MODERN conception of personality is often apt to embrace the idea of physical grace and beauty more than the contributing factors therein, and with this view we are often prone to overlook the nucleus of personal magnetism, the voice. A person may be intellectual, beautiful, and vivacious, yet, without a voice suitable to his or her nature and characteristics, may lack that indefinable quality which we have named personality. It is most important that this vocal attraction suit exactly one's other properties both physical and mental, for there is nothing more ridiculous and disagreeable than to hear a handsome, well-proportioned, intelligent man speaking in a soft, effeminate voice where ruggedness and virility is expected; whereas, the same gentle tone used by another, either man or woman, might have an appeal and magnetism that few could resist.

To gain its attraction, however, the voice need not be soft and modulated. Even harsh, discordant tones may, in their right setting, wield an irresistible, gripping force over an audience; similarly may a high-pitched tone produce an impelling affinity for us, and give its user a decided and forceful attraction.

Time and time again vocal personality is revealed. We have but to listen to a prominent speaker to have this point illustrated. The orator may even be disagreeable and repulsive to our other senses, but the minute his powerful, orotund voice reverberates within our ears, our repugnance vanishes under a sort of hypnotic spell woven by the rising and falling tones.

Thus we see that, as beauty seeks an outlook in the artist's brush and melody in the master's score, so personality requires a voice as a means of gaining its compelling sway.

JAMES ROBERTSON, '35.

SKY FLIGHT

The flight of the bird
With the flapping of wings
Like the clap of the hands
Or the beat of the drum
Soars in lilting flight.

The glide of a plane
Or the pulse of a heart
In clouds and in sky
O'er vales and o'er hills
Marks a wond'rous flight.

GRACE BOHMULLER, '35.

WHAT A LIFE!

I OFTEN marvel at the empty life I lead — according to the radio announcers. This, in case I desire to remedy it will be promptly and efficiently accomplished by buying and using any of the various products which these golden tongued orators of the ether waves advertise.

A smooth velvet voice pours out to my sympathetic ears the awe-inspiring qualities of "Glorious Shampoo" which, if I am to believe him, is the new wonder of the world. This marvelous product will bring out the glorious, gorgeous, superb tints and tones of the hair. If I buy a bottle I am assured that my life will be complete and the opposite sex will swoon in admiration at the sight of my beautiful tresses. I wonder secretly if that could happen, but as I cannot tell him how good my sales resistance is, he does not know that his speech has been in vain. I go on with my plain brown hair — minus those glowing attributes which I could gain with "Glorious Shampoo".

Another twist of the dial and another voice greets me with his patter about "Perfection Health Tablets", another stupendous modern wonder. I am warned politely that if I have never used them I have missed one of the greatest "thrills in pills" for inside of six months I will be a beautiful creature deluged, probably, by offers from Hollywood and the stage. Real romance will enter my life and I will be the happiest girl in the world — all for a few bottles of pills. After this breath-taking revelation, I am thrilled by a remarkable playlet which proves the truth of his statements. In this play the tearful, homely heroine who leads a horrible life is transformed and "lives happily ever after" following a diet of "Perfection Health Tablets". Wonderful, is it not?

This program interspersed by weak songs from a wobbly crooner is followed by another "through the courtesy of The Blank Automobile Company", which as far as I am concerned is also wasting its time. They might convince me that I should have one of their super, stream-lined cars, but the problem of paying for it would be my own worry.

A melodious gong is struck and I am — "through the kindness of the Pulova Watch Company" told the correct time — only of course through another sales talk on watches. If I do not own a Pulova I will positively never have the correct time and miss everything by being late at the most important events of my life. He wades through a long description of various models, "none over one hundred dollars", which matters not in the least to me as I couldn't buy one anyhow unless some rich relative (yet unknown) departed from this world, leaving me money to spend any way I pleased. A watch would mean absolutely nothing to me for I am one of those pestering parasites who goes through life murmuring to other people, "Got the time?" and I would most likely ask it while wearing even a Pulova. Besides the ticking annoys me.

Next in line is a program of recordings alternating with important announcements such as the prospect of getting a permanent for only five dollars at the Florabelle Beauty Shoppe, or buying a nice, juicy steak at Finstein's Meat Market. This announcer has dispensed with all formality and his jocular voice and terrible puns haunt me. However, I must bear up with him for the prospect of listening to a smooth recording by Glen Gray or "Fats" Waller which is worth waiting for.

The announcement of a sale of the most gorgeous creations at a local department store is breathlessly delivered by some lilting female voice. This stirs me not at all, but the next announcement in a voice appropriately lowered is too much — "Black's Funeral Parlors. The homey, cheerful ones request my patronage!"

While they pick up the pieces of our ex-radio and carry me out, a bundle of nerves, I warn you not to expect entertainment on your radio.

My fate is settled, for as I do not intend to purchase any of these super-dynamic, stupendous, colossal bargains, and I definitely do not intend to patronize Black's Funeral Parlors, although I am almost ready for them, however homey and cheerful they might be, I will go on with my empty, dull life and try some unnerving occupation such as parachute jumping.

PRISCILLA JOHNSON, '35.

FIRE

THROUGHOUT the centuries, fire, with its advantages and disadvantages, has formed one of the chief problems of the human race. Its subjection or domestication ensured the survival of man, — and the deaths of many men. It is natural that, human nature being what it is, precautions have been taken to safeguard the lives and property of mankind, always so intimately and closely connected with that faithful servant and ruthless master — fire.

The earliest causes of fire were certainly natural. I was told by one source that colliding stones falling from a volcanic eruption often set fire by sparks to a whole countryside. I also read with considerable relish of the fact that the carcass of a dead whale had been known to burst into flames. This is a primitive example of our spontaneous combustion.

Now, granted that we have fire, means had to be found to subdue it, since it was so destruc-

tive when unleashed. Primitive lever pumps were used by the Egyptians in the second century B. C. Emperor Trojan's architect speaks of leather bags with pipes attached, which were squeezed to eject the water. Numberless other ancient ingenuities doubtless remain unremembered.

All these were water-users. Only when modern chemistry was really discovered were our modern chemical means of fire-fighting developed. It was found that some heavy, non-explosive gases could be used to "blanket" a flame, and thus extinguish it. Commonly used for this purpose are carbon dioxide and carbon tetrachloride. These are generated at need in small hand tanks, and in larger capacity tanks carried on our modern "chemical" fire-engines.

Causes of fires today are several, all of them a disgrace, and most of them preventable. Spontaneous combustion, accidents, carelessness, and incendiarism seem to cover the docket. Of late, much time and effort is spent in bringing to the public mind the seriousness of the fire question.

Out of my researches and gained information and uncertainty, I am doubtful on certain matters. To begin with, I cannot understand the indifference of a hundred and forty million people, which allows a fire loss in both lives and property such as is the case in this country to continue. But I can't answer that, and neither can John Dewey, so I shall proceed.

A most intriguing feature of the chemistry of combustion seems to me to be carbon. Naturally, I am not enough of a chemist to know whereof I speak, but that is a small matter. I shall speak anyway.

The encyclopedias I consulted informed me that carbon is the very basis of all fuel. It is part and parcel of coal, kerosene, tallow, wood, blubber, gas, oil, and many other combustibles. Without it, there isn't any fire, since nothing is there to burn. Yet substances containing carbon are used extensively to quench a fire. Branching out for an instant, carbon forms the basis of our own physical bodies, and some substances which contain carbon often kill us.

FOREST DAVIS, '34.

BUOYANCY

BUOYANCY is perhaps the most interesting study we have made in our Physics class. It is not only a very interesting subject, but also, an extremely valuable one.

In beginning, I think it fitting to give the definition of buoyancy as given to us in our text book: The net upward force any fluid exerts upon a body submerged in it is called its buoyancy. Here, too, I will state Archimedes' law which says; A body immersed in a fluid loses as much weight as the weight of the fluid it displaces, or the buoyant force which a fluid exerts upon a submerged body is equal to the weight of the fluid the body displaces. In other words, the buoyant force any fluid exerts upon a body submerged in it is equal to the apparent loss of weight of the object submerged, which in turn, is equal to the weight of the volume of fluid displaced.

Important, also, in our study of buoyancy are the laws of floatation which may be thus briefly summarized:

1. A body sinks in a fluid, if the weight of the fluid it displaces is less than the weight of the body.
2. A submerged body remains in equilibrium, if the weight of the fluid it displaces exactly equals its own weight; and
3. If a body, when submerged, displaces a weight of fluid greater than its own weight it will rise and float with a part of its volume above the surface. Hence, a floating body displaces its own weight of fluid.

Considering the above laws, it is easy to explain how huge vessels constructed of many tons of steel, iron, and brass can be kept afloat. Until I learned these things, I believed that steel ships were equipped with air compartments in the holds to make them float. Another thing I learned from this study which interested me greatly, is the fact that it is not the lightness of cork which keeps one afloat when using a life-preserver but the added volume the preserver gives to one's body, thereby displacing a greater amount of water with the aid of very little extra weight.

Besides having buoyancy in liquids, there is also a buoyant force in gases. The balloon is the best example of this as it is held aloft entirely by the buoyant force of air upon a lighter gas, just as a cork floats upon water because it is buoyed up by the heavier water. The balloon is filled with a lighter-than-air gas until it displaces a volume of air heavier than itself. The balloon then rises, and will continue to rise until its weight equals the weight of the volume of air the balloon displaces. In order to descend, the pilot releases sufficient gas to decrease the balloon's volume. Thus the volume of air displaced is less, the buoyancy of the air on the balloon is less and the balloon slowly sinks.

I have found Physics a very interesting course, and, as I said before, the study of buoyancy the most interesting and instructive part of it so far.

RICHARD C. COX, JR., '35.

LIKE the moths in last year's suit, we're in again . . . Charlie MacFarland burns much midnight oil struggling to imitate Leslie Howard . . . Cheerio, old top . . . believe it or not Hamilton now wears a suit coat to school . . . why doesn't Doug Danser bring his car to school more often . . . between Joe Groden and Bill Kelleher, we certainly see a variety of gaily colored socks . . . Jerry Boyle requests a windshield wiper for his glasses on rainy days . . . we suggest that bigger desks be built for man mountains like Louis Roer and Dick Casey . . . the man without a home room . . . William Miller . . . we have an urgent request wondering why Mary Allt is so pensive . . . Teddy Ferguson must be going in the pipe business . . . Kay Kilfoyle prefers the goalie to any other position in the hockey team . . . We wonder if Pauline Stevens succeeded in her endeavor to wear socks all winter? . . . "Sweetie Pie" seems to be Edwina Mullin's favorite song . . . That fur coat of Russ McPhee was certainly envied by many . . . "Smoke gets in your Eyes" seems to be the theme song for the C. H. L. S. girls at the hockey games . . .

The poverty party showed what the well dressed boy and girl would wear this winter . . . Marie O'Leary likes Smith Cough Drops . . . Les Pitchford has shown us that he has learned something in arithmetic as he does some fancy figures skating . . . Isabel Parson has been given the nickname, "Toots" . . . Duncan McKenzie sure helped to bring in the new year with that air horn on his car . . . What other pastime besides hockey has Ray Chaisson and Al St. Martin? . . . What happens to the shades when Harry D. G. Silverman pulls them down? . . . Nora Cronin is studying to be a male impersonator . . . Margaret Downes shows the school colors by the large red mittens she wears . . . The P. G.'s haven't seen Hazel Pomeroy for a long time, and they have made up a song, "Hazel doesn't live here any more" . . . In room 81 Coach Sheehan can find plenty of football material . . . Ruth Powers just adores Bing Crosby . . . Hey! Ruth, how about the Crosbys here at Latin School? . . . Why is Paul Moriarty called, "The Fox?" . . . Why did Myer Chait remain in Brookline after the rest of the chess team left for Cambridge? . . . Edith Montgomery and Ruth Cockery are ardent followers of our hockey team . . . Art Desrosiers spends a great deal of his time in the art department . . . Stewy Fairburn, where did you get that scarf? . . . Ray Cass has the unique method of eating ice cream out of a cone with a spoon . . . Advice to those who are seeking to reduce — ride from Boston to Cambridge in the subway with the hockey fans . . . We are informed that Pauline Regnier holds treasure hunts at her house . . . Alice Ryan spends a great deal of her time in Concord . . . Hiccoughs still bother Mary Madden . . . We admire that frat pin of Alice Bridges . . . We wish to acknowledge that valuable help received from our ever smiling vice-president, Dot Cummings . . . Two of Latin's most popular and ambitious pupils have tried their voices over the Scott's Furrier's Program . . . Eugenia Auferio is bringing out a new fad in gloves (air holes in each finger) . . . Ronald Denault is one of Latin's best dressed lads . . . All agree that Mary Ezze has the sweetest disposition . . . Tommy Marshall is the picture of health . . . Does Ida Carrington really go into Room 70 every morning for Algebra? . . . Even the freshmen have turned socialist with their greeting, Heil Hitler . . . What is Mimi Roback's idea of jumping rope during the lunch period? . . . Frank Gerry claims the night before a test should be a hilarious one . . . What two fellows can strut the Continental in Room 85? . . . They ought to go on the stage . . . Where did the Baldwin Street Pal get those huge white "M's"? Can it be true that Maurice was behind it? . . . Mary Buckley's ambition is to be a lawyer . . . Dot Cabelus' new nick name is "Giggles" . . . What is Jessie Shippie's secret ambition? . . . The silver tongue orator of the 4th period debating class is Roy Denault . . . The pupils with Cuban heels are coming up in the world . . . Dot Williams has that certain sales ability . . . John Hickey has his own private home room in Mr. Cleveland's office . . . Wasn't Shaw embarrassed when that freshman made that crack in the law class? . . . Bob Glennon's usual greeting is, "What's new?" . . . C. H. L. S. talent can be found on the Scott's Amateur night Program . . . Doesn't Barbara Bachman look cute in a ski suit? . . .

Latest style notes at Latin . . . orange ear muffs

worn by the girls . . . Cora Grey, one of the leaders . . . skee outfits were also worn a great deal . . . Helen O'Brien and Lucille Foley being two whom we noted . . . Those mittens of Bromby Westlake certainly must be warm . . . the popular style of the male students is to wear the cuff length at the ankle . . . Al St. Martin and Ray Chaisson were the originators . . . Eddy Rogers sure dresses "to kill" . . . Nora Hennessy brings her knitting to school . . . Myer Chait doth prove himself an able comedian . . . Ruth Zirsch provides a small repast at the rehearsal of the Senior Dramatists . . . Sumner Levy will learn to be quieter in the halls in the future . . . We would like to hear Paul Mahoney sing "Blue Moon" . . . the Mystery Reporter states that the New Year was gaily celebrated at Toddy Frye's . . . also at Ruth Beetham's . . . the latter party was absolutely uncrashable . . . Richard Ruggles, Bernard Barber, Harry Johnson, and James Robertson may be seen often playing chess at the library . . . Spud Murphy has enrolled again in this noble institution of learning . . . Kay Donohue will be an adept waitress pretty soon . . . did you know that Al Graham received a photograph for Christmas which he cherishes dearly . . . incidentally, an apology to Ethel Lupret for spelling her name incorrectly last issue . . . Bruno Romanos besides participating in football and basketball sure knows his French . . . Fred Burt is a leading figure at the "Y" . . . Betty Peers remarks, "Be nonchalant, wear ear muffs" . . . Frank Duddy, continually getting in hot water in his home room . . . Jo Lucas claims that she has a brother resembling Gary Cooper . . . bring him on . . . Virginia Hoagland, the center of a large group in the hall during recess periods . . . Graham, where did you get those yellow suspenders . . . Dou Van Arsdale claims to be ping pong champion, so he thinks . . . has Johnnie Kelley stopped singing "Flirtation Walk" yet? . . . Saul Fram crooning troubador of the Senior Drama cast . . . we have a letter here . . . .

Dear Falter;

I should like to state here that women and money are just alike; if you don't keep them busy, they lose interest.

Sincerely,

PROFESSOR BOLL WEEVIL.

Dear Prof;

I don't doubt your statement.

Sincerely,

F. PINCHELL.

THUMBNAIL DESCRIPTIONS

Empire State Building on a hot day,
John Gibbons
Red Light in the Custom House.....Red Ryan
Hitler without his hat.....Bill Haverty
Groucho Marx .....John Buey
Ed Don George in wrestling togs, Paul Moriarty
Fred Astaire in a sick mood.....Frank Gerry
A load of dynamite .....Mary Gorman
Einstein thinking.....Ralph Murphy
Huey Long making a speech on a hot day,
Edward Frank

So endeth this sad report of the doings of C. H. L. S. But there goes the whistle. As my parting bon mot: "salt is good for students' eyes because it makes the pupils smart."

FALTER PINCHELL.

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LE COIN FRANÇAIS

HOMMAGE À NOTRE DIRECTEUR

IL est maintenant, surtout, convenable de faire formellement nos félicitations fort cordiales à M. Cleveland de son travail consciencieux, parce que voici le vingt-cinquième an de son service. Il vaudrait bien la peine d'en faire la connaissance, car nous apprendrions donc la raison de son succès. Une des choses les plus remarquables c'est la variété de ses intérêts; outre le cours d'études ordinaires, le drame, le débat, et l'athlétisme tous recoivent son attention personnelle. Si bien surveille-t-il ces activités que les participants dans chacune pensent qu'il s'intéresse surtout à eux.

Ce n'est que des groupes particuliers des étudiants, cependant, qui connaissent cette vigueur. Ce que nous connaissons tous c'est la manière directe et puissante avec laquelle M. Cleveland nous adresse. Il ne mange pas les mots, mais il ne prêche pas non plus. Son conseil constamment exprimé c'est:

Faites face honnêtement à votre tâche. Ne vous décevez pas; souvenez-vous toujours de ce proverbe — Il n'y a nul chemin royal à l'érudition.

Qu'est-ce qui pourrait mieux montrer que M. Cleveland comprend bien l'attitude commune et le danger qu'elle occasionne?

Nous autres nous voudrions bien souhaiter à M. Cleveland beaucoup plus d'années de service en directeur de cette école-ci.

MON DADA

JE m'amuse à m'imaginer collectionneur d'une armeé de jouets, principalement celle de chiens et d'éléphants. Sans égard à la couleur et è la taille, ils marchent à travers toutes les surfaces plates et practicables dans ma chambre. Ma bibliotèque, mon pupitre, les appuis de mes fenêtres, chacun à son peloton.

Un seul éléphant, sa trompe en l'air est capitaine, bien qu'il y ait une grosse terreneuve qui a une compagnie d'épingles. Un St. Bernard suisse, très bien sculpté de bois est mon chef de service de santé. Sa croix rouge et son équipement des premiers secours l'identifient facilement. Les éléphants représentent la cavalerie ou l'artillerie de campagne; les chiens les plus vites représentent l'artillerie légère et l'infanterie. Mes forces d'air, elles n'existent pas, mais j'ai un bon service des renseignements dont le chef ressemble à un loup noir et très puissant. Mon commandant est un terrier-griffon fait d'une éponge noire de caoutchouc. Il a ses aides, trois petites répétitions de lui-même, qui sont debout près de lui, les oreilles dressées.

Le collectionner des chiens amuse, mais quand on le développé dans un tel jeu, il devient de plus en plus unique Pourquoi faire des collections de chiens, de chats, ou de kangourous, si l'on ne les met sur la table que pour se charger de poussière. Intéressez-vous vivement à ces animaux et vous vous verrez étroitement attaché a ces amis ornementaux. Le plaisir passif n'apporte jamais le prix que fait le plaisir actif.

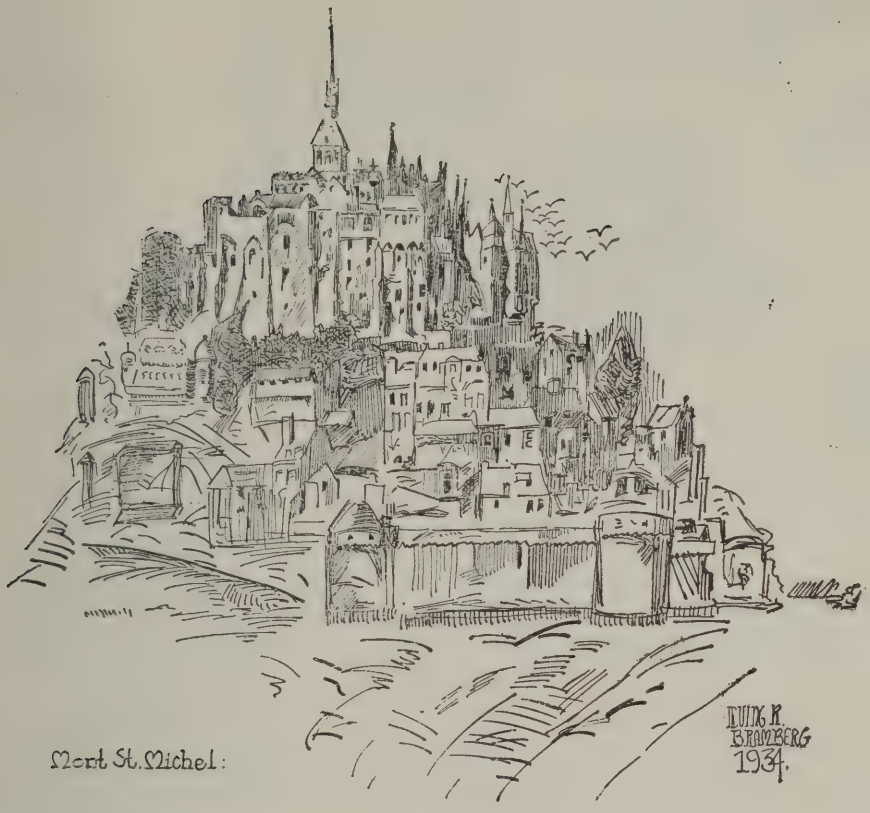
LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

LE vingt décembre, une séance du Cercle Francais a eu lieu. Après l'appel-nominal et le procès-verbal, une pièce "Noël en Provence" était présentée sous la direction de Mlle. Hite. Voice les personnages:

Francet, père		Bernard Barber
Misé Janetoun, mère		Lillian Barenburg
Le Grand-père		Richard Ruggles
Le Vidame		Nicholas Helbourne
Ramon, berger		Frank Boring
Jeanne-Marie	Filles de Janetoun et Francet	Frances Ryan
Violane		Devora Goldwater
Sylvestre	Fils de Janetoun et Francet	Harry Johnson
Frédéri		Joseph Donovan
Espérit		Albert Mokaba
Les Domestiques		David Humez
		Meriel Gobel
		Gertrude Houser

Il y avait beaucoup d'invités, parmi ceux-là, M. Cleveland. On en donna à tout de monde une corne d'abondance remplie de bonbons.

Mlle. Cornélia de Roode a recu chez elle le Cercle Francais le vingt-décembre. Après avoir écouté des Opéras francais et de la musique populaire du phonographe, les membres ont joui d'une démonstration de la magique, présentée per M. James de Roode, frère de notre hotêsse charmante. Le thé était servi par Mlle. de Roode qui y était aidée par les demoiselles Karkanedes et Houser. Une après-midi délicieuse avait fini par chanter, La Marseillaise.



MONT ST. MICHEL

Piercing a storm-tossed sky
Your spires rise from the inky deep;
You and the cloud-hidden moon look on
While the rest of the world is asleep.

Stark and brooding you watch each night,
Your secrets hold you fast
While flitting shadows and ghosts arise
Out of the dusty past.

When the sun slides o'er your walls,
You shake the dark away,
And turn to watch the solemn round
Where men in worship pray.

You shelter them in kindness
Safe from the hardened world.
You hear the sonorous organ drone
And ring your bells in long, sweet tone.

Then as the sun has passed from sight
Back to olden lure anew,
You are transformed in radiance
As you bask in the molten light.

PRISCILLA JOHNSON, '35.

HERE AND THERE

C. H. L. S. HITS AND ENCORES

Rip-tide ..... Passing between classes
The Saddest Tale ....."My alarm didn't go off."
Gotta Go ..... Optional seven periods
Maybe I'm Wrong Again,
Thoughts after turning in exam.
When it's Dark on Observatory Hill ..... ! ! ?
The Continental,
Charlton Timothy (Kir. 6100)
The Thief of Bagdad ..... Falter Pinchell
Hold My Hand ..... Freshman
I Never Slept a Wink Last Night .... Midyears
Learning ..... Who isn't?
Be Still My Heart ..... Reports
Time On My Hands ..... P. G.'s
The Bathtub Ran Over Again .... Saturday night

Melvin Kohan: Can a man change his nationality?

Teacher: No, why?

Melvin: I read where a man went up a pole, and came down a rushin'.

A man who had just purchased a parrot that refused to talk was determined to teach it at least one word. Going over to the bird he repeated for several minutes the words, "Hello! Hello!"

At the end of the lesson, the parrot opened one eye and answered drowsily, "Line's busy."

A Scotchman in planning his new home left the roof off one room. A friend asked the reason for this.

"Oh, that's the shower", he replied.

Jack: Who beat you up so badly?

Bill: I started through a revolving door and then changed my mind.

Dora Lepore: What colors have you in window blinds?

Clerk: Window blinds are all shades, ma'am.

Sidney (in loud whisper): Hey! Dye, how do I eat pie — with my spoon or my knife?

Dye (also loud whisper): S-s-h-h, neither! Pick it up with your fingers.

Lee's son brought home a report card and on the edge the teacher had written.

"Good student, but talks too much."

The card was returned with Lee's signature and these words, "You should hear his mother".

Teacher: If Columbus were alive today, wouldn't he be looked upon as a remarkable man.

Tubman: I'll tell the world. He would be 500 years old.

First Aviator: You put me in mind of William Shakespeare.

Second Ditto: Why, he knew nothing about flying.

First Aviator: That's why.

Tramp: Madam, I have seen better days.

Mildred Sherman: That may be, but I have no time to discuss the weather with strangers.

"Have you a copy of the 'Stolen Rope?' " inquired a visitor to a music seller.

"I am afraid I don't know of such a song."

"Why, it goes like this", and the customer hummed a song.

"Why, you mean 'The Lost Chord!' " said the assistant.

"Ah, that's it."

Henry Freniere: Dad, what's a monosyllable?
Dad: A long term for a short word.

Teacher (in Geometry Class): What is a complement?
Domenico Auciello: A complimentary gift.

Officer to tramp: Where did you steal that rug?
Tramp: I didn't steal it. A lady up the street handed it to me and told me to beat it — so I did.

Bill Skelly: Do you think I might sing in public now?
Mr. Fitzgerald: Yes — I don't see why you shouldn't join in the National Anthem.

He had taken a correspondence course in Pharmacy and was very proud of his diploma. He felt his throat sore, and prescribed for himself, taking the prescription to the local druggist.
The druggist read it, and then asked in all seriousness:
"Is the dog very big?"

He had been trying to secure the attention of a waitress for twenty minutes, but at last got up from his chair and going to the desk demanded to see the manager.
"What for?" asked the girl in attendance.
"I've got a complaint," he replied.
"Complaint?" she returned haughtily, "this is a café, not a hospital".

D. Glacken: Tell him all you know. It won't take long.
L. White: I'll tell him all we both know. It won't take *any* longer.

Teacher: What is meant by "shining raiment".
Nickey Helburn: An old serge suit.

Teacher: How many fingers have you?
Del Duquette: Ten.
Teacher: Well, if four were missing what would you have then?
Del: No music lessons.

"Poor man," said the sympathetic lady visitor. "I expect you'll be glad when time is up, won't you?"
"No, ma'am, not particularly," replied the prisoner. "I'm here for life."

Teacher: What do we mean when we say the whole is greater than any of its parts?
Gnerri: A doughnut.

Falwell: Call me a taxi.
Conway: O. K. You're a taxi.

Teacher: You have heard of Lindbergh's flight across the ocean. Tell the class something about his wonderful feat.
Joe Manley: I never saw them. But I can tell about Charlie Chaplin's.

Father: When you divided these seven pieces of candy with your sister, did you give her four?
Edward Clancy: No, I knew they wouldn't come out even so I ate one before I began to divide.

Teacher: Why, fighting again! Didn't I often tell you that when you are struck on one cheek you ought to turn the other to the striker?
Domenico Auciello: Yes'm but he hit me on the nose, and I've only got one.

Doctor (ecstatically): Sir, yours is a case which will enrich medical science!
Roy Buckland: Oh, dear, and I thought I wouldn't have to pay more than five or ten dollars.

Les Pitchford: You're good at conundrums, try this one.
Paul Mahoney: Sure, go ahead.
Pitchford: Take away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters and I am still the same. What am I?
Mahoney: That's easy, you're a mail carrier.

A little boy was saying his go-to-bed prayers in a very low voice.
"I can't hear you, dear," his mother whispered.
"Wasn't talking to you," said the small one firmly.

Evelyn Grace: Are you the plumber?
Plumber: Yes, ma'am. I'm the plumber all right.
Evelyn: Well, I just wanted to remind you that my floors are highly polished and in perfect condition, so be careful.
Plumber: Oh, don't worry. I've got nails in my shoes, so I won't slip.

Traffic Officer: Do you have a license to drive?
Dorothy Smith: Certainly, officer, right here in my pocketbook.
Traffic Officer: That's all right. As long as you have it I don't need to see it, but if you didn't have one I'd have to take a look at it.

Superintendent of Insane Asylum: Did you get those five who escaped?
Guard: Five? We got thirteen.

Book Agent (to farmer): You ought to buy an encyclopedia, now that your boy is going to school.

Farmer: Not on your life. Let him walk, the same as I did.

Man at phone: Hello! Give me a box for four.

Voice Back: Very sorry, sir, but we've no boxes for four.

Man at phone: No box for four! Say, isn't this the Princess Theatre.

Voice Back: No, this is the Elite Funeral Parlor.

Mabel White (in booking office): Can you recommend a safe ship? I'm so very nervous.

Clerk: Well, the Bremen has never sunk yet.

Mabel: Oh, I am so relieved. Please book me a berth on that.

Teacher: Are there any more questions you would like to ask about whales?

James Martin: What has the Prince to do with them?

Artist: Shall I paint you in a frock coat?

Charles MacFarland: Oh, don't make any fuss. Just wear your smock.

Margaret Mahoney: I don't like the looks of that haddock.

Grocer: Well, if it's looks your after, why don't you try goldfish?

Hospital Matron: How's this? The telephone message said you were bringing one accident case, and you have brought three.

Ambulance Driver: That's all right. I knocked the other two down on the way here.

Howard Johnson: I should like to buy some nice new novels, please.

Clerk: Do you wish something light?

Johnson: It doesn't matter, really. I have my car with me.

Judge: Have you ever been up before me?

Corcoran: I don't know. What time do you get up?

Scotti: They've dropped their anchor again.

Shore: Serves them right! They've had it dangling over the rail all morning.

A translation: Domenico Aucielli means *Lord of the heavens.* Some name to live up to!

"Will you give a poor man a dime for a bed?" pleaded the beggar.

"Sure", said Duncan MacKenzie, "if it's in good condition."

He was seated in the dentist's chair.

"What is the charge for extracting this tooth?" he asked.

"Five dollars", said the dentist.

"What!" gasped the client. "Five dollars for about three seconds' work?"

"Well," said the dentist, "if you prefer it, I'll draw the tooth slow motion".

Maid: I'm sorry, but she said to tell you that she is not at home.

Frank Duddy: Oh, that's all right, just tell her that I'm glad I didn't come.

"What do you do?"

"I keep house, scrub, scour, bake, wash dishes, cook, do the laundry, iron, and sew."

And the census-taker listed her: Housewife — no occupation.

TROPICAL FEVER

Through the dank swamps
Under the slimy trees
With their reaching fingers of moss
We passed, cowed into silence.
An indolent snake slithered silently
Over boats — glittering maliciously.
Sucking swamp earth
Pulled at our steps.
Sullen, dirty waters steamed and bubbled
Like mysterious cauldrons.
Exotic flowers wounded and bleeding
Underfoot sent heavy sodden fragrance up,
Suffocation.
The heat, the endless silence
Wherein even the birds were still
Oppressed us and our inner thoughts
Became as deep and dark as the feverish jungle.

PRISCILLA JOHNSON, '35.

THE ANNEX

Patrick Murphy has a good reputation as a football player . . . What is there in Arlington that holds so much fascination for James Fitzgerald, the hockey player? . . . If Charles Burke said what he thought, we'd be surprised . . . Al St. Martin is a man's man . . . Bill O'Connell's arguments are sound . . . merely sound . . . Paul Bartell is trying to find out whether he is a dub reporter or a cub reporter for the Cambridge Sun . . . Hercules Ponte has been in the jug so often that he claims he is beginning to look like it . . . Fred Stack never goes anywhere without his flashlight . . . Maybe he fears the dark . . . J. Noiles has the distinction of being the only one in a certain class to subscribe for the Review . . . Saul Zang mingles with the élite, night after night, at his rendezvous on Tremont Street . . . Columbus discovered America and John Doherty ruined it . . . Alex Beluskho and Milton J. Perry are both coming along fast in the pugilistic ranks . . . Best of luck to them both . . . May they never know the smell of rosin . . . Bill McSweeney took the part of Bullet Head Bill in the recent assembly . . . The type classes have to live up to 3 rules F. O. T. E. . . . U. B. S. O. T. P. —D. M. T. B.—Francis Kelley cannot go anywhere without his side-kick Richard Larkin . . . even in the Jug . . . Konstant Aviza still thinks he's a poet . . . You should see his poem which is posted in the Review Office at the Annex.

PING PONG

The first half of the Ping Pong Tournament is well under way. The tournament has been arranged by Mr. Edmonds and Mr. Mullins assisted by Saul Zang. Winners are arrived at by elimination. The league was divided into two classes, the East and the West. Joe Mannke was runner up with Joseph Pacunas in the East Division, but was eliminated by Pacunas. In the west was Charles D'Allessio with Francis Moynahan as the contender. D'Allissio had an easy victory over his opponent. Finally the two contenders met on January 28, during the recess period. Mr. O'Brien officiated at the combat. Joe Pacunas had a one point edge, but D'Allessio kept on fighting hard. The climax of the game was when the score was tied 10 all. Pacunas kept playing for the edges as did D'Allessio. Finally Pacunas hit the ball in the further corner, a place which could not be reached by D'Allessio. Pacunas was declared winner. Charles Burke was favored to win the Tournament, but was disqualified.

MOVIE TITLES

I'll Fix It .....Eddie Sheridan
Happiness Ahead.....Football letter men
Gridiron Flash ..... James McCormick
Peck's Bad Boy ..... Eddie Borden
Broadway Bill .....Francis McWilliams
I Sell Anything....Bill O'Connell (Soda Jerker)

SONG HITS OF THE DAY

Lost In a Fog.....John McCarthy
Every Thing I Got Belongs To You,
Blondy Kelleher
Let's Give Three Cheers For Love,
Football Squad
I Never Had a Chance.....Moon Mullins
The Bells of Saint Mary's.....Basketball team
The Object of My Affection,
Geo. Meehan (The Jug)
Stay As Sweet As You Are.....Bernard Riley
Take a Number From One To Ten,
John Galgay

RELAXATION

Mr. O'Brien: Joseph Sullivan, where are the Philippine Islands?
Jos. Sullivan: In the water.

IN MEMORIAM

FRANK P. DOIRON, a member of the senior class, died January 18, 1935. He was an honor student for three years, and he was held in high esteem by both his teachers and his fellow school-mates. We admired his qualities of earnestness and his friendly helpfulness in every thing pertaining to the good of the school. His memory will always remain dear in the hearts of his classmates.

Joseph Stankunas, '35.
Paul Bartell, '36.

TOUCH US GENTLY

Touch us gently
Fleeing years
Leave no lines of care.
Give us patience
Love and friends
Our last sweet years
To bear.

Leave no furrows
Dimming eyes
Tired limbs or mind.
Give us heart
Dreams and prayer
If we must fall behind.

ATHLETICS

AN INTERVIEW WITH COACH CULHANE

WITH the increasing popularity and interest in scholastic hockey, we deem it fitting to say a few words about the man who has been largely responsible for Cambridge Latin's recent successes in high school hockey. Need we say that this man is coach "Jack" Culhane? Any praise that we might give him would indeed be superfluous for he is recognized throughout hockey circles by both friend and opponent as a mild, unassuming leader with all the qualities necessary for a first-rate coach.

While at C. H. L. S. he received letters in football, baseball, and hockey, being one of the mainstays of the phenomenal 1921 hockey squad that swept through the league to win the championship and later trim its Canadian rivals. "Jack" then entered Boston College and there he starred in hockey.

In 1932, after holding various positions as physical culture teacher in the Cambridge schools, Mr. Culhane assumed the position of hockey coach at C. H. L. S.

From there on the rise of Latin's hockey team is known to all. For the first time in many years we won the Eddie Shore Trophy for Interscholastic Hockey, and Latin had the honor of having its entire first team chosen on the All Scholastic ratings, ample proof of Coach Culhane's ability and inspiring guidance.

According to Mr. Culhane, scholastic hockey has in the past few years increased greatly in popularity and will continue to do so. The marked rise in attendance has encouraged the different schools to include this sport on their schedule. Too, the fact that the games are being played in the Garden and at the Arena stimulates the interest of spectators and participants. Also, the extension of the season from seven to fourteen games is a decided help to the sport in that it allows many more candidates to have the opportunity to take part in the games.

In all, Mr. Culhane predicts that the next few years should see hockey rising to its deserved position of importance and becoming a favorite with all those who enjoy a fast-moving, exciting sport. Next year's team gives full promise of being fast and aggressive, making up for its lack in weight by its experience, for with the exception of Gomes the team will remain intact.

Thus in wishing Coach Culhane the best of luck in future enterprises, we are sure that we voice the whole-hearted opinion of the entire student body. Win or lose, man to man, we are behind you, Coach Culhane.

JAMES ROBERTSON, '35.
HERBERT ROONEY, '35.

HOCKEY

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 3 BELMONT 1

CAMBRIDGE Latin hockey team opened the season in the Boston Arena by downing the fast Belmont team to the score of 3 to 1. Cambridge, with all new material except Captain Gomes in the net and Ray Chaisson at center, was the smoothest team on the ice.

After five minutes of play, a wing to wing pass from Jim Fitzgerald to Mort Buckley, who slammed the puck to the Belmont goal to beat Morris, made the first score. Late in the second period, Buckley went down the ice with Chaisson, lost the puck, and then picked it out of scrimmage to bang it home and put Cambridge Latin ahead, 2 to 0. The final Latin goal was scored by Al Boudreau on a hard twenty foot shot, after he had poke-checked the puck away from Belmont's captain, George Oliver. Oliver scored Belmont's goal when he scooped the disc in from a scrimmage in front of the Cambridge net.

Chaisson, Buckley and Al Boudreau played well for Latin while Oliver and Maloon were Belmont's stars.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 3 STONEHAM 1

Cambridge Latin was successful in its second game to down Stoneham. Ray Chaisson starred for the Cantabs, scoring all three goals. "Dusty" Gomez in the net put in a fine afternoon's work by stopping so many of Stoneham's rushes.

The first period was scoreless but in the second period, with the Cantabs scrambling around the Stoneham net, Sullivan passed out and Chaisson whacked it in with a surprise backhand shot. A minute later, Chaisson was digging in for a close-

up shot. He let go but Mustone saved it and in clearing appeared to poke the rubber home himself. In the third period Thompson of Stoneham took the puck out of a whirlwind scrimmage around the Cambridge net to beat Gomes for Stoneham's lone tally, and a few seconds later he drew a penalty for holding.

In Thompson's absence Walter Boudreau passed out to Chaisson who back-handed past the goalie for his third score.

For the rest of the period, Stoneham was all over Cambridge, Riley and Buckley of Stoneham being robbed outright by Gomes. Stoneham threatened every minute and it was with a whole lot of relief that the Cantabs heard the final whistle.

Chaisson displayed his full power and Fitzgerald and Sullivan on defence were greatly improved in front of "Dusty" Gomes who played like a professional. Gross and Thompson were instrumental in keeping the score down.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 2 ARLINGTON 4

Cambridge Latin's hockey team suffered its first defeat of the season to Arlington in the Boston Arena. In the game previous to this the Cantabs were successful in beating Medford by the score of 3 to 1.

In the first canto of this Arlington game, a Roy Keefe pass to Bob Nee scored first for the Spy Ponders. Cambridge came back in half a minute when "Red" Buckley scored past Sakoian on Ray Chaisson's rebound.

The second period was fast and furious with Nee again being able to beat Gomes to put Arlington ahead, 2 to 1. Early in the third period Chaisson broke away, beat the defencemen and lifted the puck into the strings to beat Sakoian and tie the score.

The Cantabs then played defensive but Joe Gardella was able to sink one and then Johnny Chipman made the score 4 to 2, eight seconds before the final bell.

There were but two penalties handed out in this game, one for each team.

Collins and Bryne were two hard defencemen for Latin to pass and these boys starred for Arlington defensively. Chaisson as usual was the standout for Cambridge with the two Boudreaus playing well on the wings.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 2 NEWTON 2

Cambridge Latin and Newton fought a wonderfully fast game with the Garden City boys to a 2 all tie.

Earlier in the week Latin defeated their old rivals Rindge, by the score of 3 to 2.

In this Newton game the first period was scoreless, but Ray Chaisson put Cambridge ahead in the start of the second canto. Ray took the puck at center ice and beat the defence with a flashy solo to crash a shot that bounced over Woodward and into the net. Page of Newton tied up the score on his own rebound when he took a forward down front from a face-off at the boards.

In the third period Ray Chaisson took a short pass from Fitzgerald to crash it into the Newton net to put the Cantabs ahead. At the tail end of the game Latin was two boys short on penalties and only one was back when Gomes made a catching save and flung the puck up the right lane. It called for a penalty shot, and on this McCutcheon planked home the equalizer after the rubber was bounced around the net in a scrimmage.

Both goalies played good games, each putting in many saves. This game showed the smoothness of Cambridge Latin's attack with Martin and Buckley on the wings and Chaisson at center. Because this game ended in a tie, Newton and Cambridge Latin are still a tie for second place in the Interscholastic League.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 0 MELROSE 1

Cambridge Latin lost to their old and hard-to-beat rival by the score of 1 to 0.

A long shot from near the blue line gave Melrose a first period lead over the Cantabs. Gomes had made a number of fine saves on real hard shots, especially off Buddy Foster's stick. Then Shaw picking the puck up at his blue line, crossed center and flung away a crashing lift that whizzed past Gomes before he could get a leg to it.

A fast bit of thinking by Gomes in the third period averted a goal. Foster was left uncovered behind the defence and Gomes was forced to dive out to break up the shot before Bud could lift over him. Latin had some rare chances although Foster's late solo was the most deserving of any for a goal and Gomes denied him.

Ray Chaisson, leading scorer of the Interscholastic League had to go without a goal against Melrose. He was allowed no breaks. But he played the whole game and Coach Culhane was smart putting him on defence mostly when the Melrose first line was on and switching him to center against the second.

Cambridge held Foster and De Coste of Melrose tie for second place in scoring, from adding to their list of goals although these boys tried their hardest. This game marked the end of the first half of the schedule.

BASKETBALL

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 29 BROOKLINE 14

The Cantab's basketball team won its first Suburban League game by defeating Brookline at the Brookline High School. Coady started the scoring by sinking a foul shot for the Latinites. The end of the quarter saw Brookline ahead by the score of 4 to 3, but Cambridge came back in the second quarter to score eleven points with Kishkis scoring five of these points and Joe Stankunas and Frank Coady scoring three each. Brookline scored five points in this quarter to end the half with the Cantabs leading 14 to 9.

In the third quarter Latin displayed its basketball power by scoring thirteen points and keeping Brookline from scoring thirteen points. Manke starred in this canto by sinking four baskets to ring up eight points for Cambridge. In the last quarter Brookline scored only five points, but held off the Latinites' attack. The Cantabs scored only two points in this final quarter.

"Snooky" Gallagher and Munn played a good game defensively for Cambridge although they didn't score any points. Captain Brown and King were the two Brookline standouts.

The second also won their game.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 15 CHELSEA 23

Cambridge Latin's basketball team lost their first game of the season to the invading Chelsea "Red Devils". The Chelsea team was far superior to Latin in all the fine points of the game with Sol Nectham starring for this championship team and Abrams also of Chelsea was another standout in this game. Both these boys scored nine points each. Gallagher scored six of the Cantabs' points and Captain Kishkis tallied with the same number.

Cambridge was only trailing at the half by two points and this certainly put a scare into the large Chelsea following.

In the second half Nectham and Abrams slowed down the fast Cambridge quintet and put their team ahead to a score that was never attained by Coach Kozlowski's boys.

The second team also lost by a score of 29 to 18 with Brown high scorer for Cambridge.

DEBATING NOTES

ON December 18, the tryouts for the debating team were held. The following boys and girl were selected.

Roland Shaine	Paul Burke
Herman Sanderson	Edward Waitkus
John Madden	Jac Kaplan
Henry Twomey	Jacob Kaplan

Mary Buckley

The Metropolitan Debating League has drawn up a Constitution, and the following nine schools have been admitted and grouped into three triangles:

1	2	3
Lynn English	Revere	Cambridge High
Lynn Classical	Melrose	and Latin
Swampscott	Everett	Medford
		Somerville

The League subject is, Resolved: That the Federal government should adopt the permanent policy of equalizing educational opportunity throughout the nation by means of grants to the various states for primary and secondary education.

The officers of the Durrell Debating Society for 1935 were elected at the club meeting of January 18. The following will serve as officers for this year:

President ..... Herman Sanderson
Vice President ..... Regna Wasserman
Secretary ..... Marguerite Cox
Treasurer ..... Joseph Manley

The new President appointed the following Program Committee:

Chairman, Henry Twomey
John Madden Paul Burke

The Edward W. Quinn Debating Society will conduct a public speaking contest on March 14. The prizes are gold medals for the best boy and the best girl. The contestants will be from St. John's

High School, Rindge, and C. H. L. S. Any student who is interested should see one of the teachers of the Oral English Department at once. It would be quite a feather in our cap if C. H. L. S. entrants should capture one or both of the medals.

The Durrell Debating Society opened its debating season on January 22 with two victories over Medford High School. The Cambridge affirmative defeated the Medford negative at Cambridge by a two to one decision of the three judges, while our negative team secured a unanimous verdict over Medford's affirmative at Medford.

The contestants were:

At Cambridge

C. H. L. S.	MEDFORD
Herman Sanderson	Joseph Consolmagno
Roland Shaine	Harold Wood
Jac Kaplan	Thomas Sharkey

At Medford

MEDFORD	C. H. L. S.
Chester Graswriz	Edward Waitkus
Winston Forward	John Madden
Edward Lupien	Jacob Kaplan

By virtue of the double victory, Cambridge is now at the head of the newly-formed Metropolitan Debating League. Our next league debates will be with Somerville.

The debating classes of Miss Breau and Miss Fine are meeting weekly to hold inter-class debates. The two teachers are eagerly seeking prospects for future debating teams from among the members of the classes.

The Durrell Debating Society is now making a drive for new members. In spite of the excellent record that we have achieved in the past, and the encouraging start we have made this year, our membership is low. Any student who would like to join may enroll at one of the meetings which are held every Friday in room 77A.

Jacob J. Kaplan, '36.

RAIN

Raindrops patter on the pane,
The June rose drinks its fill.
Puddles twinkle in the lane,
The air is sweet with chill.

Tears slide off slim willow branches
To splash in the brook below.
All the world the rain enhances
When it falls from heaven to earth below.

Coralie Metcalfe, '36.

THE G. A. A.

THE G. A. A. for the past few months has been quite busy with games, parties, basketball, and what not.

The annual Boy Dance was held in the Al Lassman Gym and was very successful. At the dance we were honored with the presence of Miss Brown, Miss MacLaughlan, Miss MacNabb, Miss George, Miss Noonan, Mr. Toomey, and Mr. Cunningham.

In February 15, the masquerade was held in the gym. The chairman for the committees were as follows: decoration committee, Elaine Mahady and Frances Farmer; refreshment committee, Sylvia Kaufman; and the door committee was under the direction of Edith Coady.

The basketball teams have played Arlington and Needham. The sophomores and juniors carried off the victory in both games, and the seniors came home not feeling quite so happy.

At one of the recent meetings it was said that the tennis awards will be presented with the basketball awards at the end of the season.

Madelyn Sullivan was unanimously appointed the new executive officer of the G. A. A. to fill a vacancy. We wish her luck.

The championship basketball games between the juniors and sophomores were held in the gym.

The lineup for the first game was as follows:

JUNIORS, 7 — SOPHOMORES, 4

Tulgis, r.f, ... l.g., Brown
Picekewicz, Buckley, l.f., ... r.g., Makras, Paine
Bridges, j.c., ... j.c., Harney
Mullin, Murray, s.c., ... s.c., Kaufman
Hayes, l.g., ... r.f., Neudorf
Coady, r.g., ...l.f., Flax, Hopkins

On January 26, swimming classes were started and we hope many girls will come to the Y. M. C. A. Saturday mornings where we have an instructor.

There has been a rumor that there is to be a "sport hop" later in the year, so keep your eyes and ears open until the next issue of the "Review" and we may have some more news about it.

Jean Branscombe, '35.

EXCHANGES

ANOTHER season brings us a host of most desirable "Exchanges", among which we have a difficult time in making a selection. However, the excellence of these magazines make the reading a source of constant enjoyment rather than a task.

First we find a copy of "Ink Spots" from the Cherry Valley High School of Garden City, N. Y. For the original and the bizarre you most emphatically take the prize. The "Amoebas" is certainly the most gruesome story we have read in a school magazine. The author of "The Tarn" is to be congratulated on his vivid and realistic portrayal of jungle life. Your other features are well written and excellently enhanced by your unusual illustrations. We especially liked "To a Hill" which we quote:

Take me to your cloud-topped hill,
Where golden morn discovers still,
A glorious world unknown to woe,
As besets those hidden valleys below.
There, man-made strife, unknown, unheard;
Instead, the joyous singing of the bird,
The lazy droning of the bee,
And just as far as eye can see,
Sparkling meadow, lofty tree.
With singing heart I'll climb up there,
Possess the gifts to which I'm heir.

The only suggestion we might offer is that you add a sports or humor department to counteract the horror of your "Amoebasian" type of story.

"THE BACONIAN", from the Roger Bacon High School of St. Bernard, Cincinnati, also comes in for its meted share of praise. We never realized that an interview could be so interesting and real until we read "Artist Takes a Bow". After reading it we were quite ready to agree with sculptor Barnhorn's statement that distinction arrives slowly. "Company Manners" and "Elmer's Unnecessary Biography" provided an amusing interlude. Your departments and materials are well written and well chosen.

The "Bests" for the month:

Editorials—"The Sedan", Hampden, Maine.
Literature—"The Mirror", Waltham, Mass.
Sports—"The Radiator", Somerville, Mass.
Humour—"The Red and Black", Dorchester, Mass.
Interviews—"The Purple Quill", Galveston, Texas.
Cartoons—"The Gazette", Lynn, Mass.
Cover—"The Folio", Flushing, Long Island.
Exchanges—"The Aegis", Beverly, Mass.
Cuts and Illustrations—"The Swampscotta", Swampscott, Mass.

The *Review* as others see us:

The Jabberwock of Boston Girls' Latin School says:

"The Review of November has the most attractive cover that we have seen this year. The cuts are *'cute'* and the jokes are funny. The literary section contains a number of brief articles. One of the best is *'Ruins'*. *'On Music Appreciation'* is well written. It is one of those discussions, so effectively presented that we stop and wonder. After showing how high is our opinion of this magazine, we are suddenly reminded of a tiny composition entitled *'Flattery'* which begins: 'Think what we will when we are flattered, we are warmed at heart; for, as someone has remarked, to be considered worth flattering is a real compliment.' You may feel truly complimented, Cambridge Latin, for our praise is sincere."

The Radiator from Somerville, Mass., states:

"Your magazine shows a marked improvement over your former issues. Your headlines are extremely impressive and pleasing to the eye. As usual we laughed heartily over the musical class notes."

From the *Sachem* of Middleboro we hear:

"Here we find an excellent literary department; it shows intelligence and hard work. The athletic department also has a good write-up."

We are sorry that space does not allow us to discuss further the excellent publications that we have received; however, you may rest assured that they have been eagerly perused, and that they have supplied us with new suggestions and incentives for a better magazine.

JAMES ROBERTSON, '35.

REVERENCE

Oh, lovely lady upon the stair,
No angel's face is half so fair;
Behold the beauty ling'ring there.
A comely halo of silver hair,
Whitened gently by years of care
Reveals to me the place you share.
Oh, lovely lady upon the stair.

CORALIE METCALFE, '36.

LAUGHING

Laugh a little,
And while you laugh
Others laugh; and later
There are many laughs,
And life's worth while.

GRACE BOHMULLER, '35.

A FEW WORDS FROM THE PRINCIPAL

I would like to correct an impression that exists in the minds of many High School students. A large number of them come to me, or call me on the telephone, and say, "Can I go to Bryant & Stratton even though I took the college preparatory course?"

Certainly! As a matter of fact, in cases where it is financially possible to take courses after High School, it is advisable to take a general or college preparatory course. It gives you a better education, a better background, and you are better able to take post graduate courses. Later I will tell you more about the possibilities of the combination of a college education and a business training.

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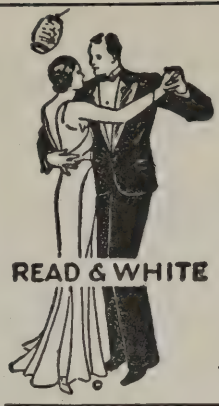

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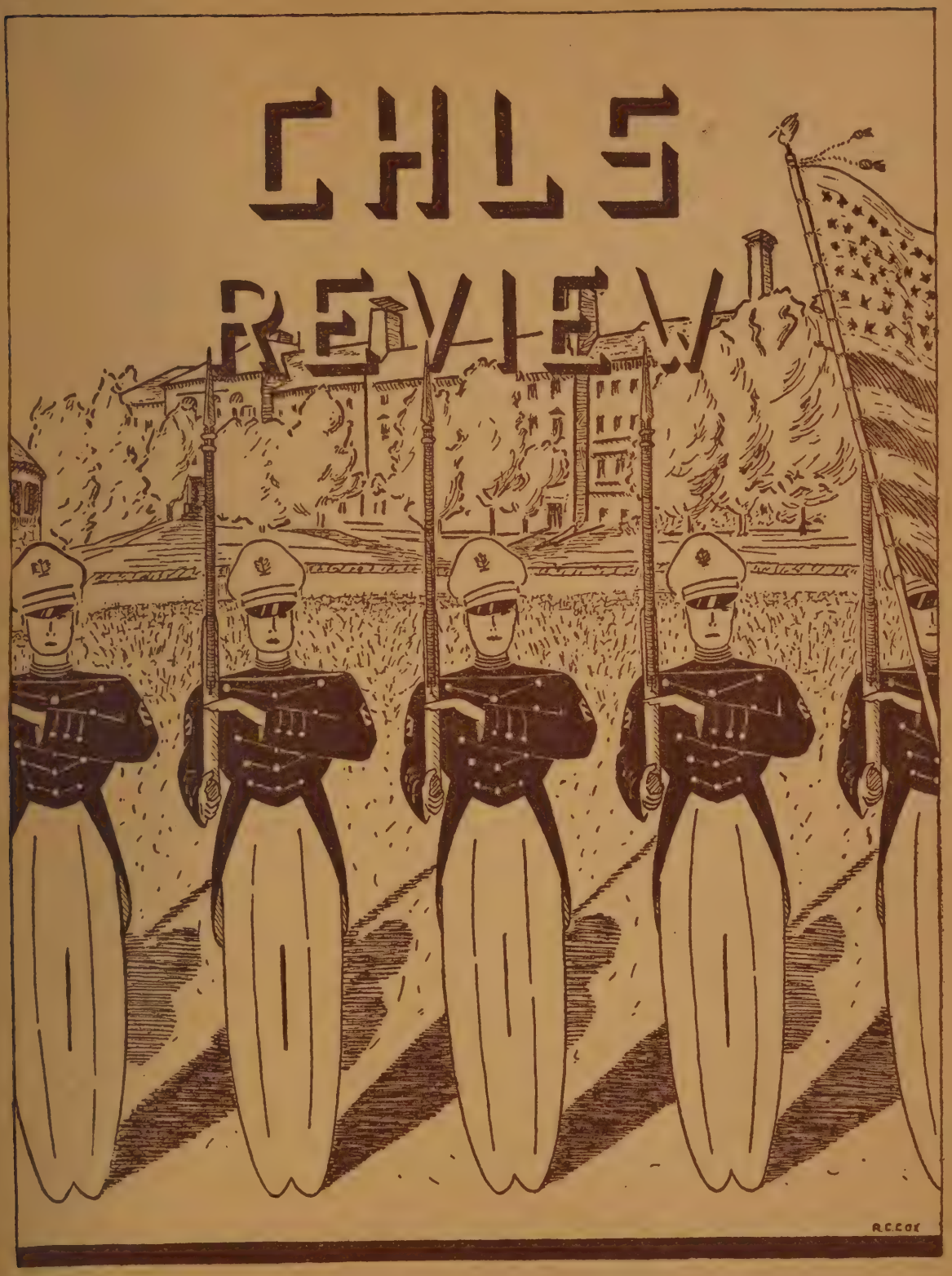

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LITERARY

SHORT STORY CONTEST

In the last issue of the *Review* we printed the prize winning stories of the Short Story Contest. In this issue we are publishing the stories of the two which were accorded Honorable Mention.

HONORABLE MENTION — UPPER CLASSES

HIS MESSAGE

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

JOSEPH P. DISNELL, the wealthy banker, was dying in spite of his bonds and shares, in spite of his wealth, his position, his magnificent house, and his large staff of servants. How the gods must have laughed at the irony of fate! For money, which had played so important a factor in this man's life, was worthless to him now. Money, which had brought luxuries, paved the way to success, and extricated him from difficult situations could not save him this time.

Upstairs, in his huge, mahogany bed, attended by a white clad nurse and surrounded by wealth, Disnell lay musing. Death was coming to him — death which all his life he had dreaded and feared; and yet strangely enough, he now felt a very peaceful and almost incredible calm. His life had been turbulent and stormy; perhaps, in death, he would find the peace he had been denied.

Meditating thus, he saw his life unfold before him. He recalled a small, barefoot, freckle-faced boy — a serious, dreamy, little fellow with dark, sensitive eyes. He had always been a solitary, lonely little figure preferring the companionship of the silvery brooks, the majestic trees, and the gentle birds to that of his more boisterous schoolmates.

Of course, later, with adolescence and its youthful hopes and dreams came Eleanor. How sweet had been the hours spent with her under the old hemlock! How sympathetic and dear she had been, as he had confided to her those hopes, those dreams, and those aspirations! She had been a haven of refuge to flee to, when the hurts and misunderstandings at home became too great to bear. A tear rolled down Disnell's face as he recalled a wistful, yet encouraging Eleanor, eyes dim with unshed tears, and a courageous smile on her lips bidding him farewell. How eagerly he planned, as the train bore him to New York, where fortune and fame as a prominent doctor would be his, to return to claim her. Empty dreams! Futile dreams! What an arrogant young fool he had been!

He learned soon enough that success and recognition came only after years of study, after years of hard work and privation. Homesick and lonely, weary with the tedious routine of hospital life, and impatient for fame, he became fascinated by the glittering lights and the bustle and glamour of city life. At a gay party, to which a fellow student had invited him, he met Virginia. Six months later he married her.

Established in a well-furnished office by his father-in-law he learned to sell bonds and shares. How quickly he forgot those early dreams and ideals! Those dreams of saving humanity. Those dreams of helping the sick and the feeble! Those dreams of bringing life into the world and easing life as it went. They all came to naught. If they sometimes did come back to haunt him, the whirl of excitement and gaiety in which he lived, dispelled them soon enough.

A violent, rebellious feeling suddenly surged over him. He could not die, not now, when he saw light, a blinding, dazzling, illuminating light! A fit of trembling shook him from head to foot. With great effort he half rose, but quickly sank back. Too late! Too late! How pitiful is that cry, "Too late!" Yes indeed, too late for him, but his sons must live as he should have lived.

As he lay amidst poignant memories and deep regrets, a woman entered the room, a small, slender person of regal bearing and care-free air. She was gay and vivacious, perhaps, a little too frivolous, to understand life and its complexities. But

what did it matter? Like a bright, little butterfly she flitted from one party to another in an endless round of excitement with no need for a deeper or more useful existence.

With her vivacity a little suppressed, she solicitously asked, "Well, Joseph dear, how are you this morning? I suppose you'll soon be your old self again, shouting at the boys to cease their bickering. You never will learn how to play bridge. You know, dear, you do play an abominable game."

She chattered on and on in her lilting voice with its youthful cadences, not realizing, that her husband's days were numbered.

How strange, the dying man pondered — that Virginia and he knew so little about each other after thirty years of marriage. "Please send the boys in later," he remarked, scarcely noticing that he had interrupted her.

Apprehensively she nodded. There was something very disturbing about Joseph today. He hardly heard her and seemed very far away. Perhaps he was tired, and she ought to leave. When he was well again everything would be different. This gloom and darkness that had descended upon the house would be gone. Gaiety, noise, bright lights would reign again. Meanwhile she would be brave for poor Joseph's sake. With a light kiss she left him.

The room was flooded with an exquisite light as he awoke from his troubled sleep. Looking up he saw the setting sun and the beautiful gold and orange rays, that flamed in the heavens and shed radiance on the world below.

A few moments later, three stalwart youths entered. Disnell's faded eyes lighted for a moment, and then the light suddenly died. Three fine, upright sons, products of this day's madness! How could he convey his message to them? How could he show them the real beauty and meaning of life?

With an effort he roused himself and without preliminary words spoke, "Life has been kind to me. I have had more than most people generally have. Money, luxuries, success, all have been mine; but in spite of all this, I have been cheated, terribly cheated. Oh, my sons, this is not life — this glamour, this glitter, these false gods which you have been accustomed all your life to worship. Too late have I discovered that the gods had feet of clay. But you must not miss the good and the real things of life.

To live you must be useful to society and mankind; to aid and contribute your part toward progress. It is of no consequence whether your share consists of mending shoes or taking charge of a huge industrial plant. You must feel depths or heights but never indifference! Oh, to feel humanity's need for you! Your work, however small, must be a necessity. You are bored with yourselves and life, and forever in search of new thrills. Can not the swallow, twittering from its perch; the sun, setting in a blazing sky, or moonlight, reflected on dark waters, stir and thrill you? Is it too late to rouse yourselves from the rut in which you exist? Yet, you are young, and the world lies at your feet waiting to be conquered! Something bigger, a force infinitely bigger than we are must now guide and lead you aright."

He eagerly scrutinized each face. Had he succeeded, or was it too late for his sons to understand?

Everett looked plainly bored and indifferent. He wondered how much longer the old codger would talk. And such rot and nonsense, too! Julia would be angry if he came late again — but what could he do?

Charles, genial and hearty, smiled cheerfully, as if to say, "I don't know what you're talking about, but it's O. K. with me."

With a heavy heart he turned to his youngest son, Eric, a tall, slender youth, serious and dreamy, with dark sensitive eyes. As Joseph P. Disnell saw the light of understanding on the youth's face and the dark eyes full of tears, he felt peace and calmness again. The Lord had heard and had answered his prayers.

As a last contented sigh escaped Joseph P. Disnell's lips, the wealthy banker departed from the trials and sorrows of earthly life.

GERTRUDE QUITT, '36.

HONORABLE MENTION — LOWER CLASSES

A TALE OF THE EMERALD ISLE

AS Grandfather O'Malley sat in his easy chair listening to the sound of rain upon the window, he heard the patter of little feet coming down the hallway. They stopped at the door which swung open to admit five children.

"What is it ye want, now?" asked grandfather.

"You promised to tell us a story the very next rainy afternoon, and here it is," said John, the oldest of the group.

"So I did," said grandfather puffing away at his pipe, "So I did. Sit down and I'll begin."

When they were all seated comfortably, he began, and this is the story he told:

"Once there was a poor Irish farmer who lived in a whitewashed, thatch-roofed cottage with his

wife, a blue-eyed, rosy cheeked colleen, and their golden-haired son. On the day of which I am going to tell you, joy reigned supreme in the little cottage which was the scene of great activity for the family was to leave the Emerald Isle for the States on the following day, but in the midst of this sunshine came a dark cloud. The landlord of the farm entered and accused the poor farmer of stealing four gold rings which he had discovered missing after the farmer had left the castle. He had gone there to tell the landlord that he would no longer occupy the little white cottage. In his gruff voice, he demanded that the rings be returned by sunset. He threatened that if this were not done, he would go to the magistrate and swear out a warrant for the unhappy farmer's arrest. Then, slamming the door, he left.

The poor husband, not knowing what to do, left the house to wander through the forest to ponder upon his misfortune. As he walked, he heard the tapping of a little hammer. As every Irishman knows this sound means that a Leprahaun, or Irish fairy, is nearby. Fully realizing the good fortune attached to capturing one of these fellows, he stopped, and looked about. Spying him at last sitting under a great tree repairing shoes, the farmer stooped and quickly grasped the little fellow and held him tightly.

"Let me go," demanded the Leprahaun.

"Not until you tell me the hiding place of your gold," said the farmer.

"If you release me, I'll tell you where you may find something that will be more valuable to you than treasure."

The farmer said, "I'll let you down as soon as you tell me where this is."

So the Leprahaun told him to look under a clump of shamrocks that grew near the great tree. The farmer released him, and he scampered away. The farmer hurried to the clump of shamrocks, and saw hidden under the foliage the four glittering, gold rings which had been dropped by thieves as they ran from the landlord's house. The rings were returned, and the landlord apologized to the farmer. The next day a ship sailed for America carrying three extremely happy people."

The story was finished and Grandma O'Malley entered with cookies and milk for the little ones.

"But," lisped Tim, the youngest, "is that a true story?"

"Of course it is," said grandfather slipping his arm about grandmother's waist, "for this is the blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked colleen, and your father is her golden-haired son."

William Coen, '37.

WHEN MARCH ARRIVES

WHEN ardent golfers get a faraway look in their eyes and a nervous twitching and interlocking of the hands, when garden enthusiasts make daily pilgrimages to their leaf-blanketed beds to look for crocuses and snowdrops, when the newspapers begin to fill with baseball news, and when motorists sally forth to take extended pleasure trips, then March has arrived!

Born on the wings of a stormy blast, this raucous month heralds the annual renaissance of nature. It is to plants and animal life what the Crusades were to mankind in the Middle Ages. It represents the last struggles of the forces of cold to throw off the fast settling effects of spring's "sweet, oblivious antidote". Its intermittent warm spells call the birds back and start the buds swelling. Its barometric see-saw gives that greatest of all freaks, the weather, a chance to "show off". Its high gales are nature's way of pruning the trees and her rather shabby way of house cleaning.

But though it may lead us to premature hopes and activities, March is a consistent month. It is consistent in its rapid changes. No two days are alike, and one's entire wardrobe must be constantly ready for use.

This month has, however, one malicious habit: that of giving people colds and grippe. Before one can become accustomed to March, he usually has contracted a cold which holds its grip until well into April.

Therefore let us grin and bear it rather than to wipe the name of this transition month off the calendar. It is much easier to put up with a thing cheerfully than to growl at it while it lasts.

Frank Duddy, '35.

VIGILANTE

Starlit waters lap the shore,
  Where jeweled pebbles twinkle,
Water sprites of ancient lore
  With dancing waves now mingle.

A rustling whisper, then a sigh.
  As Mother Nature sleeps,
While o'er the world the crescent moon
  A careful vigil keeps.

Coralie Metcalfe, '36.

TRIALS OF A DEBATER

OH, yes, you're going to be cool; you have your speech all prepared, not memorized. You have your notes collected on cards, the headings in large enough type, so that it won't take a second to read them. You have practiced, and you know just what you want so say. No, nothing will disrupt the presentation of your speech! Nothing short of an earthquake!

You know definitely when you'll be called on—third. The first speaker is through. His manner, his voice, the setting forth of his arguments were perfect. You look at the judges. They are conversing in inaudible tones; one has a smile on his face; another is shaking his head up and down.

The second speaker has begun. Then a thought enters your head. "Will I have enough time to present my arguments? I have only three minutes in which to give them."

A bell tinkles; the second speaker is finished. You are in a daze as you rise automatically when your name is called. You turn, and say, "Madam Chairman".

Mechanically you walk to the rostrum. Your feet are swollen; you wiggle your toes; you're afraid your knees will give way; your whole body is perspiring; your hands that hold the precious reference cards are sweltering. A lump is in your throat. You think, "No, I must not show any appearance of giving way. I must be brave to face them and to express myself before this gathering. I will win a prize!"

Since you are afraid to take out your handkerchief, the sweat beads remain on your forehead. You are in front of the platform, facing the audience. You pivot, readress the chair, address the crowd, and try to begin your speech. Your tongue is caught; no sound comes from your throat. You master the situation by repeating "Ladies and Gentlemen".

You realize all eyes are focused on you; they want to hear this new prodigy; they are interested. Your think, "No, I must not read too much off my cards. This is supposed to be a speech. They want it, well they'll get what they want."

You are afraid to look at your cards, or at your feet to see if your shoe is untied, though it feels as though your shoes are too small. You are afraid to look at the ceiling. I wish that fellow would stop smirking! That girl giggles so distractingly! From your mouth comes words your ears do not hear.

Your hands . . . what to do with them? A solution is found . . . put them in your pockets. "But", you muse, "it is bad stage manners to put one's hands in one's pockets. I'll put them on the stand — but that's too common. I've got it . . . I'll attempt to add expressions to my speech with them. It may be more effective."

The bell rings before you are three-fourths of the way through. Time's up! "That last statement that I made was rather poor," you think, as you retrace your steps to your chair.

Sinking into your seat, with a nervous effort you take your handkerchief and mop your brow. The speaker next to you, who will also be called on shortly, leans over with extended hand, saying, "You were perfect!" What a thrill!

Ten other debaters also present their arguments before the judges go into conference. A weary hour drags on, before the judges come to a final decision. The chairman advances to the front of the platform, and reads the winning names. You are third!

JAC KAPLAN, '37.

INTERPRETATION OF BEAUTY

EVERY personality has his own conception of beauty. To every individual the word has a different definition. Beautiful spectacles of nature, picturesque ruins of ancient cathedrals and castles, haunting melodies, all are forms of beauty.

To some, the setting sun, softer than scarlet, more glowing pink splashed with orange, gold and pearl, the waves lapping softly against a sandy shore, and the moon casting its light on the dark waters, the majestic trees, the gently birds, the cool breeze, and the sweet scented flowers bring an ache and a tear.

To others, the sun beating down on an old, weatherbeaten, once resplendent palace where kings and queens, princes and princesses had lived and loved signifies beauty.

To still others, the savage and barbaric Dagger Dance from Natoma, the light, airy tunes of Hayden's Gypsy Rondo, and the highly dramatic Prelude in C Minor by Rachmaninoff are dreams of beauty incarnate.

Somehow or other, while I think the splendor of nature, the relics of ancient days, the heart-rending compositions of the great masters are all different interpretations of the word, I find there is another and closer definition. I can find beauty in the wrinkled, calloused hands of a charwoman who is sending her son to college, in the plain nurse as she eases pain, in the sleepy watchman as he drowsily guards his post and dreams of six, hungry little mouths he must feed, in the patient, weary teacher as she instructs youth, and in all humanity along with its complexing problems.

GERTRUDE QUITT, '36.

"Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely."

— *Macaulay.*

WHAT A FELLOW LIKES IN A GIRL

(English in the Modern Vein)

THIS little composition is written with a view to put some of the local female sophists, who are likely to read the "Review", back on the path from which they have wandered so far. In hope of aggregating a flock of admiring men, they try to be different. All right! being different is very well, but don't be too different.

When a boy takes you out, he wants people to think you are human; he wants to be proud to be seen with you, and not to see others grinning at you as they would at a ridiculous freak of nature. A good many have either a warped notion of being "chic", or else their brains are a bit scrambled. To be perfectly frank, I've seen some pretty weird pictures. Everything from tall, brawny girls of "Babe" Didrikson tendencies to little, dumpy ones.

The athletic girl may be just as bad as the other kind. No boy in his right mind wants to take an Amazon to a dance, any more than he would the fat lady from the circus. Nevertheless, in spite of external appearances, the latter type has one very weighty asset: its members are —usually, distinctly feminine. I put it up to you; which would a boy prefer, a hard, scornful, sophisticated girl, or a soft, alluring, and understanding one? I am quite sure only a pitiously small minority would choose the former.

Another thing, if you must paint yourselves like the floor of Sherwin-Williams' main plant, O. K., but for heaven's sake, do it at home! If you could only see yourselves as men do, you would abstain from this vile habit, which makes you look as though you had to use a whole compact in one night so that your cousin's cousin's roommate could get you a new brand in Syracuse. A bit of lipstick or rouge is permissible, but when it goes past the stage where it ceases to bring out your color . . . .

And then there's the "line". A girl's "line", to an unsusceptible guy like me, is the funniest thing on earth. At a dance the other night, I heard a cute little armful say to a queer duck with horn-rims and a moustache: "Whose ikklebikkle baby snookums is I?" A little later, a rather nice-looker gushed: "Oh, Joe, you've got such powerful shoulders!" And then there was a girl who was the "his mother's secret-service agent" type: "If you go over 75 on the way home, I'll tell your mother!"

Let me make a passionate appeal; don't string a bum "line". It's for your own good! A good one is bad enough, and, unless you're a past master, it'll flop flatter than a pancake.

Are you Ginger Rogers on the dance-floor? No? Well, it isn't necessary. As long as you can follow your partner, there's no point in burning up the floor! It is nice, though, to see a gal who can put a little vim into the old step, who can jazz things up when the opportunity comes. But, if you are a beautiful dancer, don't embarrass your escort by walking all around him! You won't get another date with him very soon if you do.

I know a girl who takes every opportunity to talk about her boy-friends when I'm out with her. Needless to say, I "go to town" with her very seldom. If you want to impress a boy with statistics write him a letter; don't brag about the grand totals on a date.

Alas, my colloquialisms are exhausted. And you are too, most probably. If you try to remember some of these things, I'm sure you'll find them helpful. Ahem: the "Voice of Experience" speaking, and about to go out into the woods away from women until my advice has made you perfect.

C. Z. DAME.

WHAT ONE LIKES IN A GIRL

SHE has intelligence and originality enough not to adhere to the inane dictates of some of her smart sisters that the surest way to attract the male is to treat him as the oracle which he decidedly is not; let him do all the talking; acquiesce in all his opinions as if they were axioms; and be profuse with flattery and nil on thought. She has developed her own mind and uses it with freedom and independence. In conversation she gives me the benefit of a different outlook on matters of interest by expressing her thought freely. She does not hesitate to differ with me and tell me why she does. Our conversation is one of intelligent mutual exchange. Her part is not limited to deftly inserting a few words of wonderment, while I catch my breath. She is a good companion.

She uses cosmetics with the skill of an artist; not of a caricaturist. Her walk is an admission of pride in her own body not an apology for it. She does not slavishly follow the standardized fashion made but exercises an intelligent discrimination which will bring out all that is attractive in her.

She knows how to receive a compliment gracefully. She realizes that the male of the species

can be really sincere, now and then; hence when he profers her a compliment she does not reply with that insipid, "What a line you have" until his fingers itch to clamp themselves tightly around her windpipe.

She has that valuable adjunct, a sense of humor, but she does not exercise it too freely on me.

She keeps her standards high, because self respect is a dominant note in her character. She does not seek the popularity of the herd because she realizes that it is false and ephemeral; the popularity of the bargain counter. In short, she is a lady.

She is sophisticated in the sense that she is at ease in different situations because she is accustomed to them. She can handle difficult situations gracefully and with poise. She is smart enough to realize the piquant quality of a dash of indifference now and then in increasing attraction. She does not expect too much of me, and yet by intimation insists that I bring the best of myself to her.

Finally, after she has dissected me with the scalpel of feminine insight she pertly announces, "You have your points. I like your style".

THE BOY.

EDITOR'S NOTE — For this issue we have asked two boys to write on "What a Boy Likes in a Girl". We have given them a free hand in the expression of their views, so don't blame the editorial staff if you do not agree. We hope to receive replies from feminine readers.

MY YOUNG LOVE

Oh, yes, he is a handsome lad
Who has stolen my heart away.
His eyes, his lips, his chuckling laugh
Enslave me. He commands; I obey.
True, he is irresponsible and young,
And on pleasure's scaffold has been hung,
But he is a darling, and our love can't go astray
Because, you see, he really is but one year old today!

PRISCILLA JOHNSON, '35.

TO A RIVER

I close my eyes; I hear a song,
The song of a river rushing along:
It sings of joys and sorrows of life,
It sings of adventure, of drama, of strife,
It grips my light heart with its tender caress,
I know now a river is what I like best!

KATHRYN MONAHAN, '38.

THE GENTLE ACT OF ARGUING

AS every trade has its tricks, so the art of arguing has its own peculiarities. Although I do not advocate arguing as a trade, or profession, I do, however, believe that by experience I am qualified to divulge a few secrets to those desiring to be skilled in the practice of disputation. In short, I will give a few rules on how to quibble in an artful fashion.

To begin with, assiduously avoid a subject about which your opponent might know more than you; otherwise, undertaking an argument under such conditions would probably involve the ignominy and disaster of what is popularly known as being "squelched". Be careful of treading on grounds unknown to both yourself and your aggressor unless you are certain that you are the more consummate "bluffer".

Never attempt to overcome your enemy by a sudden and immediate burst of oratory; he may have a counter attack that will crush you. Instead, test his mettle with a few minor skirmishes; concede here, press a point there. Maneuver the battle into your own channels of force, and then with a crushing broadside batter down his defense and from there triumphantly prove your assertion.

At all times arrange to have on tap a varied collection of quotations, references, and statistics. A set of figures, exact or otherwise, gives a surprising authenticity, and a mumbled extract in French or Latin lends an amazing "verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing statement." Your assertion proved, I give but one final caution. Regardless of how overwhelming your victory may be, never flaunt it before your victim. Even ". . . a woman scorned" has no fury like an arguer defeated.

JAMES ROBERTSON, '35.

IMPRESSIONS

I CHANCED to hear, the other day, that the westerner considered all easterners the "bears" of Wall Street, who have profited by the stock market crash. What a foolish supposition that is! We must appear very honest to them.

Well, let us review our impressions of various peoples. Take for instance, the middle westerner. I imagine quite a few of my gentle readers picture him a drawling farmer with a blade of grass or a straw hanging from the corner of his mouth saying, "Well, by cracky!" and inventing hard luck stories so that Uncle Sam will buy his produce.

The person who lives in Chicago, we consider,

is quite unsafe, bceause the population consists chiefly of gangsters, and for a citizen to walk across the street for a quart of milk is committing suicide.

The far-westerner are to us all big, lanky cowboys, who wear huge sombreroes, placed at alarming angles on the back of their heads, and wearing flapping chaps ornamented with Indian designs. These cowboys, we imagine, live five or six together in small cabins, and are continually fighting with six-shooters, throwing themselves astride nimble horses and calmly telling herds of young calves to "git along, little doggie, git along."

The Californians bask daily in the sun. The monotony of the years are relieved only by a swim or two each day, a few divorces, and a social call on Joan Crawford or Katie Hepburn.

The southerner reclines on wide verandahs, partakes of mint-julip and fried southern chicken, oh boy, given him by meandering servants who drawl, "Yassah, Massa Coah-nel". He pays flattering compliments to all the ladies he meets, whether they are fussy, old ladies or the languid, southern beauties about whom we hear so much.

The New Yorker sleeps all day and, at night, visits "wild" parties, and comes home at eight o'clock in the morning. There is all play and no work.

When we carefully consider these impressions, we realize how foolish they are, for in every part of our fair country we find peanut venders, and big business men.

MARTHA MERRILL, '37.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

ON the eighth of March, 1841, there was born in Boston a child who through a lifetime of ninety-four years was to run the gamut of fortune and become a man whose life, character, and principles remain an inspiration for the lovers and admirers of freedom, equality, and justice. Oliver Wendell Holmes, was the son of an illustrious father, the poet of the same name. Of old Boston stock, it is no wonder that ever from childhood he was deeply imbued with an intense love of freedom and a true spirit of patriotism so peculiar to the descendants of the old Puritan lineage.

Young Oliver's youth was little different from that of the usual well-to-do boy of that day. After graduating from Harvard University, however, in the spring of 1861, he was confronted with one of the greatest crises of his life. The South had seceded from the Union only two months previous. The North was in a raging turmoil. Holmes did not hesitate in enlisting for the defense of the Union and the Constitution. Despite the fact that he was an officer and might have been exempted from the dangerous duties, he was continually in the thick of the fighting, and the three wounds he received therein gave ample proof of his heroism under fire.

With the close of the war we find him attending Harvard Law School, and in 1866 he was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar. From here on his career as a lawyer and jurist was definitely established. Following his excellent work as editor of the "American Law Review", he was invited to become a professor at Harvard Law School and a lecturer on Law Jurisprudence. In 1899 he assumed the all-important duties of Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. In this capacity he achieved nation-wide fame and admiration for the originality and the literary characterization of his decisions, as well as for his staunch support of the Labor Cause. In 1902, he was appointed Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and for thirty years he fulfilled the duties of this post with such skill and sagacity that he may well be placed and ranked with the greatest lawmakers and arbitrators in history. Justice Holmes' talents, however, did not lie only within the realm of law and arbitration. In addition, he gained fame as a soldier, poet, and essayist.

The portrait of such a man might embrace the idea of unbending austerity. Curiously enough, Justice Holmes was far from being such. Instead, we might have found a bluff, hearty gentleman whose benevolence and tolerance was a constant source of amazement to his associates. Always a conservative, he had formed his political, economical and philosophical principles at an early date, and until his appointment as Justice, he had been, in accordance with the tradition of New England aristocracy, a staunch supporter of the Republican party. He never seemed to be disturbed by the critical questions laid before him, yet he had a fierce, independent spirit that had no fear of defying convention. He detested smugness and was especially vehement against the criticism directed towards the so-called "flaming youth" of the day. "Youth ought to be flaming and have plenty of fire" was his tart rejoinder. All in all, Owen Wister, ever a close friend, has summed up Holmes' character with the brief, "An aristocrat in words as in mind, with a fortunate touch of both Puck and Ariel".

With his retirement in 1932, he seemed permanently to relinquish all responsibility in public affairs. He lived in almost complete seclusion refusing interviews concerning himself with the excuse that: "To express one's feelings, as the

end grows near, is too intimate a task". From these few simple words we see a man who, although he has enjoyed the fruits of success, is a little weary of this life, and who now calmly composes himself for the day when he shall again enter a court of judgment, but this time not as the judge but as the defendant before the Mightiest of tribunals.

Through the winter of 1935 his health slowly declined until on March 6, 1935, when the end came. A final evidence of generous patriotism towards the country which he had served so devotedly all his life was to bequeath almost a quarter of a million dollars to the United States Government to be used to the best advantage of the country. We cannot adequately sing the praises of such a man. We may only strive to emulate him by using his life and principles as an inspiration.

James Robertson, '35.

EARLY in February the Cambridge Chronicle conducted a contest for the best essay of not more than 250 words which was to be written in class as an English theme. We take pleasure in announcing that Esther L. Shea of the class of 1936 was the winner. In consequence we reprint her winning essay.

FORWARD MARCH

I have great sympathy with the astute old lady who said she had always noticed that if she lived through March, she lived through the rest of the year. Even Julius Caesar quailed at what this month held for him. Most appropriately, it is named for the god of war, for no other character could more truly suggest trouble-seeking and unrest.

We all enjoy pulling the rope that hangs the dog to whom a bad name has been given, but misunderstood March does not deserve hanging, for he is less a criminal than a humorist. If our hats fly off when March winds blow too suddenly upon them, if we step on a frozen puddle only to find ourselves right up to our ankles in ice-water, we must try to realize that March is making a clumsy attempt to be amusing; breezy, happy-go-lucky March does not mean to irritate us.

March has a sense of beauty as well as a sense of humor. He dips the willows into the rosy sunset, when winter has taken away all their color. Brooks murmur under their crystal frettings.

March is the icy, windy corridor that leads to Spring. Remember that the month that tolls the knell of passing snow-flakes, heralds the coming of the bride-white snow-drops, — and this prophecy of Spring is a prophecy that shall not fail.

Recent Reading

"DR. SEROCOLD"

"DR. SEROCOLD" is a vivid picture of twenty-four hours in the life of a family physician in England. The reader accompanies the doctor on his rounds, and has the secrets which make up the real life of people unfolded before his eyes by the keen insight and knowledge of the family doctor. While Dr. Serocold reveals others he reveals himself.

It is significant that the first scene is the death of an old man, and the last scene is the birth of a child. The intervening scenes bear the same fundamental stamp. The scene of the meeting at the town hall is a masterly portrayal of human psychology.

One scene of especial interest is the one at the hospital where Dr. Serocold performs a mastoid operation. The author not only describes the process in language understandable to the lay reader, but she also gives the doctor's reactions by revealing Dr. Serocold's train of thought as he operates. The uninitiated laymen receives a slightly grisly impression from the description of the operation.

Dr. Serocold is disillusioning to say the least. He tells Jean, his medical assistant, "If it takes three falls to make a horseman, I'm sure it takes three murders to make a doctor." Again, "One starts out with a great notion of curing disease, but one ends by being thankful when one's able to relieve it. Ours is a patching up job, when all's said and done. We're helpless over the big things, and they defeat us in the end."

The popularity of this book lies in its human interest.

Edward Moylan, '35.

RICHNESS

New things are important
To progress I'm told;
So you take the new things,
And I'll take the old.

Old houses with beams
That are darkened with age;
Old books that are dog-eared
On 'most every page.

Old slippers whose wrinkles
Are made by my feet;
Old pipes that the years
Have made mellow and sweet.

Old friends who know when
To be silent, when gay;
And who, when they talk,
Have something to say.

Esther Shea, '36.

SCHOOL NOTES

CHESS TEAM

MONDAY, MARCH 18, the Cambridge High and Latin School Chess Team played the Roxbury Memorial High School Team at Roxbury, winning by the score of 4½ to 1½, over the same team which defeated them four weeks earlier. The score was as follows:

C. H. L. S.		ROXBURY	
Boring	½	Trachtenberg	½
Davis	1	P. Shapiro	0
Baron	1	E. Shapiro	0
Olken	1	MacIntosh	0
Burns	½	Berkman	½
Hanson	½	Chase	½
	4½		1½

DEBATING NOTES

THE powerful C. H. L. S. debating teams, sweeping on toward their objective, the championship of the Metropolitan Debating League, inflicted two crushing defeats on Somerville High School, thus avenging last year's defeat. By virtue of these two victories C. H. L. S. annexed the lead of its division of the league. On February 19, Latin's affirmative team defeated the strong Somerville negative team at Somerville in a close struggle. Miss Mary Buckley, '38, participated in her first debate as a member of the C. H. L. S. team, and did an excellent job. Joined with the ever reliable Roland Shaine and our brilliant rebuttalist Herman Sanderson, Miss Buckley completes an almost invincible team. The well-balanced negative team composed of Edward Waitkus, John Madden and Jacob Kaplan crushed the Somerville affirmative team at Cambridge on the following evening, February 20.

In winning the division leadership, Latin lost only one point while securing eleven, and has won all four debates in which it has participated. It is with well-founded hope, therefore, that the two debating teams await Lynn Classical, their first opponent, in the final struggle for the league championship.

On Friday, March 29, the negative team journeyed to Revere and participated in a non-decision debate.

The trials for the Edward W. Quinn Speaking Contest sponsored by the Cambridge Knights of Columbus were held on March 10. Mary Hayes, Genevieve Doherty, and Roland Shaine were selected to represent C. H. L. S. in the final competition against representatives of Rindge and St. John's High School.

JACOB KAPLAN, '36.

MARGOT CLARK

WELLESLEY COLLEGE paid tribute to the scholarly achievement of a former student of our high school in a special celebration of academic honors last week. Margot Clark, a senior and an alumna of our school, was named a Durant Scholar. The title of Durant Scholar is the highest honor the college bestows. She has also been elected a Phi Beta Kappa.

Ours is a double pride: pride in the individual who has won these high honors, as well as pride in our high school which prepared her for college work.

PRIZE SPEAKING CONTEST

ON Friday evening, March 22, the Liberty Medal Prize Speaking Contest was held in the school auditorium. Mrs. Margaret S. Hurley, Mr. John F. O'Connor, and Mr. Frederick C. Packard were the judges. The girls' medal was won by Ruth Zirch for the selection "Mansions"; Jacob Kaplan carried off the honors for the boys with his interpretation of "Spartacus". Honorable mention was accorded Mary Hayes and Saul Fram. The prizes were presented by Mr. Russell A. Wood of the School Committee, who also complimented the school orchestra for their excellence in their part of the programme.

M. I. T.

Former members of our school who are on the Dean's List at M. I. T. for the First Semester, 1934 - 1935, are:

Second Year: Murray Mannos, Arthur Dzendolet.

Third Year: Cook Jackson, Sydney Speil, Albert LeShane, Robert Worden.

Fourth Year: Vincent Mooney, John Smyser.

SPELLING BEE

UNDER the sponsorship of the Boston Traveler a Spelling Bee was conducted in our school. Contests were held in every home room and the names of the winner and runner-up in each were published in the Boston Traveler. In the finals, George Potter of Room 84 was the senior winner; Ellen Head of Room 91A was the junior winner; Mary Casey of Room 35 was the sophomore winner, and Spencer Sterne of Room 25 was the freshman winner. In the final contest between these four winners, Mary Casey was victorious. She will represent our school in the interscholastic competition.

We congratulate the individual winners and especially do we offer our best wishes to Mary Casey, the finalist.

A student in Latin II handed in the following as the principal parts of a Latin verb: Slippeo, slipere, falli, bumptus.

The returned paper contained the following correction: Falio, failere, fluncto, suspendum.

Rooney: My doctor sent me a bill for $5 for medicine and $50 for visits. What shall I do?

Robertson: Pay him for the medicine and return the visits.

Lost: Glasses in black case walking from 21st street to Central Park. Reward.

What's your name?
M-m-m-m-m-m-mabel.
I'll call you Mabel for short.

Ernest Finstein: I had a most enjoyable time at the dentist's this afternoon.

Kaplan: I don't see how that could be?

Finstein: It's true. When I went in another dentist was working on my dentist's teeth.

There are two parts to a sentence: the subject and the predicament.

The heart is an infernal organ.

Nicotine is such a deadly poison that a drop of it on the tail of a dog will kill a man.

Weapons of the Indian—bow-arrow-tomahawk-and war whoop.

Arthur Row: Good night! Out of gas right in the middle of traffic?

Eleanor Tynan: You can't stop for that, Art. Here comes a cop!

Teacher: Name the five most common bugs.

Margaret Quinn: June, tumble, lady, bed, and hum.

Herbert Baldwin: You are sure one bottle will cure a cold?

Druggist: It must, sir — nobody's ever come back for a second.

Irene Fitzgerald: How would you beautify the city?

Lillian Haley: I'd sit out on the front porch.

Moriarty: Chewing gum?

Les Pitchford: No, just trying to pronounce that word.

Fortune Teller: I can see a dark load in your future.

Ernie Saulnier (joyfully): Then we must be going to get our coal.

Bellhop (after guest has rung for ten minutes): Did you ring, sir?

Geo. Farwell: No, I was just tolling. I thought you were dead.

Old Lady (witnessing tug-of-war for the first time): Dear me! Wouldn't it be simpler for those men to get a knife and cut that rope instead of straining themselves trying to break it?

Priscilla Johnson:—Why has the boat stopped Captain?

Captain: Because of this fog, we can't see up the harbor, Madame.

Priscilla: Oh, but I can see the stars.

Captain: Well, lady unless our boilers blow up, we aren't going that way.

POPULAR SONGS OF THE DAY

Blame It On My Youth.....Deportment Marks
Buddie Beware.....Exam Period
Carefree .....Post Graduate
Everything You Said Came True, Teachers' Warning
Haunting Me .....Exams
In the Blue and Pensive Mood.....Seniors
I Travel Alone.....Freshman
I'm Sorry I Lost You.....Diploma
Midnight .....Still studying
Not Bad .....Hall Assemblies
Pop! Goes Your Heart .....Marks

Two boys were walking in the woods, seeking adventure. One picked up a chestnut burr.

He called excitedly, "Come here quick, I've found a porcupine egg!"

Gertrude Quitt: It took me ten years to discover that I had absolutely no talent for writing.

Jeanne Pearlson: You gave up?

Gertrude: Oh, no, now I am famous.

Old Lady: You don't chew tobacco, do you, my little man?

Sonny Boy: No, ma'am, but I kin give you a cigarette.

"Did anybody drop a roll of bills with a rubber band around them?" asked Paul Mahoney.

"Yes, I did," said several voices.

"Well, I just picked up the rubber band," said Paul.

Alfalfa Ike: What happened to that tenderfoot who was out here last week?

Badger Pete: Oh, he was brushing his teeth with some of that new-fangled foamy tooth-paste, and one o' the boys thought he had hydrophoby and shot him!

Angelina: I understand that MacFarland is going to pay his creditors 100 cents on the dollar.

Dora Lepore: Why does he want to give them so many pennies?

Ed Rogers: What is the price of that large dog?

Dealer: Twenty-five dollars.

Ed.: And what do you charge for that smaller one?

Dealer: Fifty dollars.

Ed.: But that tiny little dog over there?

Dealer: He costs one hundred dollars!

Ed.: Say, what will it cost me if I don't buy a dog at all?

La Pierre: I want some cheap coat hangers.

Clerk: Here you are, sir, a cent apiece, six for a nickel.

La Pierre: Have you some cheaper that those?

Clerk: Well, yes, we've got some nails!

Lawyer: Your Honor, I would like to ask for more time for my client.

Judge: All right, I was going to give him five years. Now I'll give him ten.

Florence Tanner: Look, isn't the rainbow beautiful?

May Coleman: What's it advertising?

A distinguished professor was called to the telephone and before he knew it he was treating the operator to an advanced course in English.

"No, No," he said irritably, "I said conflagration'; C as in circumambient, O like O in ossification, N as in nyctalopia—"

The class had been instructed to write an essay on winter. One freshman's attempt read as follows:

"In winter it is very cold. Many old people die in winter, and many birds also go to a warmer climate."

A general and a colonel were walking down the street. They met many privates, and each time the colonel saluted he muttered, "The same to you."

The general's curiosity soon got the better of him and he asked:

"Why do you say that?"

The colonel answered:

"I was once a private, and I know what they are thinking."

Sailor (just home from cruise): Sorry, I tried 'ard to get you a monkey but, I 'ad no luck.

Fond Wife: Oh, it don't matter dear — I 'ave you.

Teacher: Tell me the signs of the zodiac.

Wm. Corcoran: Taurus, the Bull.

Teacher: Right! Now another one.

Corcoran: Cancer, the Crab.

Teacher: Right again! Another.

Corcoran looked puzzled, hesitated a moment, then blurted out: Mickey, the Mouse.

Leo Manley used to keep a fierce bull dog so that tramps looking for a hand-out could get a bite without disturbing the family.

(*Continued on page 20*)

CHRIST, THE GOOD SHEPHERD

SOME days ago, those of us who remember Domenic Mazzeo of the Class of 1931, had the pleasure of seeing, here at school, some of his first work. He has always wished to work in stained glass and the medallion which he has made for his mother is copied from the "Christ, the Good Shepherd", in the west window of the music-room at the Wesley M. E. Church in Worcester, designed and made by Charles J. Connick, the world-famed artist in Stained Glass.

In the summer after graduation, Domenic entered Mr. Connick's studio, where, under the kindest of guidance, he has worked and studied.

In a note with the lovely medallion, after explaining each step in its growth from tiny miniature sketch showing color, through the enlarged sketch to actual size — then the fitting of the beautifully colored pieces of glass first into wax and later into their leaden framework, when it was finally polished — he says, "I cannot describe the joy and excitement which overwhelmed me when I had completed my first stained-glass medallion."

Both in color and execution this medallion is lovely, and Miss Willoughby, his former teacher, is very proud of it.

Domenic is now at work on another which is to go to Italy as a memorial to his father who recently died.

HERE I am again with the very latest news . . . No whistling in the corridors, Thomas Mansfield . . . Has Helen Grostein sold that cake of Lifebuoy yet? . . . Our popular senior Vice-President is omnipresent . . . I wonder if Fay Mowry is still praising Allah after that K. B. initiation . . . Don Van Arsdale and Alec Graham sure take great delight in eating pretzels . . . "A hunting we must go" seems to be Joe Grodin's song with that hat of his . . . Speaking of hats, where did Bill Haverty gather that headpiece of his? . . . This bit of conversation was overheard recently:

Alice: Doesn't the boy friend come around any more?

Julia: No, my father says that the ex-boy friend has foggy habits.

Alice: Foggy habits?

Julia: Yes, everything he touches is mist.

Flash!—three boys blinded by sight of Johnnie Fields' checkered trousers . . . George O'Brien certainly visits Reggie Grace's house a great deal . . . George Thompson, why throw away good doughnuts at Joe Murphy and Bill Miller? . . . Slam books seem to be the chief excitement of the day . . . Art Sullivan gets a great kick out of seeing his name in said books . . . Oh, yeah? . . . Kay Kilfoyle, were you satisfied at the piece written about you? . . .Cora Gray presents a splendid picture as leader of the Girl Scout Drum and Bugle Corps . . . Mary Harrington is one of the weekly patrons at a Boston theatre . . . Are there any dances that Dick Cox doesn't attend? . . . I should like to offer a little advice:

To the small Freshman: Remember, everything comes to him who orders hash!

To the over-confident Soph: You may have heard of a parrot that could talk, but have you ever heard of a spelling bee?

To the timid, disgusted Junior: Here is a definition of an optimist: The man who wipes off his glasses before starting to eat his grapefruit in the morning.

To the Seniors; Save your pennies, — the Junior Prom and Senior Reception have yet to come.

To the P. G.'s — Don't slam the door when leaving . . . .

Room 78 has the following contributions to offer—they have

Baker	but no	butcher
Peppard	but no	salt
Sugarman	but no	milkman
Sanderson	but no	Sorrell and Son
Peers	but no	Arrow
Ethel	but no	Jenny
Dianne	but no	Huntress
Kelley	but no	green necktie
McIntyre	but no	columnist

Fred Burt is quite a leading figure at the Y. M. C. A. . . . Has Tony Gallucio recovered from Werner Neudorf's new wrestling hold? . . . There are many requests here to see Paul Moriarty grow a mustache . . . Just your fan mail, Paul . . . Just pipe that pipe John Tenny has . . . Is Ben Cohen still borrowing things? . . . Art Sugarman intends to go to Union College . . . "In Union there is strength . . . Have you noticed that Marie Flynn greets everyone with a great big smile and a cheery word? . . . Margaret Mador writes plays. She also wrote the Minstrel Show which room 43 put on at Junior Assembly . . . Roberta Crowell likes to write poetry and she is pretty good at it . . . Where did John Hickey get that haircut? . . . Russell MacPhee has started wearing orange and brown socks . . . Some people feel hurt when they are criticized in the slam books which are the latest fad . . . What Freshman boy has both the Juniors and Seniors ga-ga over him? . . . What is the terrible noise that comes from the Latin lunch room the first period? . . . When Evariste Shea and James Almedia get together in a conversation, a battle royal begins in order to see who can use the biggest words . . . Oh! Gosh! . . . Didn't the fellows of the debating class look ducky in those uniforms they wore Washington's birthday? . . . A correction: It was Johnny McGuire who gave the Baldwin Pals those letters for their sweaters . . . Johnny Madden's new nickname is "Firebrand" . . . The fifth period class of 74 misses the comical antics of Richard Gulliver . . . Eddie Nichols finally got a pair of hockey stockings just as the season ends . . . The shadow turned out to be Tom Guiney . . . Did

you see the wrist watch that Charlie Cuneo had on when he signed the Declaration of Independence in the recent play put on by the Dabating Club? . . . Did they wear wrist watches in 1775? . . . Orchids: To Jacob Kaplan for the way he put the Somerville debate over . . . Lavinia Hawkins just hates to be called "Viney" . . . Elizabeth Connors spends most of her time in Arlington . . . If you want your radio to last, don't listen to Harry Silverman who is going to sing on Scott's Amateur night next Sunday . . . Danny O'Rourke, the promising young basketball star, has a secret ambition to play for the "Boston Trojans" . . . Marie Doherty spends most of her time playing baseball . . . Lipsky sure put on a nice slapstick comedy in the lunch room . . . The spelling bee has caused the midnight oil to burn . . . Who is the bottle breaker down in the English lunch room? . . . Harry Silverman will have to win the championship to keep up with his brother Milton who is the State Seventh Grade Spelling Champ.

Have you seen Bill Skelley's picture yet? . . . It's being said that Angelina Aufiero resembles that old timer of the screens, Carmel Myers, and come to think of it, she does . . . Mary Shannon's great ambition in life is to be a stenographer . . . two of the most accommodating boys in Latin are Tommy Marchurs and Bunny Donovan . . . Won't somebody do something for Al Doyle? Ever since the football season ended, he's been carrying that gloomy look and scaring the poor little freshmen . . . It seems that Bo O'Brien is beginning to take life seriously; he sings in the choir at St. Mary's, he writes for the year book, and he also is improving in history . . . At last Alice Silver has made the front page in the Cambridge American . . . Chosif is the name that Joe McKeever goes by. He resents being called Joe, so remember next time . . . Blanche La Bossiere seems to be quite a favorite among the seniors . . . Howard Johnson must be in the money; he's had two different cars this year . . . We have a promising young poet among us this year, the young lady is Priscilla Johnson . . . It seems that Freddy Kimball is not only a magician but also a talented tap dancer . . . .

"Cheerio",

FALTER PINCHELL.

G. A. A.

WE are glad to announce that Miss Brown is home from the hospital where she has been recuperating after an operation. We shall be glad when she is with us again. She has been missed very much by all her associates. Many of the girls have been visiting her, and have been keeping her in touch with the news of the G. A. A.

The alumnae game was held in the gym on Friday, March 29. The varsity lineups was as follows:

1st VARSITY		2nd VARSITY	
Margaret Murphy, (Capt.)	r.f.	Libby Flax	r.f.
Minnie Piecewicz	l.f.	Jean Branscombe	r.f.
Edna Gulgis	l.f.	Alfreda Neudorf	l.f.
Frances Ritvo	l.g.	Julia Buckley	l.f.
Marion Zappala	r.g.	Frances Brown	r.g.
Bessie Makras	r.g.	Mary Hayes, (Capt.)	r.g.
Betty Harney	c	Geniveve Doherty	l.g.
Mary Allt	s.c.	Margaret Powell	l.g.
Alice Bridges	c	Olga Cololius	c
		Sylvia Kaufman	s.c.

The eighth grade Grammar School Tournaments are now being held in the gym with the G. A. A. officers in charge.

Baseball will soon be underway, and we hope many girls will come out for the teams.

The basketball banquet was held at the Riverbank Court Hotel on February 21. Madelyn Sullivan acted as toast-mistress while Margaret Powell read the senior class will, which was sent to her by prominent lawyers of C. H. L. S. It was signed C. H. Larkin Smith and the address was 1935 Basketball Port. Miss Brown gave her usual inspiring talk and several of the girls were called upon to speak. Each class furnished an entertainment. Midge O'Dell, an alumna, played the piano while we danced. Clara Cormier, another alumna, was also present.

Our regular annual masquerade was a huge success. The music was furnished by Tay O'Donnell's orchestra.

The class of 1936 has again won the championship in basketball.

Although our varsity basketball teams did not win any games, they made a valiant effort. Margaret Murphy of the senior class was high scorer in every game.

We wish to extend a vote of thanks to Miss George who piloted us through the series, in the absence of Miss Brown, and to Miss MacLaughlin who has been a wonderful help to us in a thousand ways.

In the next issue of the Review, which is, by the way, the last, I shall have more news.

JEAN BRANSCOMBE, '35.

ATHLETICS

Coach MacDonald

WITH the advent of the baseball season we take it upon ourselves to acquaint the student body with the coaching career of Mr. Leander MacDonald. After graduating from South Boston High School, just how many years ago he refuses to divulge, he entered Bridgewater Normal School where he excelled in all forms of athletics. While taking a special course at Harvard University, he acted as a professional coach under the famed Percy Haughton. Matriculating at Tufts in 1914, he resumed the capacity of sports mentor at various secondary schools including Thayer Academy, Brighton and Newburyport High Schools. In these schools he taught the finer points of no less than six different sports — baseball, football, hockey, basketball, track, and soccer. He also plays bridge.

In 1918, he was engaged as head coach of all sports at C. H. L. S. and served in that capacity until two years ago. However, despite his versatility in the athletic fields, baseball has remained his first love. During the years that have seen him as our baseball coach, C. H. L. S. has annexed numerous championships, and had it not been for Newton's refusal to have a play-off game last year when they tied us for league title, there would probably have been another victory to chalk up to Coach MacDonald's achievements. The greatest of his successes was the piloting to the first place berth of the great 1921 team which ran up an amazing total of 23 consecutive wins to carry off the New England championship.

Although Cambridge Latin always has a singularly, successful baseball team, it does not receive the support that it so well deserves. Those who have loyally rooted for football, basketball, and hockey seem to forget that baseball exists in the athletic programme of the school. This year sees an almost wholly new and untried team. Why not lend them a little moral support by your attendance? Coach MacDonald and former tradition merit this from us.

James Robertson, '35.
Herbert Rooney, '35.

HOCKEY

Cambridge Latin 0 Belmont 2

THE Cantabs started the second half of the season poorly by losing to Belmont, the cellar team of the League. The two Fitzgeralds played important roles in this defeat for Cambridge Latin. Belmont's Johnny, youthful talented sophomore goal tender, was absolutely unbeatable. Latin's Jimmy, great little defense player, was absent with a bad facial wound and this was just as strong a factor in Belmont's favor. It must be added, however, that Phil Grotjohn and Dick Thurston were towers of strength at the Belmont defence points and that the forward lines held their own with Latin's offensive units.

Johnny Gomes weathered many a furious storm in the Latin nets.

Grotjohn opened the scoring toward the end of the first period when he beat Gomes with a sizzling foot-high drive from the blue line. Belmont pressed hard in the second period, but couldn't increase the margin. The first few minutes of the final session were listless, but Al Boudreau started a hectic Latin seige when he turned in a pretty solo and just missed scoring with a long, high backhander.

Ray Chaisson, Latin's great standby, Mort Buckley and Boudreau hammered away at the Belmont citadel, but couldn't beat Fitzgerald, even when Capt. George Oliver was banished for hooking to leave Belmont a man short. The final score came three seconds before the end when Fred Maloon caught Latin unawares, skated around Sullivan, drew out Gomes and flicked an easy lift over his head which easily registered.

Cambridge Latin 4 Medford 1

After two successive beatings Coach Culhane's boys found themselves and turned back the Medford team by the score of 4 to 1.

Tom Doherty, who had been sitting unnoticed on the Latin bench the whole season played the entire game guardian of the Cambridge nets. He played marvelously and proved himself to be able to withstand all enemy attacks. Time and time again he stopped goal labeled shots from the sticks of Kenty, Muse and Campbell.

Only once Tom was passed and that was after eight minutes of the first period had gone by. Campbell and Clarence Muse put Medford ahead when Muse scored on a pass from Campbell.

A minute later Al Boudreau, on a swift solo, sank a shot from the blue line past Dolan to tie the score.

In the start of the second period, Mort Buckley saw to it that Latin would come out on top by passing to Chaisson who smashed a goal by "Cosy" Dolan. Then, late in the same canto Buckley took a pass from Al St. Martin and added up another Cambridge Latin score. Al Boudreau also scored again, but his goal came in the third period, for the final Latin score.

Clarence Muse of Medford was hurt in this game when he was hit squarely on the left temple by a sizzling shot from Buckley's stick. Muse was helped to the Medford bench but resumed play after a ten minute rest.

Cambridge Latin 1 Rindge 2

The Cantabs lost to their ancient rivals for the first time in hockey in the past few years.

Cambridge Latin started its "Brother Line", of Al, Walter and Jim Boudreau for the first time this season. This combination worked very well but the Rindge team was out for blood and the game was only fifty-five seconds old when George Desrosiers took a pass from Capt. Ed Skinner and shot the disc into the upper left corner of the draperies for a goal. Latin evened the count after six minutes, when after a hot scrimmage around the Rindge goal, Al Boudreau fed a nice pass to Ray Chaisson who flicked the rubber past Kramer for the lone Latin tally.

After injuries in a previous game "Bud" Kramer was back in the Rindge goal doing his usual fine job and Capt. Johnny Gomes put up a great game at the other end of the rink for the Latinites. They both held their nets inviolate throughout the second cantor, although both teams made many threatening gestures. But Desrosiers had another goal tucked in his bag of tricks and he plucked the puck out of a scramble to drive it past Gomes forty-seven seconds after the third period got under way.

The game was a fast, even battle all the way with neither team trying to leave spaces for the other. There were seven penalties given out and Latin received only two of these against Rindge's five.

Cambridge Latin 1 Newton 0

Cambridge took revenge on Newton for their former game which ended in a tie by shutting out the Garden City boys in this contest 1 to 0.

This game was about the most thrilling game that the Cantabs played during the season. The puck was all over the ice and both goalies put in many saves.

At the start of the game McLeod of Newton had one more goal than Chaisson for top honors in the Interscholastic league.

The lone score of the game came after Chaisson pulled the puck out of a scramble at right quarter ice. Ray shot the puck and it bounced off the goalie's stick and into the cage. This goal ruined Newton's hopes of being a title contender and it tied Chaisson and McLeod for scoring honors.

The Boudreau line worked marvels and if they perform together next year they will no doubt be the main attraction of the Interscholastic league.

In this game the Garden City boys missed "Bad Man" McCutcheon, who planked the equalizer home in the previous Cambridge game but had become ineligible since then.

Captain Gomes played well in the nets and Fitzgerald and Sullivan on defense were almost unpassable. There were only two penalties given in this game. One to each team. By tying Melrose, Cambridge gave Arlington possession of the Interscholastic crown for the 1934-35 season.

Cambridge Latin 4 Melrose 4

By tying Melrose, Cambridge gave Arlington possession of the Interscholastic crown for the 1934-35 season.

By scoring Latin's fourth goal, the one which really beat Melrose, Ray Chaisson won individual scoring honors for the year. Ernie McLeod of Newton failed to score and dropped a point behind. Latin's Boudreau line did the real damage. Jim battled in two goals, one of them after a brilliant solo dash, and Al assisted on another.

The Cantabs leaped to a 2 to 0 lead before the game was three minutes old. Johnny Sullivan carried down and passed to Jim Boudreau in the goal mouth for the first counter, 30 seconds after the opening face off. Two minutes later, Al Boudreau towed the puck into the attacking zone and fed to Mort Buckley, who zigzagged through the defense and whacked the puck past Wes Goding.

Melrose didn't score until the last minute of the period, when Gil Priestly dashed down center ice and tested Gomes with a hard lift. Bud Foster picked up the rebound and whammed it home. Early in the second period two Latinites were sent to the penalty box. Chaisson, Al Boudreau and Sullivan held nicely, but Marvin Shaw soloed down the right lane for the tying goal as Sullivan returned to the ice.

Two minutes later Jim Boudreau put Latin ahead again, with a pretty right-lane solo. This lead survived for a full period before Foster shot a cross-goal pass to Shaw, who switched from backhand to forehand and poked the puck into the near right corner. Melrose did all the pressing for five minutes but the Cantabs held their own. Three minutes before the end Chaisson stole the puck from Bill De Coste at the Melrose goal mouth and flicked the puck past Goding.

Less than a minute before the end Shaw plucked the disc from scrimmage in the attacking zone and tied the count for the third time. Thirty seconds later, while the timekeeper had his hand poised on the gong Shaw swooped in on the goal. He released his drive as the bell sounded and it bulged the net a second too late to save the championship.

This was the final game of the season and the Cantabs finished in fourth place in the Interscholastic. Ray Chaisson and Al Boudreau were placed on the All-Scholastic team. Chaisson also was individual high scorer in the league. Next year prospects are especially brilliant because of undergraduate material that will be eligible.

BASKETBALL

Cambridge Latin 19 Somerville 21

THE Cantabs lost a tight game to Somerville at Saint Mary's Gymnasium.

Wilson, center of Somerville, started the scoring by out-reaching Coady twice under the basket and sinking both shots. Then Kishkis sank a basket and Coady followed with another. Catching Coady napping, Wilson again scored and Munn came back to tie the score. Kishkis being fouled sank his free throw and Latin was leading at the end of the quarter seven to six. In second quarter Conlin scored a basket and a foul shot and Coady scored a basket. The play was fast and the passing was good on the part of the Cambridge boys but they were allowed no chance to score. At the end of the quarter Somerville scored another basket to go ahead 11 to 9.

In the second half the scoring was done by two men for each team.

Coady sank three baskets for Latin while Ramonas registered with two more to give Latin their last points.

Wilson scored three baskets and a foul and Conlin rang up three points. The Cantabs' efforts were useless and the game ended with Somerville winning 21 to 19.

Cambridge Latin 17 Newton 12

Cambridge grabbed a firmer hold on the top of the Suburban league by beating the heavy favorite, Newton. This game took place at the Newton gym.

The Newton boys led at the end of the first quarter 4 to 1. The two baskets were scored by Laffee, and Kishkis scored the Cambridge point. Cambridge came back in the second quarter with Coady scoring six points, Kishkis scoring one foul, and Munn of Newton sank one basket. The Cantabs then led 10 to 6.

In the third quarter the Latinites only scored two points and Newton had only two better. The game was very tight here and neither team would let down the pressure.

Latin got the game in their possession when "Snooky" Gallagher sank two baskets and Brown shot a foul in the hoop for the last Latin point. Smith scored the last Newton points.

Cambridge Latin 16 Arlington 25

The Cantabs showed poorly against the Spy Ponders at the Arlington High School Gymnasium. The Arlington quintet, although smaller than the Cambridge boys, was extremely fast. The fact that it was the Arlington home court was probably a factor in the cause of Latin's defeat.

The first quarter saw Arlington leading Cambridge 7 to 2. The Arlington points were divided and Brown sank the Latin basket. The second quarter Cambridge scored only one more point while Arlington piled up five more points.

The third quarter was a mere repetition of the two former periods with Arlington sinking four baskets and Joe Stankunas dropping in the lone Latin tally.

The last quarter started with Shields of Arlington sinking a basket. Kishkis was fouled

(*Continued on page* 24)

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS?

CHARTRES

Petite ville, jolie ville ancienne
N'as-tu pas peur
De la grande cathedrale en haut
Qui regarde ta faiblesse, là devant elle?

Oses-tu marchander au marché
Oses-tu bavarder au portail du jardin,
Sous la figure glorieuse de Notre Dame,
Aux yeux saphir qui veillent de l'aube au soir?

UN PILOTE SANS FAUTE

UNE des ambitions de mon enfance, une que je n'essaye plus de realiser, c'était de conduire un aeroplan. Bien que je ne me fusse jamais élevé plus haut que le toit ras de ma maison, je n'avais nulle peur de cette profession et m'imaginais souvent que je flottais par-dessus les nuages comme quelque grand oiseau.

Dans mes fantaisies, je n'étais jamais membre de l'aéronautique civile. Oh! non, j'étais pilote brave dans l'aéronautique militaire de qui le devoir c'était combattre contre un ennemi dangereux. J'envolais souvent dans mon avion de bombardement et survolais les villes de l'ennemi, en détruisant tout en vue. Mon ennemi avait raison de me craindre; je faisais voler mon aeroplan avec plus de vitesse que les autres pilotes et donc faisais en objet très difficile de renverser, par les coups de fusil l'ennemi. Je m'imaginais parfois que je desertais mon avion dé bombardement favori et faisais voler un monoplan ou que je me servais d'avion de reconnaissance pour relever une station de l'ennemi.

Rien ne me troublait pendant ces vols dangereux! Si ma locomotive s'engageait, je dirigerais mon aeroplan dans un vol plané. Bien entendu, si quelque chose d'aussi sérieux qu'une aile crevassée ou une hélice cassée arrivait, il me faudrait atterrir pour faire les réparations necessaires. Cependant celles-ci m'importaient peu. Je rendais tuujours mon aeroplan sain au hangar et recevais les félicitations de mon commandant. J'étais pilote sans faute!

LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

DEPUIS le dernier numéro de "The Review", il y a eu trois séances du Cercle Francais. La première a eu lieu le sept février. Après le procès-verbal, M. Johnson, président, fait présenter des charades. Voici les mots: témoin, rideau, et colère. A deux heures et demie d'autres membres sont entrés. Nous avons joué au jeu de questions et réponse. Mlle. McIntire a commencé par poser des questions. Après cela, Mlle. Pollack a offert des charades.

La séance du vingt-et-un février: Après le rapport de la Vice-Trésorière, M. David Humez a présenté un programme de musique. Il a chanté "Ninon" par Tosti et "Repentir" par Gounod. Mr. Coleridge Braithwaite a joué du piano. "The Golliwog's Cake Walk." Après avoior écouté "L'Heure Exquise," "Au Clair de la Lune," "Chanson de ma Mie" et "Père de la Victoire" au phonographe, les membres ont joui d'une pièce, "La Suprise d'Isidore" présentée sous la direction de Mlle. McCarthy et Mlle. McIntire. En voici les personnages:

Isidore ..... Paul Moylan
Le docteur Piccard .....T. Pappadoupolous
Mme. Piccard ..... Beatrice Fishman
Mme. Duval .....Virginia Hoagland
Jeanne ..... Maria Karkarnedes

A la séance du sept mars, les membres ont joué aux jeux de deviner sous la direction de Mlle. Pollack et M. Johnson. Mlle. Louise Portais a recu le premier prix pour un jeu de vocabulaire et Mlle. Cornelia de Roode a gagné le deuxième prix.

Le vingt-huit mars, Mlle. Ford présentera des scènes du "Voyage de M. Perrichon." Nous ferons un accueil cordial à tout le monde.

EXCHANGES

AGAIN we have a difficult task in choosing from the "Exchanges", which we have received from the many corners of the United States. We have, however, selected the following publications for our discussion:

"THE TABULA", Oak Park and River Forest H. S., Oak Park, Ill.

For this magazine we have the greatest admiration tinged with envy. It is the most outstanding high school journal that we have had the pleasure to read this year, and we say that in all sincerity. To begin with, we are somewhat amazed that a high school could produce such a profusion of literary talent in one magazine. We cannot compliment sufficiently the authors of "Up in Smoke" and "My Room". The "Vignettes" is an extremely original and enjoyable department for which you are to be congratulated. The "Freshets" and "Postviews" are laudable additions, and your profusive illustrations bear the unmistakable stamp of mastery well in keeping with the quality of your publication. All in all, we have no hesitation in presenting you with the "blue ribbon" for excellence.

"THE DIAL", from Brattleboro H. S., Brattleboro, Vt., also deserves words of praise and commendation. We advise reading the February issue of this magazine only in broad daylight. The funereal aspect of the first few stories is enough to make the most skeptical believe the existence of ghouls, zombies and the like. Nevertheless, this publication is a well organized and balanced production that meets with our complete approval. You have an unusual innovation in that you have a frank Exchange Editor. From your literary pages we have borrowed "Shadows":

Black shadows drift across the moon
Like harbingers of death and gloom —
A shapeless, screaming, sharp-beaked snare,
They glide along the sighing air
To hoary skeletons of trees
That bend and creak with every breeze,
And settle on a moaning limb,
As patient, watchful, and as grim
As Time, which planted all the graves
That lie beneath in little caves.

The *"Review"* as others see us:
From the *"Aegis"* of Beverly:

"Your stories are excellent. We mention 'Xmas Eve Reverie', 'Shakespeare's Use of Nature in Macbeth', and 'The Opening Door', because they have a lasting and pleasant thought. Your athletic notes are well done, and your jokes and cartoons attracted our attention. Once again we commend your 'C. H. L. S. Spotlite'."

The *School Life* from Melrose adds:
"The story of the month, called 'Willi-Willi', is to be found in the *Cambridge Review.*"

The *Crimson and Gray* of Southbridge, Mass., compliments us with "Your titles and arrangement of the different departments are unique."

We regret that we are unable to devote further space to the other magazines which we have received. To other high school publications we offer the invitation to "exchange"; we welcome any suggestions or criticisms.

JAMES ROBERTSON, '35.

PATTER

(*Continued from page* 12)

Denault: Can you beat it?
Kittredge: What now?
Denault: They sold me this stuff on the "pay-as-you-can" plan, and now they insist that I pay when I can't.

A lecturer in addressing a class of girls, began, "As I gaze about, I see before me a great many bright shining faces."
Just then eighty-seven puffs were brought into action.

Nickles (boarding a street car): Well, Noah, is the ark full?
Conductor: Nope, we need one more jackass. Come on in.

Parent, concluding the recital of his exploits: And that, my boy, is what I did in the Great War.
Son: But, why did they want so many men besides you?

Florence Coughlin: Name some organ of the body.
Hazel Mansfield: The teeth.
Florence: The teeth? What kind of organ would that be?
Hazel: I guess they would be a grind organ.

Esther Gallivan: What is an actor?"
Charles McFarland: "An actor? An actor is a man who can walk to the side of the stage, peer into the wings filled with theatrical props, dirt and dust, other actors, stage-hands, old clothes, and other claptrap, and say, "What a lovely view there is from this window!"

It was his first time at the opera. The conductor took his place in the orchestra pit and began to wave his baton, and the famous soprano started to sing.

"What's the man shaking the stick at the woman for?" asked Williams.

"Keep quiet," whispered his mother. "He isn't shaking the stick at the woman."

William was not convinced. "Well, then, what's she hollering for?"

Paul Moylan (In dentist chair): Is my mouth open wide enough?

Dentist: Oh, yes. I expect to stand outside while extracting your teeth.

Scotti: Just bought a nickel eraser.

Sarno: I'd think a rubber one would be much better.

FEAR

In a forest
Dark and cool
I cupped a drink within my palm
From out a friendly pool.
I lay on cool green moss and fell asleep.
Peace was mine until dusk came.
And all the trees new shapes did claim.
Boughs became strange strangling arms,
Beautiful shadows lost their charms.
Unfriendly eyes peered out at me
Like hungry ogres their prey to see.
Disturbed I sought solace in the pool's sleek motion,
But it was bubbling now like some evil potion.
I turned and ran — afraid
Yet the memory clutches me and will not fade.

PRISCILLA JOHNSON, '35.

SELF-SACRIFICE

Her head is bare,
A halo is her crown.
Her hands are empty,
She holds a sceptre.
No jewels adorn her,
More precious, a heart of gold.
No love for her,
She gives without complaint
Life and soul
Forgetting self
In the fight with Death!

PRISCILLA JOHNSON, '35.

CLASS ACTIVITIES IN ROOM 10

ON appropriate dates, in this room, we have held programs for Lincoln and Washington.

On March 5, 1935, the class elected a new treasurer, Sarah Serson.

We have made considerable progress in collecting class dues in order to establish a fund for our senior year.

ELEANOR DAVIS, '37,
Reporter.

Thank you for these notes, Miss Davis. The Review is pleased to publish interesting reports of social or educational progress which the home room reporters hand in.

THE STAFF.

A WISH DENIED

I do not ask for much;
I am happy.
A pretty girl in a blue dress,
A gamboling puppy to caress,
A home, warm hearth, and glowing lamp,
A book, chintz sofa, where I encamp,
A friend, a walk, the tang of spicy thyme,
But one wish I am denied, and that is Time!

PRISCILLA JOHNSON, '35.

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LAW—A CAREER FOR WOMEN

WHEN Portia presented the case for the defendant at the Bar of a Venetian court and won the case for her client, Antonio, she typified an opportunity for women which has taken centuries to develop. Enshrined in the ageless work of the greatest of all dramatists, she has become the "patron saint" of women in the legal profession.

As long as we are governed by laws, we must have lawyers to protect the victims of law-breakers, to defend those who may be deprived of liberty or privilege because of wrong interpretations of the law, and to advise those who are ignorant of the law. Today, from the Bar to the Bench, women are interpreting and administering the law of the land. There are over three hundred women lawyers in Massachusetts.

In England, and some other countries, entrance to the Bar involves a payment of a fairly large sum of money in addition to other qualifications. This limits admission to the legal profession to those who have financial as well as educational and professional qualifications. In our own country there is no such financial restriction. Anybody may pass the Bar examination, provided educational requirements are adequate, and then, if approved by the Board of Bar Examiners, may practice law.

At present, any high school graduate can take law courses, usually from three to four years, and qualify for the Bar. Acceptance by the Bar Examiners, after passing the examination, depends on personal character and fitness for this high calling. One's financial standing, however, is not a determining factor.

Every high school student interested in preparing for the Law should know that in June, 1934, the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts made a ruling that makes it necessary for those taking an examination for admission to the Bar to have completed one-half of the work accepted for a bachelor's degree in a college approved by the Board, or otherwise to have received an education equivalent thereto in the opinion of the Board, and such education must have been completed before the applicant begins the study of law. This requirement does not apply to applicants who begin the study of law prior to September 1, 1938.

The Law as a profession for women is more varied in its experience than any other vocation. Its opportunities are unlimited and embrace all the activities and relations of human society.

As an aid to other vocations it is of the greatest value. A legal education gives its possessor a decided advantage over her associates, enabling her to give more intelligent service and to receive more remuneration for her services. In law offices, even stenographers have a much better chance of employment if they have some legal knowledge.

For girls who of necessity must earn their living while studying law, the Portia Law School for Women offers a full course of study in evening classes. This Boston institution, established over a quarter of a century ago, has the unique distinction of being the only school in the world training women exclusively for the legal profession. More women graduates have been admitted to the Bar from the Portia Law School than from any other school in America. Among its graduates are Assistant District Attorneys, Judges, a former Assistant United States District Attorney in Boston, and a former Assistant Corporation Counsel of the City of Boston. The majority of its graduates are successfully practicing law in Massachusetts and other states.

Looking forward to 1938, when all candidates for the Bar must have completed one-half of the work accepted for a bachelor's degree, the Portia Law School has recently established a Junior College with day and evening courses. The Junior College is co-educational and affords an opportunity until 1938 for law students to take concurrently such additional subjects as are necessary to complete their academic education. After September, 1938, no student taking college courses may take law courses until she has completed one-half of the work required by the new ruling for applicants to the Bar.

The Portia Law School has many organized social and educational activities providing a wealth of opportunity for students to express themselves in the manner of their choice and talent. It has a very live dramatic society, active sororities, moot court, law clubs, and other opportunities for organized social and recreational activity.

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A FEW WORDS FROM THE PRINCIPAL

I would like to correct an impression that exists in the minds of many High School students. A large number of them come to me, or call me on the telephone, and say, "Can I go to Bryant & Stratton even though I took the college preparatory course?"

Certainly! As a matter of fact, in cases where it is financially possible to take courses after High School, it is advisable to take a general or college preparatory course. It gives you a better education, a better background, and you are better able to take post graduate courses. Later I will tell you more about the possibilities of the combination of a college education and a business training.

As a matter of history, Bryant & Stratton Commercial School is starting its 70th year. Ever since its beginning it has concentrated on purely business subjects — no frills, no superfluous subjects. During that time it has set the pace in many of the phases of business training, and today we combine our 70 years of experience with our modern methods of instruction, to make Bryant & Stratton graduates more in demand than any other school of its kind.

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Our catalogue CB will tell you something of the school and the different business courses we offer—Secretarial, Business Administration, General Business, Stenographic, Mechanical Accounting, Intensive Course for College Graduates.

L. O. White

Principal
Bryant & Stratton Commercial School
334 Boylston Street
Boston

BASKETBALL

(*Continued from page 18*)

three times and he caged the three free throws. Shields then converted a foul point and "Snooky" Gallagher sank a difficult Latin shot. Mike Kishkis scored and almost immediately "Snooky" placed another. Arlington scored one more basket, and seconds before the final horn Kishkis shot one from over the half mark.

Mannke and Munn both played well although they did not score. Shields and Jones led the scoring for Arlington with seven points each. Kishkis was high man for Cambridge with seven points.

Cambridge Latin 20 Chelsea 28

The Cambridge boys did well to hold Chelsea to 28 points. This team was later to win the Tech Tourney and to reach the semi-finals in the Yale Tourney. When Chelsea was eliminated in the Yale tourney they played another game and won the Championship of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The score at the end of the half was Chelsea 22, Cambridge 11. In the second half the Cantabs scored 9 points while the Red Devils scored only six. This game showed Latin's defensive power by holding Nechtem and Abrams, the two Chelsea scoring aces.

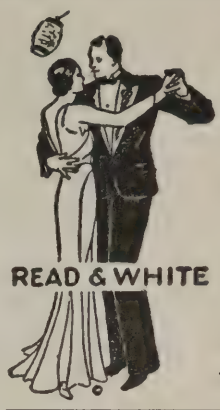
Kishkis, Coady and Gallagher led the scoring for Cambridge.

Cambridge Latin 35 Newton 25

After beating Newton before, Cambridge Latin again took this crack outfit from the Garden City into camp. This game put Latin into undisputed first place in the Suburban League. All through the game Coach Koslowsky's boys held a lead over Newton.

At the end of the first quarter, the Cantabs were leading 14 to 5 and at the end of the half 20 to 9. The Newton boys were able to score eleven points against the nine added to Latin's score in the third period. The brilliant playing of Captain Mike Kishkis and Frank Coady was the deciding factor of the game. Mike playing his best game of the season tallied for seventeen points while Coady scored five baskets for ten points.

Joe Mannke played well at right forward, and scored six points, and although Munn and Gallagher only scored one basket each they played their guard positions wonderfully and were highly instrumental in keeping Newton's score down. Smith, right forward of Newton, was their high man with thirteen points. Bryne, the center, accounted for eight markers.



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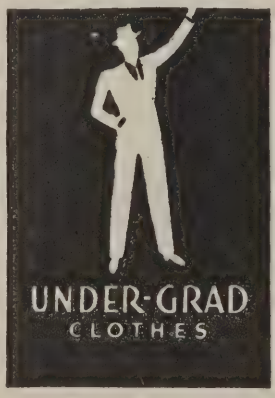

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SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

Provides complete college programs in Engineering with professional courses in the fields of CIVIL, MECHANICAL, ELECTRICAL, CHEMICAL, and INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING. Students select, at the beginning of the Sophomore year, the course in which they intend to specialize.

Co-operative Plan

The Co-operative Plan provides for a combination of practical industrial experience with classroom instruction. The student earns a portion of his school expenses and forms business contacts which prove valuable in later years.

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The Bachelor of Science Degree is conferred upon all students who satisfactorily complete an approved course of study.

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

VOL. 49 NO. 5 JUNE, 1935

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LITERARY

CAROLINE CLOSE PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST

Every year *"The Review"* is pleased to publish the prize essays in the Caroline Close Essay Contest.

"The Review" extends its congratulations to the following winners:

ENGLISH I

Prize: Margaret Moriarty

Honorable Mention:

Ivy Peterson
Betty Lee Shay
Daisy Holmes
Sylvia Sugarman
Ann Wood

ENGLISH II

Prize: Carolyn Wood

Honorable Mention:

Annie Wooldridge
Catherine Ryan
Betty Sugarman
Martha Merrill
Jennie Steepinski
Walter Fleming

ENGLISH III

Prize: Helen Burns

Honorable Mention:

Coralie Metcalfe
Nora Grady
Frances Ryan

ENGLISH IV

Prize: Catherine Burke

Honorable Mention

Frank Duddy
Bernard Barber
Mary Wells
Mary Albro
Melvin Murley

OUR FRIENDS IN BRACKETS

WHY in brackets? I must protect myself. If I make the flat statement that Defeat, Disappointment, and, yes, even this Depression are our friends, the wrath of honest people would descend with fury on me. I must present the idea with caution, as a secret; therefore, the brackets.

Defeat and his milder brother, Disappointment are, however, really friends. One of Kipling's tests for manhood is the ability to see one's life work in ruins, and to start again from the beginning. Defeat strengthens ultimate success; it shows us the defects in our enterprises, or in Life itself; when the defects are eliminated then comes success, real success because there will be no more flaws. The invention of airplanes, for example, was preceded by defeat. But the many failures led to greater ambition and diligence; and through correction of mistakes, shown by Defeat, we are fast attaining success in the air so great that a new, almost unbelievable speed in communication with the Orient has been gained, with a regular airway about to open in August.

Disappointment, the frustration of our desires — a friend? Theodore Roosevelt did not wish to become Vice-President; it was a heavy blow to have to leave his construction work in New York for the "coffin" of Vice-presidency. But through Disappointment he gained the pinnacle of every statesman's power, — the Presidency, and with it the love and admiration of America in all the ages following.

Depression, — our friend? In many ways, yes; for you certainly will agree that it has brought both Defeat and Disappointment, in perhaps too great quantities, I concede. But it has taught us many lessons; the lessons of misused power, of misused wealth, and even of misused brains. Like the builders of the tower of Babel, we became too proud, and fell into the valley of Depression. The former rich are regaining their sense of values; the poor are en-

larging theirs. We have, like prodigal sons, found the weakness of our strength, and are returning to our Father, whose protection and love we have been trying to do without. Depression made us truly labor and caused us to be heavily burdened, and thus gave us the right to "Come to Me", to Him, our greatest friend. May I hereafter omit the brackets?

CATHERINE BURKE, '35.

A MAGIC WORLD

IT is hidden away in the fastness of a mountain, my magic world; hidden safe and sure from the eye of trespassers. The trip up the mountain is long and tiring, but the reward awaiting is overwhelming in its beauty and greatness.

The entrance to my magic world is down an aisle between giant oaks whose interlacing branches form a leafy roof. The floor is richly carpeted with soft moss. It is like a dark corridor leading to a hall of splendor.

Then suddenly, from the dark aisle of oaks, you come upon it — a little bit of heaven set in the heart of a mountain. It is all that and more. Encircled by majestic trees is a beautiful stretch of land. The sunlight is dazzling on the green moss. Vivid, rainbow-hued flowers spread themselves in lovely designs on the luxuriant carpet. Little, living things scuttle back and forth seeking food. This plateau is indescribable in its simple, but exquisite beauty. Gazing at it, you lose sight of your every day world; you think only of fairies and pixies, and gnomes and elfs, of tales of enchanted forests and witches and magic brews. You expect any moment to be summoned into the presence of the fairy queen for daring to intrude in her domain. You are filled with an intense desire to live forever, and to laugh and sing, and shout for the sheer joy of living.

But this is only part of the beauty of this enchanted spot. Beyond the plateau, the banks of moss sweep gently downward, continuing to be beautified with patterns of flowers. Then the plateau is fenced in again by trees, and beyond the trees, in its glorious shimmering beauty lies the lake. The azure sky intensifies the blue water, until a ray of sunshine strikes it. Then the blue is broken by the myriad colors of the rainbow. This lake, you feel, is the favorite haunt of all the water sprites, that the rest of the world has long since banished from its kingdom. For this spot is not part of the world; it is part of Paradise. Perhaps the angels decided that it was best to leave a little bit of Eden for a lucky person to find and make his own.

I cannot describe further the beauty of this world inside a world. It is fairyland and I am but a mortal. But every year for a short time this fairyland is mine, and I am part of it. The time allotted to me for my stay in Paradise is very short but to remain longer would be to break the spell of enchantment which binds me to my magic world.

After all, it can be magic only by contrast with my real life. So I go about my every day work, always looking forward to the time when I may once more be a magic person in a magic world.

HELEN BURNS, '36.

STORM SIGNALS

FROM my little hermit's cottage situated high on the peak of a rugged cliff overlooking the broad Atlantic, I watched, with mounting interest, the approach of a wild, fierce storm.

The wind, with a sob and a moan, twisted and turned itself in a melancholy manner over the huge nests of seagulls who were screaming wildly as they hovered about their flock of young. At the foot of the promontory, many fishermen feverishly tugged and pulled at their clumsy nets so that the fish which were so precious to them might be safely secured.

Meanwhile, what was happening out on that broad, deep expense of blue, now changed to a deadly, steel-grey, where Nature's elements were fast approaching a fierce struggle for conquest? The sea was calm, still and dead as a bell buoy clanked disinterestedly under its brazen cover as it rocked idly to and fro in its deep, quiet bed. The huge, terrible foghorn placed commandingly on an adjoining cliff, was silent and breathless, but soon, oh, how soon would its gaping mouth be rumbling forth, roaring and booming to fill the listeners' ears with terror!

Motionless, lifeless silence seemed to pound and pulse through me as I hastily turned toward my welcome door before the awakening crash!

CAROLYN WOOD, '37.

HOME AT LAST

MY eager eyes were fastened to the sapphire blue of the horizon. The great *Olympic* plowed heavily on through the shining blue waters of the Atlantic like a foaming white cloud in a sky of blue. All passengers were on deck. A sharp sea breeze whipped past my feverish cheek and I clasped my hands together happily. I was nearly, figuratively speaking, bursting with anticipation.

Suddenly a happy cry rang out; my beloved Goddess of Liberty bobbed into view.

All the patriotic love I had ever held for my country seemed to surge to my heart, to my whole being.

Tears of happiness stung my eyes.

Everyone began to sing "My Country", and it seemed as if my childish voice had not enough volume to express my feelings. Nearer and nearer we sailed majestically on towards the gigantic, massive figure.

A rosy, comfortable feeling enveloped me, for beyond my Goddess of Liberty was my native land, my home.

MARGARET MORIARTY, '38.

THE DIARY OF AN AMATEUR GARDENER

SUNDAY: We went driving in the country. Spring is really here. Mother explained the wonders or the lessons of nature's panorama and now that I think of it I am really thrilled. I think I'll reform and really take an interest in the Real Things Of Life now that I have resigned as fourth vice-president of The Smart-Set Bridge Club, Mother said it was too expensive.

MONDAY: Today I went to the Flower Show and it was beautiful, especially the orchids! I can't see why boys fail to get them for me in my corsages when we go out. They can't be expensive with so many of them. To think of anyone growing such gorgeous plants.

TUESDAY: Now that I am cultivating my Beauty Sense I noticed how awful our yard looked so I paid a boy two dollars to sort of clean up the yard. These city yards are so small it seemed very expensive, but he as much as said I could take it or leave it so I took. Besides, this is city clean-up week, and so I am being a good citizen. It is also Baby Week, but when I asked Dad if people were supposed to clean up the babies he got foolishly excited and told me it was a campaign to clean up the dirty city, I mean the dirt in the city.

WEDNESDAY: Really I accomplished a lot today. I did a great deal of shopping but it was not unnecessary as Dad seems to think all my shopping is. It seemed to me that a lot more could be accomplished in making the yard beautiful if we had the right tools, so I had a handsome salesman from Reck's call and I ordered some very attractive tools. I read in a magazine, "Better Gardens", that everyone should have a hobby — it is good for the nerves. I guess gardening is just the thing for me because it also says that gardening is the best hobby. It is healthful, interesting, and is very inexpensive, which I know will appeal to Dad, because he has a very queer notion 'bout money matters and keeps a silly book called a budget.

THURSDAY: I was talking to Mrs. Young, a neighbor, and she advised me to buy some fertilizer so I telephoned Reck's and ordered some.

THURSDAY: Reck's truck came today with my nice shiny tools and a sack of fertilizer. The truck-driver who is also a salesman advised me to get some grass seed and some flower seeds. He gave me a lovely catalogue free and the beautiful pictures of gardens and flowers and even vegetables are positively exciting to a point of inspiration. I shall not attempt of course to grow any orchids for I feel that they would be out of place here and would only make the house look worse, but I feel a nice, fresh centerpiece for the dinner table every night would be very good. We have so many vases given to us for presents. Until we are in better financial straits as Dad says, we will use these vases to catch the water from the leaks in the ceiling, (he is very sarcastic), but perhaps it would be very decorative to fill these vases with flowers from my garden and then the water would not be wasted.

FRIDAY: Bought myself the cutest pink smock and a floppy garden hat because I really can't disgrace my family when I garden. Also bought four pairs of the darlingest pink linen sandals, my old sneakers which I bought to play tennis in and never used and then were chewed up by the puppy I kept for a friend once while she went away, were positively horrifying to look at. I also bought some pretty pink gloves.

SATURDAY: Now I have all my things I guess. The grass seed, petunia seeds which I was advised were the easiest to start with, an adorable pink watering can and a really artistic flower basket came today. I was intrigued with the workings of the hoses and lawnmowers the salesman told me about and ordered a hose and carrier. I don't think I will order a lawnmower because they are quite expensive and I won't need one yet. Dad is glaring queerly at the back hall closet which is quite filled up with things now for the garden.

SUNDAY: I started my garden today, diary dear. I really worked very hard with the hoe and rake and feel rather tired, however I am one of those broad-minded people who appreciate everything and I know the value of exercise. My hands got blistered. Quite an audience hung on the fence and one fresh man said jokingly "Lady, it's easier to grow weeds". Some people! When

I threw the fertilizer around, my audience disappeared very quickly, and I myself had to hurry into the house where I was ill for the rest of the afternoon.

MONDAY: My nose actually started peeling today from sunburn and it's only spring, too. I tied a perfumed handkerchief over my nose today and sowed (is that right?) grass seed. I forgot to tell you diary, that I also bought some hedge, very pretty and stylish, they are called private or privet or something. I only worked a little while because I feel that Sunday should be kept a day of rest, but Dad set up the hedge after much grumbling. I have ruined two pairs of sandals already and my hands are really ruined and I have no manicure at all. Everything happens to me! Dad figured out the cost so far of my gardening and my bills come to nearly one hundred dollars, I can't imagine how that happened. I only bought a few things although the hedge did seem frightfully expensive for such wilted looking stuff. The family was horrid and made me cry. My nose is all cold cream and my hands are bandaged. I feel as though I had been through the crack or rack or whatever it was they used to torture people with. To finish it all off it is now raining as hard as rain can rain and Mother has just informed me in a voice that seems unnatural and rather stifled that the hedge has just been uprooted by the wind and rain, that Dad tripped over my lovely garden basket and ruined it. I guess my face revealed my anguish but instead of sympathizing with me he broke down in laughter!

TUESDAY: Dad and Mother apologized. I joined the Smart-Set Bridge Club with their consent.

PRISCILLA JOHNSON, '35.

AT THE OPERA

UP and ever up we clamored to the second balcony, passing old dowagers with their companions, excited children playing tag around the spirals, solid business men shamefacedly blowing like porpoises, college girls keeping an eye on the young blades ahead of them who were noisily talking, laughing, and otherwise trying to attract attention, and "loving couples" arm in arm, he solicitous of her view, she blushingly protesting her power to still "make headway under her own steam". They were all there, and more; There were stuffed shirts even here, some sleek and proper, others melted or buckled under by some extraordinary twist of the torso. There were evening dresses, too, some nice, and some more horrible (as was the case with the women in them). Painted, gawdy, "high-hat" for a night, there were surely some queer specimens in that gathering opera crowd! Silk hats out of their boxes and newly steamed, gloves out of the cedar chest, and wraps fresh from storage were doing their bit toward making "Sophisticated and swank!" the watchword of the evening.

Everyone drifted nonchalantly to and fro, trying with as little trouble as possible to assert himself or herself. It was noticeable, though, that an eye was kept on the orchestra pit, for time, tide, and the Metropolitan wait for no man, woman or child. When, at last, a dangerously large number of the musicians had assembled, there was a scurry for seats, those with seats not even condescending to kick those on the stairs, except in one or two instances.

Then the lights faded, the conductor climbed over the orchestra in the most clumsy and needless way, and with a few preliminary chords, the curtain went up, for there is no prelude to "Peter Ibbetson". What could be seen of the stage seemed to represent a gay reception of some sort, colorful, debonaire, and mundane. I say "what could be seen" advisedly, for the latecomers were pouring in a steady stream. All during the Colonel's story they groped in the aisles, in everyone's line of vision, making it impossible to hear with crackling bags of candy, whispered "Pardon me's!", groaning seats, and exhausted breathing. Those poor souls seated were bobbing up and down continually, with crushed hats, and dirt-smooched coats. Why those who come late should spoil it for everyone else, I can't see!

Finally, all was still in the house. Unwillingly, perhaps, the audience fell under the spell of that incomparable music and those voices, with such range, power, and tone! The tender pathos of Peter's life-story made an impression on those hard, disdainful, and blasé witnesses, willy-nilly! I don't doubt that many long unused passages — tear ducts, by name — flooded once more when Peter's father's song echoed from offstage. I heard one rather plump and oldish individual remark to his neighbor that there was a far cry from the opera star of his day to Gladys Swarthout.

At last the curtain fell; with a visibly delayed effort, the audience "recovered", and the halls were filled with swaggerers dodging one another in the choking "smoke-screen". There they stayed until the tuning of the instruments warned of the return of that baffling spell. Then the lights blinked out, the mysterious signals and hands poked out of the prompter's box, and it was upon them, more beautiful and stronger than ever. The rapture of the dream music was marred only by scattered whispers, addressed to the nearest person with glasses, as to what could be seen on the dark stage.

Perhaps Deems Taylor is not so great as Wagner or Puccini, but, at least, he is an American, and he wrote the opera in English! Why the perfectly good English libretti of *all* the operas can't be used is beyond me. Someone may object that a change in language would spoil the mood, atmosphere, and whole effect of the work. Well, they seem to have put up with it in Europe without much trouble. But I digress . . . .

The effect lasted longer after the second than the first act, and even longer at the end than between both acts. Queena Mario, substituting at the last minute for Lucrezia Bori, was enthusiastically hailed, as were Gladys Swarthout, Edward Johnson, and Lawrence Tibbett. Snuffing and sighing were much in evidence.

But it was not for long. The hypnosis wore off, and left the worldly, stoic modern again. In an infinitesimal space of time the men in the "stove pipes" were creating a traffic jam, and otherwise exploiting their speed mania. However, the very fact that some impression was made on that audience does not lead me to despair completely of civilization.

FRANK DUDDY, '35.

AT AN ESPLANADE CONCERT

TO the lover of diversified classics the annual esplanade concerts provide a constant source of enjoyment. Although the music might not be considered as wholly of the highest calibre, yet it caters carefully and excellently to the taste of the thousands who nightly flock to listen to the programmes. However, at these outdoor gatherings the observant listener may derive as much pleasure and interest from the people around him as from the music.

Last summer I had the good fortune to be able to attend a few of these concerts, and during the evenings I was very much amused and engrossed by the ensuing events. One particular evening the antics of an old woman seated near the concave shell provided an unexpected source of enjoyment. Through each piece she quietly beat time and gently waved her hands as though holding an imaginary baton; she seemed unconscious of the many glances cast at her. At the completion of each number she was by far the most vociferous in her applause, and to this day I am convinced that it was her plaudits, and those of the surrounding audience whom she had exhorted to stronger efforts, that forced Mr. Fiedler to give four encores instead of the customary three.

Another night my sympathies were extended to a meek, middle-aged man who had committed the unpardonable; he had applauded before the piece was ended, and instantly there were cast upon him a score of indignant and contemptuous glares. Unless being the first to know the end of a classical selection and thereby signifying such erudition by suitable revelation, there is nothing more satisfying than to be the donor of a withering stare toward some unfortunate who has unwittingly displayed his ignorance. Such was the case with our criminal in question; and so cowed was he by the optical barrage that for the rest of the programme he sat stiff and quiet fearing lest he again incur the unpleasant attention of his fellow-hearers.

Usually at these "Pops" concerts there is a motley assembly of spectators. One evening there stood behind my chair a comparatively young man for whose health I honestly feared. It appeared that he was a music teacher in a studio. From the beginning it was evident that he was quite a critic. During the entire performance he aired his views to all and sundry; he was a veritable human encyclopedia of notes on each piece until I expected at any moment to witness an act of mayhem perpetrated by the irate audience.

However, fortunately for the true music lovers, these bystanders are more apt to be the opposite of our voluble critic. Nightly they stand patiently at the edge of the seated throng. They present a varied spectacle. Here a group of dark-eyed, dark-skinned youths have assembled and are listening to the music with rapt attention; there a short, squat woman of seemingly Latin origin leans against the barrier ropes, while four children of various sizes loll upon the grass. Despite temptations that present themselves, these children sit silent and hushed; they too seem to appreciate and enjoy heartily the changing strains of the orchestra. All nationalities seem to be represented, all attracted by a universal enjoyment — music.

JAMES M. ROBERTSON, '35.

Look! Life you hold,
In one palm a bowl of sweet incense
In the other a glass of flowing sands.
Beware! Let not the precious perfume fade
Or the glittering sands stop and age to darkened shade.
Take heed! How fast the fumes dissolve;
The sands pour from sphere to sphere.
Thus the beauty and the time
From life will disappear.
How quickly that fragrant bitter smoke will sear our eyes and burn,
Broken glass and gritty sands
Scar us when their warning speed we spurn.

PRISCILLA JOHNSON, '35.

CATILINE IN MODERN VERSION

AMAZING PLOT DISCOVERED BY PRESIDENT.
PLAN TO OVERTHROW GOVERNMENT DISCOVERED BY MARCUS CICERO.
LEADERS TAKEN—FOUND TO BE LEADING MEN OF STATE.

WASHINGTON, November 8 —

An outrageous plot, led by Lucius Catiline, former candidate for President, was made known today by Cicero, the President, in a special meeting of Congress. Cicero declared that Catiline planned to overthrow the existing order of government and to seize the reins. The President also stated that a band of men, desperate for power, had been gathered at a home in the country not far from the Capitol and were awaiting the signal from Catiline to start a bloody and cruel war to seize the government. The President, in his fiery speech, declared that he had been well aware of the conspiracy for sometime but was only biding his time before breaking the news to the citizens in general. The conspirators, he said, had recently been gathered in Marcus Laeca's house and for the purpose of agitation divided the country into sections. However, the leader, Catiline, has not left the city and is remaining there even though the President pointed out that life should be unbearable to him there, and that all good citizens hated and feared him. At the close of his address, the President promised more news of this gigantic plot as soon as anything developed.

WASHINGTON, November 9 —

Concerning the conspiracy, the President said that Catiline has left the city for his hideout in the country. He outspokenly declared that Lucius Catiline should be killed. He, also, made known that the followers of Catiline, that is the ringleaders, still remained in the city, though powerless without their leader. He said these men were of six classes: (1), rich men in debt; (2), men eager for power; (3), former soldiers; (4), ruined debtors; (5), and (6), cut-throats and debauchees. He warned the conspirators that if they remained they would be forced to suffer the consequences, although he said that the citizens need not fear as there will be no disturbance.

WASHINGTON, December 3 —

The conspiracy is now open warfare, but the participants have been arrested. According to Cicero, the men left by Catiline were incompetent, and when letters were given to political leaders as they went westward to their native states, the men passed them over to Cicero who immediately arrested the conspirators. The President brought them (the leaders) before Congress as a proof of his story. He made Volturcius appear first. This man was sent as a special envoy with the men treking homeward to the west. He said the letters were signed by Lentulus, second in command, and were designated for Catiline. The westerners stated under oath that these messages were given to them by Lentulus, Cathegus, and Statilius. Lentulus joined the conspiracy because he thought that, as things ran in threes, he was destined to be the third Cornelius to ascend to the presidency. The President openly showed the letters to the Congress and he had both Cathegus and Lentulus identify the seal on the letters. At this point, Lentulus broke down, and confessed that he had written the message. The President advocated that Lentulus, upon his resignation from office, should be sent to Atlanta, the federal prison, until a trial might be held; he advised like measures be taken for Cathegus, Lucius Statilius, and Gabinius. He declared that the Senate ought to outlaw the other leaders for their parts in the plot. Then, brushing aside any honors due him for thwarting this ring, the President proclaimed that the country would have no further disturbances while, as President, he watched over its welfare.

WASHINGTON, December 5 —

From official sources, it was learned that the end of the Catilinian conspiracy is now in sight. This is gratifying news to all citizens who have the safety of their country at heart. In his weekly press conference, President Cicero told of the many plans for punishing the conspirators. The opinions of leading men were diversified, some advocating death, others, life imprisonment. He voted for death and finally, after some discussion it was decided that the leaders of the ring, Lentulus, Cathegus, Statilius, Gabinius, and Caeparius were to be hanged. However, the country must be rid of any other followers of Catiline before safety can be assured.

Cicero is to be lauded for his fearless efforts towards the destruction of this plot. Catiline, besides forming the conspiracy, was a dangerous criminal, and the discovery of the most amazing crime ring ever in this country has saved the country, in time, from being over-run with rebels, and from undergoing severe revolutions.

DONALD REGAN, '36, *et al.*

WHY I CANNOT WRITE POETRY

ALAS, I am no poet! Hour in, hour out I have walked the dark streets, sat by the river, fondled a rosebud — all is useless. All I could think of on the dark streets was the possibility of a fight with a robber; by the river, I wondered how soon a policeman would come to put me off the grass; the rosebud was too thorny for its own health. My head sinks with shame and disgust at the thought of my weakness. I'm (gulp) just (gulp, gulp . . . pause) no (sob) good! Luckily for you gentle reader, this is not a melodrama: if it were, I'd now proceed to drown myself or to do something else equally insane.

But it really is discouraging. To sit down, inspired, and to write (almost immediately): "O light across the dark'ning water gleaming" and then to turn away after a half hour with only that put down is not, assuredly, conducive to gaiety and song. Such a good start deserves to be followed by other lines equally brilliant, soothing, and musical, as all will agree who have any sense of poetic value whatever; but when nothing but

"I see you now, your lightness streaming" or "I see you now, and your fog horn's screaming" comes to mind, the uplifting inspiration quickly disappears, and the tumble to earth is speedy and uncomfortably hard.

I have, it is true, done some pretty good parodies, one of which, "Eels", I was tempted to pass in as my poem. For the sake of those unacquainted with the nature of a parody, here it is, with apologies to Joyce Kilmer:

"I think that I shall never feel
A creature smoother than an eel.
An eel whose shiny self is pressed
Against the ocean's rolling breast;
An eel that wriggles, writhes, and twists
Among the rocks and watercress;
An eel that may in summer pin
A bunch of seaweed in its fin;
Upon whose bosom an octopus parks
Who intimately lives with sharks;
There will always and ever be fools
like John Peel,
But only God can make an eel!"

I realize there are a few "rough spots", but it is quite witty, on the whole. Yes, now that I've looked it over I can't recall ever having seen a better parody!

Then, too, I had in mind writing a sort of "Apologia pro vita Sua" in poetry, but I made very little headway. The extent of my operations was this:

"My father's folks were Scotch,
My mother's people German."

Then I was up against it. The only rhyming words I could think of were "botch", "Sherman", and "Vermin", and, as far as I know, Sherman's army never botched the killing of German rats, or even had the opportunity to do so. It was a bit irrelevant, besides, so I had to let it go.

Next came the idea of a dramatic monologue, after Browning's inimitable (worst luck!) style. I had in mind several ways of doing this sort of thing, but I soon discovered that my acquaintance with Giorgio Vasari, Francis I, and the bell-ringer at the convent across from Andrea del Sarto's house was rather limited. But I did not give up; I began a monologue of a man who forgot his wife's birthday. It went like this:

"My dear, you've asked me nineteen
Times what day this is, and every time
I've told you — Wednesday!"

When I got this far I was impressed to such a degree by the smooth flow, even tone, and natural language of this much of the "work" that I could not produce anything comparable to it, with which to go on! I had once more reached an "impasse".

So, having been forced to give up the monologue plan, I composed, by reaction, I suppose, a piece called "Screens".

"Screens, Screens, Screens! Hah!
Put 'em up and take 'em down
Hammer 'em out an' toss 'em aroun',
Screens, Screens, Screens —
S-c-r-e-e-n-s, Screens, Yah!"

I did not verily believe that "Screens", though possessing excellent points, would be quite heavy enough for intellectuals, so I regretfully put it aside — into the waste basket, to be exact.

I hope that it is now quite clear to all that I *can* write poetry, on occasion, but the calibre . . . well . . . Some day, though, I shall write a great poem, on one of the great themes suggested above. Until such time I am content to wait modestly, to hide my talents under a bushel, so to speak: yes, even from the head of the English department!

FRANK DUDDY, '35.

Compliments of
A FRIEND

LUCREZIA

In "Lucrezia" Forest Davis has proven himself a poet. Notice how his dramatic monologue captures the spirit of Robert Browning.

Come, slip out from yon thick hall, — no loss;—
My head tires quickly now, or else is past it.
Twilight is a thoughtful hour; see —
Dusk, in emulation of itself,
Smooths out the wrinkles creased by weary days.
It comes more swiftly now than once. 'Tis May
You say? I know, but seasons warp with time.
Look out yonder — there — that roof. Remember?
You know it well, too well. His house, deserted;
Years have worn away since last he gazed
From that same portico that eyes the square;—
Across the chapel roof — you see it there.
It eyes us too. Draw back! I fear its glance!
Many were the times its threat I used
To brave. It drew me once, as I drew him. —
I thought I saw a glitter in your hand —
I see it now; — sublime and sparkling hypocrite!
Still — a glass of wine — we've else no refuge, now.
That convent bell seems ageless as the sea;
I have heard it often, — as did he; —
But that was eons past, it seems; I wonder,
Does he harken to it yet? Not willingly?
It was not kind to him I know, nor I —
He said; but never manifested why.
You thus remember him? — That's strange . . . in truth
You only saw him twice or thrice; not long.
He gave me much, for us; — for what? For what?
I wish — but no! I will not wish! — Not that!
I would change nothing. — Unless, perhaps, I could . . . .
What? Go back? Oh . . . . they call us . . . . well —
Yes! Come! The waxen sheen unseats all gloom.
We linger idly — 'tis vain to miss the cheer.
Quickly now! Shut out that baleful eye,
And foolish tinkle of the monkish bell.
We've naught to do with what is past. Bring wine!
Leave night to usher in the day.
What care we? 'Tis day with us forever.

FOREST DAVIS, '34.

LOOKING FOR THE SILVER LINING

ALL of us, no doubt, have heard the old expression, "Look for the silver lining", but very few of us realize what it means. Looking for the silver lining of each dark cloud in our life is one of the most pleasing and satisfying tasks we can have. When we are beseiged by pain, care and suffering, there is nothing more consoling than the thought that behind each of these supposed wrongs there is the right for which we are daily striving; namely, perseverance. For only by overcoming difficulties can we ever hope to attain our aim, and set an example of good for those who are to follow us in the long, hard path of life. God has a divine purpose crowning each disappointment, each disillusionment, and each sorrow in the world, and in this, there is encouragement for us to carry on bravely into a brighter and happier day.

Many of our great men of the past, such as Shakespeare and Dickens, achieved their greatness only because they found in each obstacle that beset their path, a stepping stone to greater glory. They looked for, fought for, and found the silver lining of the cloud that overshadowed their ambition and hence they reached their goal.

Then let us make the gray clouds not a barrier to success, but rather a sunbeam of golden opportunities.

ANNETTE CHANE, '35.

EDUCATION

IGNORANCE is not bliss. Bliss, if found at all, is found in the larger consciousness, which is education. The ignorant mind may be compared to the interior of a shuttered house. Such an interior is unpleasant because the wholesome ingredients of sunlight and fresh air have been barred. Similarly the mental interior of the ignorant is unpleasant because the wholesome ingredients of enlightenment and proportion have been barred by the shutters of ignorance.

The mind of the ignorant man is a prison house which permits but a small, narrow viewpoint of the world to him. Education brings the larger, fuller view which makes for right proportions.

EDWARD MOYLAN, '35.

MR. WALTER E. CLARK, a graduate of our school in the class of 1899, has been appointed master of Kirkland House at Harvard. He has been on the faculty at Harvard since 1927, and before that time he was connected with the University of Chicago.

HOBBIES

GREETINGS! Here we are with something entirely new about some of the outstanding members of the senior class. A hobby is an insurance against that nothing-to-do feeling and boredom. It fills us with a new interest in life, and thus we find new friends and new joys in friendship.

It seems there are hobbies and hobbies. For your entertainment and incidentally for your information, I shall endeavor to set forth some hobbies of the Latinites, as I have discovered them here and there.

Well, for instance, did you know that John Sullivan carves athletes out of wood? Perhaps Dizzy Dean and the Bambino will pose for him while they are in Boston. Jimmy Gnerre had better look out, or John will carve him out of wood, too.

It is not unusual for Joseph Bunevich to arrive late to his classes, breathless, with this note in his hand, "Please excuse Joseph as he has just flown back from Cincinnati." Sometimes the note reads Cleveland, or Chicago, or even Vancouver. He flies a custom-made Boreing. It is cream and blue with the license number XR377 painted on the under part of the wing. Joe is employed by a Boston company and makes regular business trips for his firm to New York, Philadelphia, and Washington. He has even flown all along the coast of South America, and once he was lost over the Andes. One time he took a trip over the Canadian Northwest down to San Francisco and to Los Angeles. He flies at an altitude of about 18,000 feet, and he informs us that the law won't allow a flier to go below 1500 feet over a city. He started flying in 1931 when he was only fourteen years old. Just imagine this! His ship has reached an altitude of 39,000 while the record is about 47,000 feet. He is well known by all the men at the various airports where he regularly lands.

Once he made a parachute jump which was quite thrilling, he tells us. He dropped 13,000 feet before pulling the cord and landed in a hay field. He maintains that American ships surpass those of Germany in that they are faster and safer, and that some machines are worth $75,000. I am going to begin saving my pennies. He says that it is harder to land a seaplane than an airplane because it is harder to judge when you are going to touch the water. If we are good, he might take us for a ride. Strange to say, his parents do not worry about his flying, and he never gets air sick. Some boy, Joseph! Few young men of his age have had such unusual experiences.

Here's a new one. Ruth Zirsch is a collector of China dogs. She has about one hundred of them and her favorite is the Scottie. These doggies were collected at various gift shops from the rocky coast of Maine to sunny Virginia. Ruth has been collecting them for about six years, so at that rate about ten years from now she should have quite a kennel.

Following in the footsteps of the ballistic expert Van Andrew is Everett Kandarian who is making a collection of rifles, pistols, and revolvers. It seems that there are three factors in the making of high scores: ammunition, the gun, and the man. He recommends target practice as a school sport. He uses Kleanbore cartridges in his Remington rifle.

Lillian MacNab is tonsorially inclined. Hairdressing to you. She gives finger waves, facials, and shampoos, to her willing public, gratis, too. Evidentally her objective is to make her friends as beautiful as possible. This is merely a hobby now, she says.

Do you know who is collecting recordings of Ray Noble's orchestra? Kay Kilfoyle, when not doing social work for the Y. W. C. A., is enjoying herself dancing to the music of this popular orchestra. She has quite a collection of these records. Music hath its charms.

An interesting hobby is roller skating. Anyway Patricia Nichols thinks so. She is now taking lessons from an instructor who is teaching her the art of skating more gracefully. She gives lessons in skating.

Paul Whiteman's only rival is Michael Noonon who plays the clarinet in our school orchestra and ensemble. He also plays in a jazz band called "The Acadians". Some day Michael will see his name in the bright lights of Broadway.

I have discovered the hobbies of only a few of our prominent people. Hobbies are the things we like to do better than anything else. There are many students, I am sure, who could tell us very interesting stories of their hobbies, but this is enough for now — Adieu.

LILLIAN HALEY, '35.

NATURE'S WRATH

I stood upon the beach when the rain was teeming down,
Scattering tiny lakes along upon the ground;
I watched the mighty ocean, captured by its spell,
As the heavy waters churned, heaved, and fell.

A sudden gale of wind, like some great giant's hand,
Shrieked and strove to wrest huge boulders from the strand;
An angry clap of thunder and the lightning vivid red
Reproached me so fiercely that awed, I turned and fled.

CORALIE METCALFE, '36.

AS WE SEE THE BOYS

DID you see what Mr. C. Z. Dame had to say about girls in the last issue of the Review? According to him, he expects us to be perfect. I should hate to stand around to wait for a *perfect* fellow. I am afraid that I would have a very, very long wait.

Boys, I have been around a bit. I have met and studied a great number of you. As far as I can see, your most obvious fault is conceit. Everything you do shows it, and conceit is something which girls as a whole dislike intensely.

I know a young fellow in this school who bought a book called "What Two Million Women Want" just to see if they spelled his name right.

I wonder if you realize that when a girl goes out for the evening with a fellow, she likes to listen to something besides how you are conquering the problems of life. A little said about yourself is perfectly permissible but do not stretch this important topic to a point where the girl is ready to scream.

Why is it you boys like to show off? The other night I was watching a fellow at a swimming pool. He was an excellent diver, but his manner dispelled the admiration which I had for him. He walked along the board, glanced around to see if all were looking, executed a perfect dive, then emerged from the water with a self-satisfied look on his face that gave me an overwhelming desire to drown him, then and there.

Your confidence in yourself is astounding. How you boys who can't move a leg on the dance floor can ask the most eligible girls in the hall to dance is beyond me. However, I advise you not to do it too often. It is quite wearing on the patience of your partners.

Would you care to listen to a conversation about knitting? I am sure you would not enjoy it very much. Well, the girls do not find much pleasure in listening to the minute details of a baseball game. Try to consider everyone in the topic of conversation.

It amazes me each time I think of how blind you boys are. You break a date with a girl supposedly to go to your aunt's house for the week-end. When she tells you that she knows you went to a dance in Belmont, you wonder how she ever found out.

Then there are your "lines". I have listened to many, many of them and they all amount to the same thing. They are very amusing, but if a girl believed them she would have been dizzy long ago. We have all heard the old ones: "Where have you been all my life?"; "You are *so* different"; and "How could a girl be so beautiful?" — but don't think you thus make us supremely happy.

If you are clever enough to derive any help from these suggestions, do not conceal the fact. Blossom out these last few days of school, and give us a treat. Remember that, although I am not waiting for a perfect man, I should certainly like to meet one.

IMA DAME.

COUNTING CALORIES

HOW wonderful it must be to have a slim, willowy figure! Then, "Count your calories," admonishes Lois Leeds, "and you shall possess one!" Often, as I contemplate my brother helping himself generously to the strawberry shortcake, I have a desire to meet this woman face to face and see whether she possesses a slim, willowy figure.

Two important facts have I discovered during the time that my menu has consisted mainly of rye bread and vegetable salads. First, it is useless for me to attempt to count calories in peace unless my family is wholly in sympathy with me. The jeers and jibes and ecstatic smacking of lips over a rich, delectable dessert by a teasing brother or sister are almost sufficient incentive to make me give up my cherished dream for a slim figure.

Then there are my friends! They accuse me of avoiding them. They do not realize what a menace they are to me. Because of their thirst for ice-cream sodas after the movies, or after a walk, I have been forced to turn down their tempting invitations and pursue my solitary path.

As I sit and ponder over the injustices of life, the tantalizing odor of chocolate fudge cake wafts its way to my sensitive nostrils. My mouth waters. My eyes glitter; and I rise to guide my unsteady feet in search of that cake!

RUTH BERKMAN, '36.

CHESS CLUB

APRIL 17, the C. H. L. S. Chess Team won the second and deciding match of a three-game series with Rindge by a score of 5 to 2. The total games for the series were Latin 14, Rindge 7. The results:

Boring	0	Scott	1
Baron	1	Gray	0
Davis	1	Hart	0
Pappadopoulos	1	Graff	0
Olken	0	Drew	1
Robertson	1	Blanchet	0
Hansen	1	Sands	0

By this victory Latin concluded its season with a total record of 7 matches won and 4 lost. Since many members of this year's teams will graduate, new members will be required for next year. Aspiring candidates are welcome at the Friday afternoon meetings in Mr. Bliss' office.

"BERKELEY SQUARE"

THE Senior Drama Cast presented "Berkeley Square" by John L. Balderston, in the Rindge Auditorium on Friday, May 24. The play was under the direction of Miss Lillian R. Hartigan, the head of the oral English Department, and as usual was very well executed. The cast showed the result of thorough training at the hands of Miss Hartigan, who has produced a Senior Drama of the highest type year after year. This year there was a delay because of an accident to Miss Hartigan, but everyone who saw "Berkeley Square" was pleased beyond words at the splendid production.

Charles McFarland, as Peter Standish, did exceptionally well. He lost himself in the part with great measure of success. Saul Fram was outstandingly good. He deserves credit for a fine piece of acting. Katherine Donahue was lovely as the romantic Helen Pettigrew.

As the whole the parts were all well done. Individually the cast contributed to a very good drama.

The cast of characters was as follows:

THE CHARACTERS

(*In the order of their appearance*)

MAID ..... Anne Jenkins
TOM PETTIGREW ..... Saul Fram
KATE PETTIGREW ..... Ruth Zirsch
THE LADY ANN PETTIGREW ..... Ruth Burns
MR. THROSTLE ..... Myer Chait
HELEN PETTIGREW ..... Katherine Donahue
THE AMBASSADOR ..... Frank Duddy
MRS. BARWICK ..... Dorothy Toomey
PETER STANDISH ..... Charles McFarland
MARJORIE FRANT ..... Barbara Hamilton
MAJOR CLINTON ..... Herbert Rooney
MISS BARRYMORE ..... Helen Mack
THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE ..... Dorothy Cummings
LORD STONELY ..... Edward Rogers
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, Sumner Levy

SOCIETA ITALIANA

THE recently formed Italian Club had as a guest speaker at its second meeting on April 26th, Lucio Gatto, a graduate of 1930, a member of the first Italian class in this school. A graduate of Harvard in 1934, he is now in his first year at Harvard Medical School.

His subject was "The Value of Studying Italian."

We cannot give his talk in full in this number because of lack of space, but a large number of pupils taking Italian, of teachers and of guests listened with keen interest to his story of Italy's history and her contribution to the arts, science, literature and music of the world. He spoke of practical as well as cultural values to himself and to all those who, through a study of the language, could enter her treasure-house. The club has much to be proud of in this initial talk in what we hope will be an interesting series.

The newly elected officers are: *President,* Leo Egidio; *Vice President,* Joseph Scotti; *Secretary,* Lucy Bonacci; *Assistant Secretary,* Angelina Aufiero; *Treasurer,* Elvira Fabrizio; *Assistant Treasurer,* Armando Venezia; *Program Committee,* Mamie Bonanno, Mary Ezzo; *Music Committee,* James Gnerre, Delorez Laterza.

AFTER GRADUATION WHAT?

HIGH SCHOOL graduation brings students with a talent for music, acting or any of the fine arts, face to face with the decision as to what place their artistic ability shall play in their lives during the years ahead. The person interested in Music or Dramatics should decide whether his or her talent, ability and interest justifies making these arts and the practice of them a profession from which he or she expects to make a living. If a student intends to follow some other work as a vocation, some provision should be made to continue the study of music or dramatics as an avocation or cultural activity.

The music student who decides to make music a profession has many possible positions to strive for, depending upon the instrument studied in the case of instrumental musicians, and upon his fitness for recital work, radio work, choral work, and operatic work in the case of singers. Students interested in composition of music naturally will study the piano and the fundamentals of the numerous instruments employed in orchestras. The professional musician may become a soloist, member of an ensemble, orchestra member, choir member, conductor, composer, private teacher or teacher of public school music, choral director, music supervisor, music critic, or may fill any of the other many positions in musical life. If one has a marked talent, good health and a willingness to work hard at perfecting a musical art there is always the incentive of becoming a concert or operatic star and reaping the rewards of recognized excellence.

If one is only interested in studying music or dramatics as a cultural activity or avocation, it is still important to obtain the best instruction and training available, and the benefits to the individual continue throughout life.

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS?

LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

LE dernier rapport du cercle français nous enrégistre nos activités depuis le vingt-huit mars. La séance a eu lieu dans la grande salle où Mlle. Alvira Madeiros a joué, au piano, un "Scherzo" de Chopin ed une "Étude" de Liszt. Puis nous avons entendu jouer au phonographe, "Sans Toi" et "Si Petite" chantés par Lucien Boyer. Après cela "Au Clair de la Lune" était chanté par toute l'assemblée. Ensuite, Mlle. Cornelia de Roode nous a lu un résumé de la pièce, "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon", présenté sous la direction inspirée de Mlle Ford. Voici les personnages.

Majorin.....Walter Woodman
Le Facteur.....Pasquale Frisoli
L'Employe.....George Quint
M. Perrichon .....George Potter
Henriette.....Hope Bourque
Mme. Perrichon .....Lillian Barenberg
Daniel .....Joseph Donovan
Armand ..... Nicholas Helburn
Voyageurs.....Paul Moylan, Donald Regan
La Marchande de livres.....Miriam Roback
Souffleuse .....Gertrude Quitt
Regisseur de la scene.....Donald Regan

Nous voulons remercier Myer Chait et Arthur Derosier de leur aide en arrangeant le décor scénique.

A la séance du quatre avril M. Helburn a présidé et M. Cecil Derry, notre professeur de latin, avait eu la bonté de nous parler au sujet de la dérivation du français du latin.

Le vingtcinq avril nous avons joui d'une conférence donnée par M. Wallace Fowlie qui nous a parlé au sujet de la Bretagne. Il a devisé sa conférence dans les parties suivantes:

1. Aspect général 2. Habitants 3. Atmosphère religeuse 4. La Mer—la Ville d'Ys 5. L'lle aux Moines et 6. Tréguier, Il a montré quelques images des églises et de la Sainte-Patronne de cette ancienne province. Comme vous le savez M. Fowlie présente toujours les introductions des films français que nous avons vus quelquefois au théâtre Géographique.

Dimanche le douze mai nous étions invités chez Mlle. Meriel Goble pour un thé ou nous nous sommes bien amusés à la fois par notre hôtesse charmante et le beau jeune M. Léon Perkins qui nous a chanté quatre selections françaises. Aussi a joué M. Coleridge Braithwaite, au piano, "Le Petit Ane Blanc." Nous saisissions cette occasion de remercier non seulement Mlle. Goble mais aussi ses parents distingués, de leur bonté en nous honorant chez eux ce dimanche agréable.

Nous désirons dire, "Merci beaucoup" à toutes les maîtresses pour leur aide en faisant ces séances du cercle français si avantageuses et si heureuses pour les membres de notre école.

Et maintenant nous espérons que les membres des années suivantes profiteront du plaisir tellement intellectuel quavons éprouvé nous autres de la classe de 1935.

DES FORETS

Il y a quelques jours je passais dans une forêt d'arbres énormes que l'on était en train de couper pour la manufacture du papier. Bien sûr, le papier est une chose très bonne, très utile et importante, mais tout de même j'étais fâché de voir tomber ces grands géants magnifiques de la forêt. En Amérique nous n'avons pas assez de forêts, mais nous continuons à couper celles que nous en avons . . . Cependant, le bois est nécessaire à l'industrie, je le suppose.

Puisque les forêts sont belles et il faut les couper, qu'est-ce que nous pouvons faire? J'admire le président Théodore Roosevelt, qui avait soin que les forêts étaie'nt sauvées. Un homme très vigoureux, avec son amour pour la nature, il s'est apercu que les forêts sont belles aussi bien qu'utiles. La conservation, la cultivation nous, devrions les encourager; le vent même qui vient d'un bois est doux — plus doux que celui de la mer, qui est quelquefois désagréable.

TEMPUS fugit, friends! Tempus fugit! — Here we are down to our last issue . . . Alas! . . . Let us begin with a bit of poetry which I have seen somewhere lately —

Last night I held a little hand,
So dainty and so sweet;
I thought my heart would surely break,
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand in all the world
Can greater solace bring,
Than that sweet hand I held last night—
Four aces and a king.

Did that ending surprise you? . . . By the way, we wish to express our sincere apologies for an error (typographical, no doubt), in the last issue . . . It was the Kappa Phi that held that much talked about initiation . . . Our vote for the most studious P. G. is for Tony Gallucio . . . Does Rita Ford still take her dog out walking these afternoons? . . . Johnny Kelley sure eats up all newspaper comments about his baseball prowess . . . The Junior Prom went over with a bang . . . The Seniors attended in great numbers . . . Joe Murphy was kept busy acting as chauffeur the night of the Prom . . . It was brought to our attention that Marie MacCarthy was one of the most charming juniors attending . . . Yowsah!!! . . . Paul Mahoney should receive a medal for rescuing dogs . . . Now that the Senior Drama is over, Charlie MacFarland can get a much needed haircut . . . How was that Bermuda trip, Helen Flanders? . . . Frannie Sennott collected on the Pimlico Race . . . Teddy Dubé finally got things straightened out at the Prom . . . That's some auto horn that Eddy Rogers has . . . Dick McIntyre daily increases as a star . . . Joe Manley, how were your puppies (feet) after ushering at the Prom? . . . If Bill Kelleher is looking for any old cars, get together with Bill Haverty . . . Has Georgie Thompson ceased raving about his picture? . . . More power to you, son . . . Ann Jenkins has the information on all first class orchestras . . . When better wigs are worn, Myer Chait will wear them . . , we hope . . . Bruno Romanos sure has salesmanship in selling football dance tickets . . . Don VanArsdale is seen quite frequently riding in a rumble seat . . . Ernie Saulnier, still continues to carry trays safely through the corridors . . . There have been rumors of pensioning off some of our oldest inhabitants . . . namely, those taking a second year P. G. course . . . I wonder what that beaming smile of Loretta Finstein's means . . . Rita Brogan's favorite subject is recess . . . Why is Bruce Wilkins, our southerner, so popular among the young ladies . . . Josephine Gentanni is the little girl who is coming up in a big world. Some day she's going to be a great political figure . . . The most perfect whiffle in school is the one on Georgie LaBarr . . . Mary Allt is always running, I didn't say which way . . . Red traffic lights don't mean a thing to Bill Skelley . . . Florence Lawrence, now isn't that a rhythmic name? . . . Don't let Richard Ruggles psycho-analyze you! . . . They tell us that Lillian MacNab hates to be called, "Toots" . . . Alice McCarthy can give some nifty speeches in debating . . . No one can outdo Jacob Kaplan, however, in a formal debate. There is some debater! . . . Joe Bunevitch's chief ambition is to walk through Latin with an orange and yellow necktie . . . Ernest Finstein is a clever business man . . . Watch Ernie, he'll be in the money some day . . . John Gibbons can be seen at the Somerville theatre Saturdays auditioning with Earle Nelson . . . We have two great statesswomen here, Mary Hayes and Genevieve Doherty . . . Orchids to the committee for the way they put over the junior prom . . . When Eddie Keane is absent he believes in having an official letter for his absence . . . Carmela Grasso is known as a clever, industrious girl who has gained many friends . . . Ray Chaisson attributes his great success in hockey to the fact that he drinks plenty of milk . . . Esther King has a great future, that of a cartoonist . . . Hercules Ponte was tuckered out after the junior prom. Can't take it . . . Henry Michaud is the best looking usher at Loew's State . . . Florita Devita has not missed a Boston college prom in years . . . Frannie Farmer has some tall explaining to do about that patch over her eye . . . Priscilla Johnson, they tell me, is clever in drawing, gar-

Continued on page 19

SENIOR DRAMA CAST

Back Row: Herbert Rooney, Sumner Levy, Dorothy Toomey, Myer Chait, Barbara Hamilton, Edward Rogers, Frank Duddy.

Front Row: Dorothy Cummings, Ruth Burns, Katherine Donahue, Charles McFarland, Ruth Zirsch, Saul Fram, Anne Jenkins.

FOOTBALL TEAM

(*Coach*), F. O'Brien, A. D'Entremont, C. Dorman.

Back Row: Richard Casey, J. Healey, F. Glacken, J. Stankunas, Mr. John Sheehan

Middle Row: Mr. G. Foley, A. Doyle, R. Denault, J. McKeever, F. Harney, M. O'Connell, L. Pitchford, B. Romonas, G. Nichols, T. Goulard (*Mgr.*).

Front Row: P. Murphy, D. Regnier, P. Mahoney, J. Gomes, W. Neudorf (*Capt.*), F. Coady (*Capt.-elect*), C. Sullivan, E. Saulnier, E. Gargano.

HOME ROOM COMMITTEE

Top Row: Stankunas, Pitchford, MacFarland, O'Brien, Moylan, Desrosier, Duddy, Dorman, Skelley, Moriarty, Griffin.
Fourth Row: Forbes, Martin, Murphy, Myers, Falwell, Cronin, Grigolonok, Reeves, Reall, Maurer, Stewart, Bourque, Albro.
Third Row: Powell, Kilfoyle, Branscombe, Kamins, Bond, Jenkins, La France, Gray, Butler, La Pore, Bibeau, Graham.
Second Row: Zirsch, Burke, Peers, Mahoney, Cummings, Mahoney, Denault, Johnson, Bradbury, Leighton.
First Row: Rogers, Cox, Meehan, Sullivan, McHugh, Martchurs, Harney.

REVIEW STAFF

Top Row: George Doherty, Arthur Sugarman, Donald Regan, James Barnes, Herbert Rooney.

Second Row: Joseph Manley, Marguerite Cox, Jean Branscombe, Margaret Mador, Pearl Kamirs, Dora La Pore, Marion Wooldridge, Coleridge Braithwaite.

First Row: Eleanor Tynan, Lillian Haley, Edward Moylan, Priscilla Johnson, Carmela Crasso.

EDWARD MOYLAN

The success of a school paper depends upon the Editor. This year the Review has been very fortunate in having at its head, Edward Moylan, who with painstaking care and constant devotion to the ideals of the Review, has directed its progress. His executive ability and good common sense have been the foundation of our achievement.

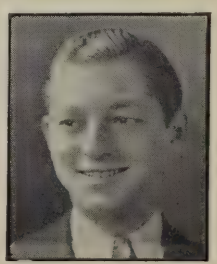
PRISCILLA JOHNSON

Priscilla Johnson has been a great help in every department of the Review. You have seen her name attached to many poems of merit, and to several excellent essays and short stories. We are pleased to inscribe this commendation to a young lady of literary and artistic ability.

To James Robertson we express our gratitude for faithful attention to the duties of Assistant Editor. He has contributed many excellent literary articles. Blessed with a keen sense of the fitness of literary contributions, he has helped the Review in making great strides toward improving its literary standards.

JAMES ROBERTSON

The business department of a school paper is most important. Ernest Finstein has worked steadily and willingly in the circulation drive, in the subscription work, and in helping the advertising department. While other school papers have failed because of financial difficulties, the Review has kept its treasury in good condition, due mostly to the untiring and unselfish efforts of Ernest Finstein.



ERNEST FINSTEIN

HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: Mr. G. Foley, C. Carey, J. Boudreau, A. St. Martin, J. Sullivan, J. Fennell (*Manager*).

Front Row: E. Martin, J. Fitzgerald, A. Boudreau, J. Gomes (*Captain*), R. Chaisson, M. Buckley, W. Boudreau.

VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM

Thelma Harlow, *Manager*, Frances Ritvo, Marion Zappala, Olga Culolias, Minnie Pictkewicz, Bessie Makris, Mary Allt, Edna Gulgis, Alice Bridges, Elizabeth Harney, Margaret Murphy, *Captain.*

dening, and typing. She is a good poetess as well . . . Ruthie Pratt looked too ducky wearing that corsage of orchids at the junior prom . . . Marie Manley was charming in the yellow gown which she wore to the prom . . . Al. Almedia has picked a new constituent to feud with . . . How that boy likes to argue . . . Dennis George wants it known that it is an awful suspense waiting to see how many credits you are going to get. Boy don't we know it! . . . It seems that Joe Manley told the elevator operator over in the Waid Studios what horse to bet on in the Kentucky Derby . . . Joe Hickey said, "The only way the chain letter gag can be ended is to send five letters to Falter Pinchell . . . He hasn't five friends" . . . Oh, now, John don't give us away . . . Paul Good has certainly put his baseball team over with a bang . . . Ed Frank spends Saturdays at the shows in town . . . Bob Regan can be seen admiring the scenery from Room 37 during the third lunch period . . . What is going on there, Bob? . . . Life will never be the same in dear old C. H. L. S. when the class of 1935 has gone forth.

CONFUSIONS

1. Nickles — but no Dimes.
2. Murphy — but no Spuds.
3. Beecher — but no Gum.
4. Goldwater — but no Gold.
5. Mason — but no Dixon.
6. Watson — but no Doctor.
7. Farmer — but no Farm.
8. Gormatoes — but no Tomatoes.
9. Bradley — but no Alice.
10. Jackson — but no Stonewall.
11. Fowler — but no Chicken.
12. O'Keefe — but no Walter.
13. King — but no George V.
14. Robinson — but no Crusoe.

G. A. A.

ONCE again we approach the last of the social and athletic activities for this season. They have been very numerous, and we feel sure they have been enjoyed by all who participated.

At the beginning of school in September, we held our first activity which was the double tennis tournament. We are glad to say that Barbara Fox and Lindsay Britt were awarded the medals. They played their tennis meet at the Jarvis Courts.

The freshmen initiation, conducted by the officers, was held in October. After the officers had done their part, they were entertained by members of the upper classes.

Our basketball season started in November with class games. The juniors were the winners of the championship of the school.

At Thanksgiving time we contributed baskets of food to several needy families.

On January 24th, we had our annual Boy Dance, which was enjoyed by all who attended.

Our class basketball teams were very successful this year in their games with Arlington, Belmont, Newton, Medford, and Needham. The junior team lost but two games during the entire season. This team was captained by Frances Ritvo.

The Grammar School Basketball Tournament which was conducted by the G. A. A. was won by the Russell School. The awards were presented by School Committeeman Russell A. Wood. The refereeing was done by Corinne Donnelly and Mary Allt.

The annual basketball banquet, which brings the basketball season to a close was held in April in the Dutch room of the Riverbank Court Hotel.

In April, we also held the yearly masquerade. Tay O'Donnell furnished the music.

Swimming is well underway and we are planning a swimming meet to be held soon.

Margaret Murphy is busy setting a date for the annual picnic. Because of Miss Brown's illness, we shall not have it at Kendall Green, but we may go to Pemberton Inn at Nantasket. We shall say goodbye to the officers of '34 - '35 and welcome in the new officers of '35 - '36. We are glad to report that Miss Brown is improving.

The alumnae-varsity basketball game was won by the varsity. Margaret Murphy captained the first varsity while Mary Hayes captained the second varsity. Corinne Donnelly and Edith Coady were the referees.

Elections of officers for next year are now being held. Frances Ritvo and Corrinne Donnelly have been nominated for president; Betty Harney and Edith Coady for Vice-President; and Frances Murphy and Frances Brown for secretary. May the best one win!

We are grateful for the help and inspiration given us by Miss MacLaughlin and Miss George.

I hope you have enjoyed these reports as much as I have enjoyed giving them to you.

A pleasant summer to you all!

JEAN BRANSCOMBE, '35.

Arthur Sugarman: I need a lot of horses.
Ernest Finstein: Why?
Sugarman: To make me more stable.
Finstein: Saddle do now, saddle do.

Margaret Quinn: I'm hungry.
Dave Landrigan: What?
Margaret: I said I was hungry.
Dave: Sure I'll take you home. This car rattles so that I thought you said you were hungry.

Bill Haverty: I can't ice skate very well.
Bernie Ferjerski: Do people laugh when you fall down?
Bill: No. But the ice makes some funny cracks.

Nick Helburn: How'd you like to sleep in a graveyard?
Eleanor Tynan: I'd die first.

Janet Kelso: I passed your house the other night.
Alex Peers: Thanks.

Joe Groden: Waiter, are you sure this ham was cured?
Waiter: Yes, sir.
Joe: Well, it must have had a relapse.

Lucille Foley was left to fix lunch and when her mother returned with a friend she noticed Lucille had the tea strained.
"Did you find the lost strainer?" her mother asked.
"No, I couldn't find it so I used the fly swatter," Lucille replied.
Mother nearly swooned, so Lucille hastily added: "Don't get excited, I used the old one."

"That parrot", said the naturalist, "is nearly a hundred and thirty years old."
"Is he?" questioned Charles MacFarland. "Well, he's very green for his age".

"It is very hard to drive a bargain," said the fellow who bought a car for $10.

"Are you positive," demanded the lawyer, "That the prisoner is the man who stole your car."
"Well," answered Ed Rogers, "I was until you cross-examined me. Now I'm not sure whether I ever had a car at all."

James Robertson: These eggs aren't fresh.
Polite Waiter: Not fresh? Why, they were brought from the country this morning.
Robertson: Yes, but what country?

A man in a mental hospital sat dangling a stick with a piece of string attached over a flower-bed. A visitor approached, and wishing to be affable, remarked. "How many have you caught?"
"You're the ninth," was the reply.

Wrecked Motorist (phoning): Send assistance at once. I've turned turtle.
Voice (from the other end): My dear sir, this is a garage. What you want is an aquarium.

Rita Quinlan: Pardon me, does this train stop at Trowbridge Street?
Kay Donohue: Yes, watch me and get off two stations before I do.

Dick McIntyre: "The barber told me a very interesting story as he shaved me."
Bill: "Indeed."
Dick: "Yes, and also illustrated it with cuts".

Joseph Bunevich: Do you realize that we are up 17,000 feet?

Fair Passenger: Oh, I don't mind that, but don't you think it's cool enough so that you might turn off the fan?

Doctor: Is your occupation a sedentary one?
Patient: A what?
Doctor: I mean, do you sit at your work?
Patient: Do I sit at my work? Sure — I'm a jockey!

Haverty: I'm soliciting for a charitable organization. What do you do with your cast-off clothing?
Joseph Manley: I hang them up carefully and go to bed. Then in the morning I put them on again.

John Tenny: I've got an invention that will cut your housekeeping bills in half.
Mary Quinn: No kidding!
John: Absolutely certain.
Mary: What is it?
John: A scissors.

Teacher: Give me an historical example of inappropriate action.
Leslie Knight: When Rome was burning Nero played the fiddle when he should have been playing the hose.

Sound travels at the rate of about 400 yards per second. But there are some exceptions to the rule, namely:
Scandal — 1,000 yards a second.
Flattery — 10 yards.
Truth — 6 inches.

Coach: You're doing well. The way you hit that line and the way you dodge and tackle and worm through them is marvelous.
Paul Mahoney: It comes easy to me, as I was trained early. You see, I used to go with my mother to the bargain sales.

Donald Regan had fallen into the stream, but had been rescued.
"How did you come to fall in?" asked a bystander.
"I didn't come to fall in," Don explained. "I came to fish".

Tailor: That coat fits you like a glove.
Roland Shane: Yes, I see, the sleeves cover my hands.

Fred Davis: I say, is this a laundry?
Chinaman: You bettee.
Fred: Well, wash my hands.

Hero: Wretch, where are those papers?
Villain: They are at the blacksmith's.
Hero: Ha! So you have had them forged?
Villain: No, just having them filed. Ha!

Madge Erickson: What kind of second-hand car did Billy get?
Sally Donovan: It simply gives you the creeps! It sounds like a skeleton rattling on a tin roof when you drive it.

Bill Corcoran: Hello! Bought a saxophone?
Paul Moriarty: No, I borrowed it from the man next door.
Bill: But — you can't play it?
Paul: Neither can he while I've got it.

Traffic Cop: Why didn't you stop when I whistled?
James Barnes: I'm sorry, I didn't hear you.
Traffic Cop: Well, you'll get your hearing in the morning.

Frosh: "I don't know."
Soph: "I am not prepared."
Junior: "I don't exactly remember."
Senior: "I don't believe that I can add anything constructive to what has already been said."
Crafty people; these Seniors.

Geo. Falwell: Doctor, is there any danger of the operation proving fatal?
Doctor: Really, considering that we are experimenting on you free of charge, your idle curiosity is hardly good form.

A foreman became very impatient. "Look here!" he cried angrily. "What do you suppose I am — a fool?"
"Sure, sir", said the workingman, "I can't say, sir. You remember I came here only yesterday."

(*Continued on page* 22)

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Doctor: How did you happen to take that stuff? Didn't you see the sign on the bottle? It said "Poison".

Al Doyle: Yes, but I didn't believe it.

Doctor: Why not?

Al: 'Cause it said right underneath the sign "Lye".

Dorothy Cummings: What's the difference between a man who bets and one who does not?

Lucille Stratton: The second is no better.

Ernie Saulnier (Hurrying to English class): I'd give a buck to know who wrote Ivanhoe.

Les Pitchford: That's easy; I'll tell you, if you'll tell me who the dickens wrote "A Tale of Two Cities".

Dick Cox: What do you think of a guy who would get up at 3:30 o'clock to go horseback riding?

Ed Rogers: Boy, he must be a crazy nut; who did?

Dick Cox: Paul Revere.

Mary Madden: Why did the ships of New England stop at California in 1849?

Edith Ochlis: Er-er, Oh! I know—to refuel.

Pat Courtney: What kind of pudding is this?

Waiter: Cottage pudding, sir.

Pat: I thought so. I can taste the wall paper and plaster.

Leo Davy: Will this anasthetic make me sick?

Doctor: No, I think not.

Leo: How long before I will know anything?

Doctor: Aren't you expecting too much of the anasthetic?

John Sullivan (floating around, as an angel, on a cloud, playing a harp). Boy, was there ever anything on earth more comfortable?

Joseph Scotti: Oh my, yes. My Chevrolet.

Alice Peppard: Did you enjoy Washington?

Jean Branscombe: It was great, but the trip down was the best. If you ever go, don't miss that.

Henrietta Bourque: How'll I cook these sausages?

Alice Smith: Fry 'em like fish.

Henrietta (After ten minutes' work): There's not much left of them after they're cleaned out.

EXCHANGES

THIS issue of the *Review* sees the ending of my duties as Exchange Editor. In this capacity I have tried to establish a bond of friendship and goodwill between the fellow editors of our "Exchanges". The many magazines which we have received give ample evidence that my efforts have not been without success; for these magazines I am grateful, and I hope that our friends may continue the correspondence with my successor.

The Gazette from Lynn, Mass., deserves the laurel for its Tercentenary Issue. This magazine is one of the best-written and best balanced publications which we have enjoyed reading this year. The departments and features are neatly arranged; the jokes are truly of the type conducive to hilarity; the stories are numerous and entertaining. The "Gasjette" and "The Thinker" were our choice as the most original and enjoyable student articles which we have found. To this magazine we might suggest only that they add a few more essays and illustrations.

The Swampscotta from Swampscott, Mass., co-stars in this month's review. We have yet to find a school paper which excels in cuts and illustrations. We enjoyed frontispiece, "Ho, Hum!" of your Spring Number. Your literature shows versatility and power, and your editorials give much food for thought. The book reviews are unusually well executed. Don't you think an Exchange page would be a welcome addition?

THE REVIEW AS OTHERS SEE IT

From the Crimson and Gray from Southbridge, Mass.:—

"Both prize winning stories appearing in your February issue well deserve credit, but we especially enjoyed 'The Sea Conquers'. The poem 'Mont St. Michel' and the accompanying illustration are exceptionally well done."

The Index, of Worcester, Mass., says:

"The copy of the *Cambridge Review* was especially entertaining. We are sure that you eagerly await your weekly assemblies. The plan of having each room present an assembly is a capital one, and something of that sort ought to be adopted by every high school. We wish to tell you that your Short Story Contest was indeed a success and that you should be very proud of your writers."

Naturally, we regret that we have no more space in which to discuss the other excellent mazazines we have received. All there is to say is——

Thank you and good-bye,

JAMES ROBERTSON, '35.

ATHLETICS

CAMBRIDGE 6 COMMERCE 5

The smart playing Cantabs edged the Commerce nine by one run at Rindge Field to open the season for both teams. With wintry conditions prevailing, and on a diamond that was nothing but loose sand, good pitching and better than ordinary fielding featured.

Commerce tried out a bunch of weak hitting outfielders and Latin sent in two hurlers and an extra infielder as both sides enjoyed three run innings, left ten men on base, and turned in some occasional hitting. Latin held a slight lead throughout with Commerce always threatening.

A fit of wildness in the second frame, plus the inability of his team to bat in runs with three on base, cost Tarry Robichaud, veteran Commerce hurler, the ball game.

Latin scored first in the second inning. Les Pitchford opened, with a pass and after Dick McIntyre bunted, Kelley singled, Pat Murphy and Al Boudreau were passed, and Jim Gnerre singled, all for two runs. The Cambridge nine then got another in the third, while Commerce picked up runs in the third and fourth.

Then came the Latin big fifth. Pitchford was safe on an error at short, McIntyre singled, Kelley was passed, and after Murphy and Fratto, the latter pinch-hitting for Boudreau, went out, Gnerre singled, Martin was safe on an error, and Carroll singled for three runs, Gnerre being caught at the plate trying to make it two runs on the last single.

Commerce was back with three in the seventh against Fratto. With one out, Robichaud singled, Muldoon was passed, Casey doubled, Reid singled and Byrne popped a fly to right field which Kelley caught. That spelled three runs and though Commerce later filled the sacks, Little flied out to end the rally.

As Robichaud handcuffed Latin the rest of the way Commerce nearly tied it up in the eighth and ninth frames but Fratto managed to hold them in check. The score:

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	*ab*	*bh*	*po*	COMMERCE	*ab*	*bh*	*po*
Gnerre, 3rd	5	2	1	Muldoon	4	0	1
Martin, c	4	0	0	Casey	5	2	1
Carroll, rf	5	2	1	Reid	5	2	1
Mitchell, lf	5	0	0	Byrne	4	2	0
Pitchford, 1st	2	0	13	Gillis	3	0	1
McIntyre, ss	3	2	5	Bigwood	0	0	1
Kelley, cf	3	2	6	Powers	2	0	0
Murphy, 2nd	2	0	1	Richardo	1	0	1
Courtney	1	0	0	O'Connor			
Al Boudreau	1	0	0	Hannafin	2	1	0
Fratto	2	0	0	Little	2	2	3
				White	2	0	1
				Ashe	2	1	8
				Robichand	4	2	1

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Tl
Cambridge Latin	0	2	1	0	3	0	0	0	— 6
Commerce	0	0	1	1	0	0	3	0	0— 5

CAMBRIDGE 5 BROOKLINE 6

Going into the second half of the eighth inning the Brookline boys were trailing the Cantabs by the score of five to four, but Brookline had a great eighth inning rally.

This two-run rally in this eighth frame enabled the Brookline High School baseball team to defeat the Cambridge Latin boys, six to five, at Tech Field, Brookline, in a Suburban League Game.

J. Sullivan opened Brookline's eighth with a line hit, Walsh smashed out a long triple scoring Sullivan with the tying run, and then crossed the plate himself with the winning run.

Boudreau played well in the field and smashed himself a home-run and McIntyre continued his good batting. F. Sullivan batted the best for Brookline, getting two hits out of two trips to the plate, while J. Sullivan and Walsh both smashed out two hits each out of four times up. The score:

BROOKLINE	*ab*	*bh*	*po*	CAMBRIIDGE LATIN	*ab*	*bh*	*po*
Hoge, 2nd	3	0	3	Gnerre, 3rd	5	1	3
Frazier, rf	3	0	2	Martin, c	5	0	4
J. Sullivan, ss	4	2	2	McIntyre, ss	4	2	0
Walsh, 3rd	4	2	2	Mitchell, rf	4	1	1
Tiner, lf	4	0	1	Kelley, cf	1	0	0
McPhee, 1st	3	0	9	Manke, cf	1	0	0
Mullins, p	3	0	0	Courtney, cf	0	0	1
Richmond, cf	3	1	2	Pitchford, 1b	2	1	3
F. Sullivan, c	2	2	6	Murphy, 2nd	1	0	1
				McCarthy, 2b	1	1	0
				Boudreau, lf	3	1	1
				Clark, p	4	0	0

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Tl
Brookline	0	0	1	0	0	2	1	2	— 6
Cambridge Latin	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	0— 5

CAMBRIDGE 2 BOSTON COLL., 9

Cambridge seemed to lose the breaks in this game, and although they got eight hits and three bases on balls, these netted the team but two runs.

Coach MacDonald used three pitchers and a number of other players but still this did not help to stop the flow of opposing runs.

McIntyre and Joe Doherty were the best hitters for Cambridge.

Bobby Ryan's fine pitching for Boston College High was the main factor, and some heavy slugging by Vinny McCue and Red Doherty helped the Boston team to a nine to two victory over our boys.

The Boston boys got two runs in the first, and one in the second and third and the next three innings were scoreless, and in the first half of the seventh Boston College High batted out five runs to make their total of nine. The Cantabs went scoreless for six innings until they scored one run in the sixth and seventh: The score:

BOSTON COLLEGE	ab	bh	po
Stickel, 3rd	4	1	2
McCue, 2nd	5	4	2
Collins, 3rd	4	1	2
Flaherty, 1st	5	2	13
Ryan, p	5	0	0
Fulton, c	4	0	6
Nolan, cf	5	2	1
Hylan, lf	5	2	1
Brooks, rf	5	0	0

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	ab	bh	po
Gnerre, 3rd	4	1	1
McIntyre, 3rd	3	1	2
Doherty, cf	4	2	0
Mitchell, rf	4	1	2
McCarthy, 2nd	3	1	2
Murphy, 2nd	1	0	0
Martin, c	2	0	9
Davidson, lf	2	1	0
Pitchford, 1b	2	1	9
Mannke, 1st	1	0	2
Fratte, p	0	0	0
Kardulas, p	2	0	0
Fitzgerald, p	1	0	0

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Tl
B. C. High	2	1	1	0	0	0	5	0	0— 9
Cambridge Latin	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0— 2

CAMBRIDGE 4 ARLINGTON 3

After playing a tight game, with the score tied three all, Eddie Martin's fly to right field broke the tie in the eighth inning to give Cambridge Latin a four to three victory over Arlington High at Russell Field.

Both teams scored one run in the third frame of this game. Two innings then went scoreless until the Cantabs scored one in the sixth, one in the seventh and the winning run in the eighth. Latin was then leading at the start of the eighth, three to one, when Arlington hits by A. Olivenio, Sweeney, Holway and Linnon brought in two tallies to the count of three all.

Coach MacDonald's boys scored the winning marker by the second half of the eighth on Pitchford's single, Boudreau's fourth walk, Gnerre's single and Eddie Martin's fly, with Pitchford coming in on the fielder's catch. The score:

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	ab	bh	po
Gnerre, 3rd	4	2	2
Martin, c	4	1	6
Doherty, cf	3	1	1
Courtney, cf	1	0	1
Stansburg, lf	2	0	0
Carroll, lf	2	0	1
McIntyre, ss	2	0	2
Mitchell, rf	4	3	0
Murphy, 2nd	2	0	3
McCarthy, 2nd	1	0	1
Pitchford, 1st	4	3	9
Boudreau, p	0	0	1

ARLINGTON	ab	bh	po
Holway	4	2	1
Linnon	4	1	9
W. Olivenio	4	2	2
A. Olivenio	3	1	2
O'Brien	3	0	8
Cook	2	0	1
Preston	4	0	0
Anderson	2	0	1
Sweeney	3	1	0

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Tl
Cambridge Latin	0	0	1	0	0	1	1	1	— 4
Arlington	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	0— 3

CAMBRIDGE 7 MALDEN 15

In its fourth game of the baseball season, Cambridge Latin was out-slugged by the Malden High School team. This contest was staged at Russell Field with good weather conditions prevailing.

The Latinites were led in their batting by Joe Doherty, a junior, who has been leading the Cantabs so far in their batting averages. Altogether Latin got but ten hits from DeMarco, Malden pitcher. Doherty got three hits out of five and the other seven hits were handed out to seven different hitters.

Malden garnered eighteen hits from Latin. Lyons, the best batter, getting five out of six hits, a triple, a double and three singles, while DeCheara was responsible for a home run, two triples and a single. Jake Ludmersky of the winning team also was there with the willow, gathering three hits.

Latin's big inning was the third, in which they tallied with five runs.

Malden had three three-run innings and three two-run innings. The score:

MALDEN HIGH	ab	bh	po
Buckley, 2nd	3	1	2
Stanley, 2nd	4	2	0
O'Rourke, 1st	6	0	8
Reid, rf	4	0	0
Lyons, cf	6	5	3
DeCheara, lf	5	4	3
DeMarca, p	4	2	0
Ludmersky, c	5	3	10
Agnetiti, 3	5	1	1

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	ab	bh	po
Gnerre, 3rd	5	1	2
Martin, c	4	0	6
Doherty, cf	5	3	1
Stansbury, lf	5	1	1
McIntyre, ss	5	1	3
McCarthy, 2nd	2	1	0
Murphy, 2nd	2	1	1
Courtney, 2nd	1	1	0
Mitchell, rf	4	1	0
Pitchford, 1st	3	0	1
Mannke, 1b	0	0	2
Fratto, p	3	0	0
Kardulas, p	1	0	0

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Tl
Malden High	3	0	2	2	0	0	3	3	2—15
Cambridge Latin	0	0	5	0	1	0	1	0	0— 7

THE ANNEX

PHI CLUB

THE graduate Phi Club members held a dance May 10, 1935, at Hobbs' Crystal Ballroom. Many well known athletes were present, among them were John Spartachino, Bill Anderson, "Cuffer" Murphy, Leonard Frisoli, Gerald Durocher, Ed Rooney, Wm. McKenna and Art Borges . . . We must not forget Wesley Allen.

The Phi Club of 1935 is planning a banquet for June. The candidates for president of the Phi Club of 1936 are Edmund Sheridan and John Sheehan. The members of the Phi Club of 1935 give much credit to Joseph Stankunas, Joseph Sullivan, Patrick Murphy, and George Meehan for a successful year.

NOTES

Where does Branch go during the 2nd period? . . . Salvatore Mosca is a baker's helper . . . Alex Belusko, state amateur champ, is right here at the Annex . . . Good luck "Al". May you be heavyweight champ of the world . . . Fred Stack, how are the snow shoes? . . . Who is the golf champ of the faculty at our beloved institution? . . . What has Bill O'Connell in store for the future? . . . Francis Kelley, what are you going

to do with the money you have in the bank? . . . With capital like that you could buy Memorial Drive . . . John Galgay, are you going to follow in your brother's foot-steps? . . . If you are, you had better get going . . . Saul Zang's ambition is to be a great chemist.

Students of Cambridge High School Annex had many opportunities to display their histrionic and vocal ability during the school year. A surprising amount of genuine talent was unearthed. Among the celebrities who have participated in these activities were Ray Bourden and David Lambert whose presentation of a skit entitled "Adrift in a Barrel" was the outstanding performance of the year.

Fred Kimball, Lawrence Ward, Richard Ward, John Russell, George Medieros, Francis McWilliams and Leland Welch, all gave interesting renditions of songs and dances arranged by the senior class with the help of Miss Breau, our faculty adviser.

JOSEPH STANKUNAS, '35.

DEBATING NOTES

THE champion C. H. L. S. debating teams continued their uninterrupted march to the head of the league by inflicting two crushing defeats on the representatives of Lynn Classical High School. The negative team, which has remained intact throughout the season, journeyed to Lynn and there overwhelmed Classical's hitherto undefeated affirmative team. Our affirmative team defeated the Lynn negative team, also unconquered until it attempted to stem the Latin tide, in the C. H. L. S. hall. These two victories gave us the undisputed leadership of the Metropolitan Debating League. At the present writing there is no school in the vicinity which can even approach our brilliant record of six victories and no defeats.

On Friday, May 17, the classic Durrell Debate was held in the school hall. This debate, which is the climax of the C. H. L. S. debating season, was on the question of government ownership of the facilities for the manufacture of munitions. The negative side which was upheld by Paul Burke, Edward Waitkus and John Madden received a two to one victory over the affirmative team of Mary Buckley, Jac Kaplan, and Jacob Kaplan, and thus earned the right to have its name placed on the silver loving cup donated by Mr. Harold Durrell, for whom our debating society has been named. The debate resulted in a close struggle with the judges, Mr. Paul Corcoran, Mr. Robert Sweeney, and Mr. John Sullivan, finding it very difficult to select the winner. Thus was brought to a close the most successful debating season enjoyed by the Durrell Debating Society for many years.

We opened our debating season this year by literally swamping the representatives of Medford High and followed these victories by easily conquering Somerville High School. The negative team then journeyed to Revere to participate in a good-will debate with the Revere High School Debating Team. This was followed by the above described conquests of the Lynn Classical debaters, and the season was climaxed by the Durrell Debate. The two teams which amassed this remarkable record were composed of:

AFFIRMATIVE	NEGATIVE
Herman Sanderson	Edward Waitkus
Roland Shaine	John Madden
Mary Buckley	Jacob Kaplan

In the Medford debate, Jac Kaplan participated in the stead of Mary Buckley, but otherwise these teams remained intact throughout the season.

The outstanding factor throughout the year was undoubtedly the brilliant rebuttals of Herman Sanderson. Throughout the season, the debating teams have yet to meet with a rebuttalist who could claim equal footing with him. In fact, we offer as our nomination for the outstanding high school debater of New England, Herman Sanderson. Another point that stands out in our mind is the success of Miss Mary Buckley who, although only a freshman, not only became a member of our championship team, but was outstanding. With three more years of high school debating ahead of her, we can safely predict a bright debating future for Miss Buckley. Other noteworthy points were the general brilliance of Roland Shaine, the debating society's little ray of sunshine, the complete balance and perfect coördination of the negative team of Waitkus, Madden, and Jacob Kaplan; and John Madden's remarkable progress in his first year of debating.

With all the Durrell debaters returning to school and also Roland Shaine, the society looks forward with well-founded expectancy toward the debating season of 1936.

As our parting words of the school year, we wish the Durrell Debating Society an even more successful debating season than it has enjoyed in the past year, and we trust that the support which it so well merited in the season just concluded will be ardently given in 1936.

JACOB KAPLAN, '36.

A FEW WORDS FROM THE PRINCIPAL

I would like to correct an impression that exists in the minds of many High School students. A large number of them come to me, or call me on the telephone, and say, "Can I go to Bryant & Stratton even though I took the college preparatory course?"

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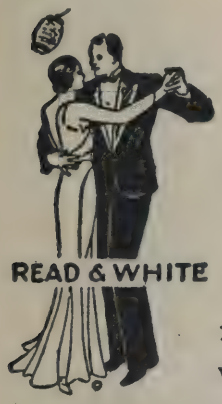

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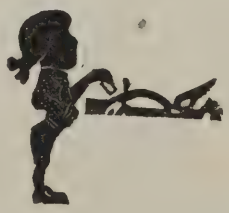

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